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A CHINESE MIRROR

A CHINESE MIRROR

Being Reflections of the Reality behind Appearance

FLORENCE AYSCOUGH

Hon. Member North China Branch
Royal Asiatic Society

With Drawings by

LUCILLE DOUGLASS

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By the Same Author

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to

AMY LOWELL

WHOSE WRITING-BRUSH IS FULL OF LIFE'S MOVEMENT

FROM

FLORENCE AYSCOUGH

Since I wrote the Dedication to this book the sun has risen from out of a sea mist, has climbed to its zenith, and has sunk in the long grass at the edge of the horizon twenty-three times; and yesterday at the hour when her room, high under the eaves, is filled with its slant shining, Amy Lowell laid down her writing-brush for ever.

Scissors cannot cut this thing;
Unravelled, it joins again and clings.
It is the sorrow of separation,
And none other tastes to the heart like this.

[by a Chinese poet *circa* A.D. 950]

May, 1925. F. A.

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Introduction

A MIRROR IN CHINA IS NO MERE SHEET OF GLASS, BACKED with mercury and designed to reflect the perfect features of a lovely woman. It is used, among its varied functions, for such a purpose, but generally speaking, a mirror has more serious work to do.

We read of its supposed powers in the preface to the section on Mirrors in the *Po Ku Tu Lu*, an ancient Chinese book, written early in the twelfth century, in the following words:

'In old days the Yellow Emperor, august ruler, fused precious ore, and made thereof vessels permeated with the divine influences which reveal to man all things transcendent. Among these vessels were mirrors; ten and five in all, for which he selected the vital essences of Yin, principle of Darkness, and of Yang, principle of Light; and incorporated in equal parts the creative powers of Heaven and Earth.

'Therefore the brilliance of the mirrors represented the light of sun and moon combined; and they communicated the intention of the powers in earth beneath, and the spirits in heaven above. They warded off the demons with faces of men and bodies of beasts, and restrained the evil four-legged creature of the forest, whose visage resembles that of a human being.

'The mirrors, moreover, cured disease.'

Even a modern plate-glass reflector is supposed to transform evil influences into good, and its metal predecessor was expected to reveal from the depth the reality behind any image projected upon its surface, and

so it is that in the pages of this book I have tried to show certain realities of Chinese life as they have been manifested to me during the last quarter of a century.

China is a land of counter-balance. Its people think in terms of compensation, and its philosophy is founded on a belief in the efficacious interaction of two essences which are called Yang and Yin – Yang corresponds to light, to mountains, to the sun and virility in general; while Yin corresponds to darkness, to water, the moon and everything that is weak. A perfect whole in the Chinese idea consists of the complete fusion of these two essences, each supplied in due proportion, so that the balance is true. The idiomatic speech of everyday life is full of expressions which betray this love of counterpoise. An inquiry is made about size, and the inquirer asks how 'large small' a thing may be – if length is in question the 'long short' is referred to, and weight is described as 'heavy light.' In writing the fateful letter which decided me to send a cable asking that my little dog Yo Fei, whom I had left at the Grass Hut, in Shanghai, be shipped to me in Canada, Mr. Cultivator-of-Bamboos expressed himself in the following words: 'I have been to the Grass Hut, and I have seen your little Yo Fei. You do not know how many few are his unwillingnesses. He anything, everything does not like.'

Thus counterpoise and balance are perhaps the most typical of all Chinese characteristics, but, generally speaking, Western comprehension in regard to China fulfils none of the requirements for a perfect whole, it is in fact entirely unbalanced.

Early traders, for instance, dealt with Canton where the climate is semi-tropical – as a result, to nine Europeans out of ten, the very word China conjures up burn-

ing days and sultry nights. Icy winds from Mongolia may penetrate every crack of the house; one may be cowering over a glowing fire in a vain attempt to get warm, but a letter from home is quite likely to close with heartfelt commiseration for the heat one is supposed to be enduring.

On the other hand, travellers of a later day have, quite naturally, made Peking their goal – artists, writers and tourists unite in a chorus of admiration for the Northern Capital. Nor is this astonishing; the towering walls, the rose-red palaces, the gleaming roofs, yellow, blue, and green, mingled with sober grey; the dazzling white marble terraces and wonderful silver pines; combine to make a unique and unforgettable picture – but Peking is not purely Chinese; nor is it even characteristic of the greater part of All-Below-the-Sky, an idiomatic expression for 'the whole country.' In Chinese eyes Peking is very modern indeed. During the centuries when Far Eastern civilization ripened and bore its most glorious fruit, the present City was nothing but an outpost of Empire in close proximity to the Barbarian tribes. A chain of fortuitous circumstances turned it a few centuries ago into Pei Ching – North Capital, and the Mongol influence is still very strongly marked. The crowds which rub shoulders in the streets are a confused medley of many Tartar tribes with a leaven of Chinese. The surrounding country, too, is not typical of the eighteen provinces. For instance, there is no water to speak of. If there is one thing more than another that the Chinese lay stress on, it is the importance of water. It represents the Earth principle, and its presence in every scene is considered necessary to make beauty absolute. Why! no garden is complete without water! and the very word for

landscape painting is Shan Shui – Hills and Waters.

Most of my time in China has been passed in Shanghai on the Whangpoo – that is at the City above-the-sea on the Yellow Reach. It lies at the mouth of the great stream which forms the river-road to the roof of the world, and which may be described as the main artery of travel in the Central State. I therefore write from a purely Chinese part of the country and one of which water is an integral part.

Boats from all over China assemble in the Yellow Reach, and the people who man the boats, generally speaking, regard them as their homes. Birth, marriage, death, the three most important events in life, take place on these floating dwellings, and the boat population of China is immense, while the boats of China themselves are infinite in variety. It would seem that the people of each bay, cove, inlet and river built a boat of their own design, suitable to local conditions – and each has its own beauty. Many are gaily painted with historical scenes and fabulous creatures, animals and birds. Many have faces at the bow, and nearly all have something that corresponds to an eye. Europeans are apt to repeat a time-honoured phrase in this connection: 'The Chinese say no can see, how can walkee?' I don't know how this idea arose, but I think it is quite a misconception. The boats are merely made to look as much as possible like some sea-monster, which by its terrifying appearance will act as a protection against evil spirits.

They are generally referred to by Europeans as *junks*. The name has become hallowed by usage, and all the world knows to-day that a *junk* is a Chinese boat, but the word is a hybrid of the worst description, and belongs to no language at all. Dyer Ball says: 'It is derived from

the Portuguese *junco*, which in itself was a corruption of the Malay *ajong*, abbreviated jong, a ship or large vessel.' Nowadays the word is wrongly applied to boats of all sizes, which as I say abound in Kiangsu.

I know of no more delightful way of passing a few days or weeks than in floating on the waterways of the Yangtze Delta. The boat glides over the glassy canals, and a moving panorama of ancient agricultural China passes before the eyes of the traveller. The people of the Delta are justly famous for their skill as bridge-builders, anything more perfect than the arches they plan it would be difficult to imagine. When on a calm and windless day the stone semicircle of the arch, mirrored in the water, becomes a complete circle, it is a symbol of that perfectly balanced harmony – in itself the keystone of Chinese culture. Fertile fields are punctuated with villages and at long intervals walled cities rise. Soochow is one of the most interesting of these purely Chinese cities, and is quite the most accessible. It disputes with Shaohsing in Chêkiang, the name Venice of China. Both cities claim the title; and in both, canals and waterways are very often substituted for streets. In one particular, it seems to me there can be no discussion, and that is in the matter of bridges. The first European traveller to visit Soochow was as struck by their number, size and design as we are to-day. I refer to the doughty Marco Polo who says: 'and you must know that in this city there are 6,000 bridges, all of stone, and so lofty that a galley, or even two galleys at once, could pass underneath one of them.'

Whether the good Marco, who wrote in the thirteenth century, was perfectly accurate as to the number of bridges in his day, it is impossible to say – a nineteenth-century writer says in more measured tones: 'Within the

city there are, generally speaking, six canals from North to South, and six canals from East to West, intersecting one another at from a quarter to half a mile. There are a hundred and fifty or two hundred bridges at intervals of two or three hundred yards, some of these with arches, others with stone slabs thrown across, many of them are twenty feet in length. The canals are from ten to fifteen feet wide and faced with stone.' In any case there are many, many waterways which reflect light and absorb

shadow in the most marvellous manner. Grey in an endless gamut of tone is the predominating colour, but the patina developed by centuries of moisture is extremely brilliant and varied.

Mystery is always connected with houses which rise straight from canals as these mid-China houses do. As the boat glides over the water, and one approaches them in perfect silence, they sometimes seem uninhabited, but often a woman's face appears at the window, and often it is a very pretty face – Soochow is noted for its beauties, and the large proportion of singing girls are said to come from that part of the province: Li T'ai-po sang:

*'Many of the young girls of Wu are white, dazzling white.
They like to amuse themselves by floating on the water.
Peeping out of the corners of their eyes, they spurn the spring-time heart.
Gathering flowers, they ridicule the passer-by.'

A journey in the Yangtze Delta is certainly a plunge into another age, and it must never be forgotten that sanitation has no connection with any age but the present; and furthermore that personal cleanliness, as exemplified by the daily bath, is an extremely modern luxury still indulged in by but a small percentage of the population in any country. In a word, throughout the Yangtze Delta, sanitation – is not.

And now a few words in regard to my Chinese mirror.

China is usually treated by the West from a purely academic point of view; that is, her art, literature and

archæology are studied as are similar subjects connected with dead civilizations; but China is alive, and she is virile; moreover, her ancient beliefs and thoughts are indissolubly knit into the life of her people. Therefore I have tried to make the country, as I know it, seem a living entity to my readers.

One of the means by which I have striven to attain this end is through strict observance of idiom in translation; believing, as I do, that the genius of a language appears in its idiom, I have done my utmost to preserve that of the Chinese. The translations with the few exceptions specifically noted are my own, and I have found that in many cases I can approximate far more closely to the Chinese idiom if, instead of rendering an ideograph by any one English word, although it be universally accepted as an equivalent, I use a phrase based on the analysis of the ideograph, or 'character' as it is generally called. I have already tried to explain this method of translation in the Introduction to *Fir-Flower Tablets* in the following passage:

It must not be forgotten that Chinese is an ideographic, or picture language. These marvellous collections of brush-strokes which we call Chinese characters are really separate pictographic representations of complete thoughts. Complex characters are not spontaneously composed, but are built up of simple characters, each having its own peculiar meaning and usage; these, when used in combination, each play their part in modifying either the sense or sound of the complex. Now it must not be thought that these separate entities make an overloud noise in the harmony of the whole character. They are each subdued to the total result, the final meaning,

but they do produce a qualifying effect upon the word itself. Since Chinese characters are complete ideas, it is convenient to be able to express the various degrees of these ideas by special characters which shall have these exact meanings; it is therefore clear that to grasp a poet's full intention in a poem there must be a knowledge of the analysis of characters.

This may seem bizarre, were it not for a striking proof to the contrary. It is a fact that many of the Chinese characters have become greatly altered during the centuries since they were invented. So long ago as A.D. 200, a scholar named Hsü Shih, realizing that this alteration was taking place, wrote the dictionary known as 'Shuo Wên Chieh Tzü,' or 'Speech and Writing: Characters Untied,' containing about ten thousand characters in their primitive and final forms. This work is on the desk of every scholar in the Far East and is studied with the greatest reverence. Many editions have appeared since it was written, and by its aid one can trace the genealogy of characters in the most complete manner. Other volumes of the same kind have followed in its wake, showing the importance of the subject in Chinese estimation. While translators are apt to ignore this matter of character genealogy, it is ever present to the mind of the Chinese poet or scholar who is familiar with the original forms; indeed, he may be said to find his overtones in the actual composition of the character he is using.

All words have their connotations, but this is connotation and more; it is a pictorial representation of something implied, and, lacking which, an effect would be lost.

For instance, let us take the ideograph *nio*, it means unfeeling, harsh, barbarities, oppression, cruel, tyrannical

and so on; it is composed of the pictographs 'a tiger' and 'claws'; now I feel justified in rendering this character by a phrase such as 'the tiger's claws of oppression.' The word *tsai* means disaster, calamities that come from above, floods, etc., etc.; it is composed of the pictographs for 'fire' and 'streams of water'; and the phrase 'fire and flood of disaster' I consider a legitimate translation. Such examples might be multiplied indefinitely, but these are probably sufficient for my purpose.

It is hardly necessary to say, that unless the analysis makes the *accepted meaning* of any given character *more vivid*, I have not availed myself of it, nor need I add that in the phrases used, I have confined myself *strictly* to *what the analysis yields*.

Nor need I add that this method of translation is extremely laborious. The analysis of the character must not be considered until after the sense of the passage has been decided upon, and the translation made. Then, and *only then*, if the characters provide overtones which add to the vividness of the pictures described, can they be used.

That the Chinese themselves consider the component parts of a character as extremely important in its makeup is, I think, proved in many ways, as for example in the elaborate and complicated exchange of witty sentences based on the analysis of character, in which scholars indulge; and in the breaking up of ideographs so largely used by geomancers in their trade. An old Manchu teacher who was with me for a short time, noticed that I was struggling to find an English word with which to render a character. He remarked quietly, 'Why do you worry yourself by trying to find *one* word? It is made up of three.'

In the passages from the Classics I have worked with Dr. Legge's wonderful commentaries and have, in nearly all cases, abided by his readings. I desire here to register the incalculable debt which I, in common with all other students of Chinese, owe him.

We lived for many years at Shanghai in Wild Goose Happiness House, which stood in a large garden, and when the moment of abandoning China as our head-quarters came, we felt the need of some little place which could await the comings and goings of future years, so built the Grass Hut which is always ready for our use.

I may say that the building thereof was a liberal education in many ways. It could never have been accomplished without the whole-hearted co-operation of our devoted staff, to whom I here tender grateful thanks. My teacher too, Mr. Nung Chu or, to use the English equivalent of his name, Mr. Cultivator-of-Bamboos, showed deep interest in all details of ornament and arrangement, and gave much invaluable advice, for which I would express gratitude.

The people of China have always interested me deeply, and I have tried to comprehend and sympathize with their point of view. It differs from ours in many ways, and in none more greatly than in regard to the practical value of learning as such. The educational system which held good for so many years, whereby the scholars of the Empire became automatically the ruling class, has so impregnated the idea of all the 'uninstructed people' that, be they never so ignorant themselves, they are

convinced that learning is the most desirable of all acquisitions.

I had a curious example of this feeling not long ago. The number-three Gardener lost his betrothed, which was a great trial, at all events from a financial point of view; as he had never seen the proposed bride his affections could not have been deeply stirred. Betrothals of course cost money, but he begged me to arrange a marriage through some Orphanage which would be less expensive than the ordinary manner of procedure. He only begged that the bride chosen should not be too pretty, nor too fond of gadding. With some difficulty, as the Directors of the Orphanage were exceedingly careful in their investigations, I accomplished his commission, and in due course visited the Home to see the girl who had been picked out. I was accompanied by Amah, my Chinese maid, under whose stern but kindly rule I have passed twenty-five happy years, and we inspected the Home in detail. I walked in front with one Matron, Amah following with another, and I overheard them discussing me at great length. Not once did Amah make mention of any material benefits I might possess, but with deep pride reiterated again and again, 'The East-House-hold Lady knows a great many characters, and writes throughout the period of the sun's light.'

Oriental names always present a difficulty to the Occidental reader. I have therefore provided as many translations of these as possible. In the spelling of the transliterations I have followed the Wade system, except

in the case of place names which are spelt according to the Post Office list.

While I hope that students of Chinese life and language may find matter of interest in *A Chinese Mirror*, I have tried to make the book untechnical, and have kept the Western traveller very much in mind; for his benefit, too, maps and diagrams have been included somewhat liberally.

Chapter VI was prepared as a lecture and delivered before the Royal Asiatic Society in London on January 15, 1923, and was printed in abbreviated form in the *Journal of the N.C.B.R.A.S.* for that year. Chapters II, IV and V were also originally lectures and were given before the North China Branch of the Royal Asiatic Society in Shanghai and appear greatly condensed in form in the pages of the *N.C.B.R.A.S. Journal* in the years 1923, 1921 and 1917 respectively. Chapter III was also a lecture in its inception and came out in Volume I of the *China Journal of Sciences and Arts*, 1923.

The poems which appear in this volume are all of my own translation, but certain English versions, each marked with an asterisk, are by Miss Amy Lowell and were published in 1922 by The Houghton Mifflin Co. in *Fir-Flower Tablets*, poems translated from the Chinese.

The Synopsis of Chinese History was originally prepared for the Chamber of Commerce Language School in Shanghai and has been included in this book at the earnest request of Mrs. Francis Hirst, who kindly read the manuscript. She also begged that a short Biographical Index might be added for the benefit of those readers who wished to investigate Chinese matters more deeply.

The chapters on the 'Symbolism of the Forbidden

City' and the 'Cult of the Spiritual Magistrates of City Walls and City Moats' treat of subjects so far neglected by European writers, and my authorities in these cases are practically all Chinese.

It remains to speak of Miss Douglass' drawings, which, to me, vibrate with a purely Chinese feeling, and which are invaluable in illustrating and making real to my readers an unfamiliar background.

It is my hope that the Chinese Mirror I have cast, will reflect from its depth a few realities that may help to a more complete understanding of the Flowery Country.

By the Bay of Plentiful Fish,
New Brunswick, Canada.
April 19, 1925.

The Grass Hut by the Yellow Reach

ELEVEN HUNDRED AND SIXTY-FOUR YEARS AGO, THE POET Tu Fu and his family arrived in Chêngtu, capital of Szechuen. They had fled from before the Mongol tribes which were devastating the Empire and had suffered many hardships on the way. So when they arrived in the Embroidered City, as writers call Chêngtu, they were thankful to find a peaceful corner in a quiet suburb,

and there Tu Fu built his Grass-Hut-on-the-Washed-Flowers-Stream. Students often refer to their houses as Ts'ao T'ang ('Grass Huts'), whether they are actually of the thatched variety or not, so I have chosen Tu Fu's house as the prototype for mine, which will be the Grass-Hut-by-the-Yellow-Reach.

I only wish that I could adopt his principles in building mine. When he arrived in Chêngtu, he chose his site by the aid of divination and then wrote charming little poems to his various friends asking for this, that, and the other, to place in his Ts'ao T'ang. Methods by the Yellow Reach are more prosaic, the Municipal Council issues a permit and sends overseers to supervise the work, which must reach a certain standard, and people nowadays would hardly respond to poems even if I could write them. However, all the preliminaries have been accomplished and as I write, strains of the workmen's song float towards me through the shimmering heat of a July day. The workmen are pounding down the foundations. The process is interesting and the song they sing full of rhythm. A gang of men, under a foreman, lift and drop alternately a heavy block of wood like a pile-driver, and it is by means of the song that unity of effort is preserved.

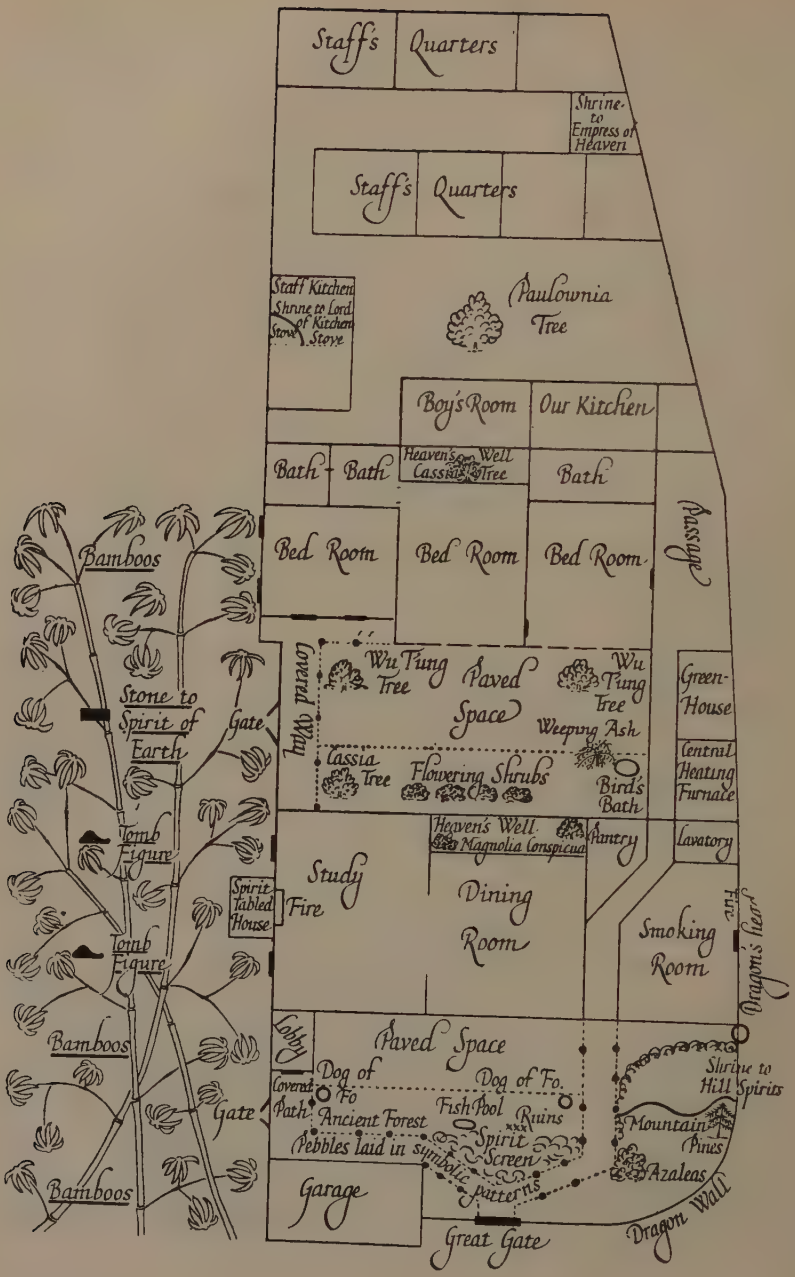
The foreman sings an extempore verse, about anything in the world that may take his fancy and the men pound rhythmically and dully as he does so, but when he stops they all join in a frenzied chorus of meaningless sounds doubling the time of their beats and causing the heavy block to dance along the surface of broken bricks and semi-liquid mortar. I wonder what they are singing about at the Ts'ao T'ang? The other day a friend of mine met a charming English girl beside a plot

of ground where building was in progress. Her hair was of the proverbial 'spun gold' and her eyes 'like violets under water,' but this was the song he heard the builders sing:

FOREMAN: There is a foreign woman – a foreign woman.
MEN: Ah – ai – ah – ai – ah.
FOREMAN: Her hair – her hair – her hair – it is the colour – the colour of straw.
MEN: Ah – ai – ah – ai – ah – ai.
FOREMAN: Her eyes – her eyes – her eyes –
MEN: Ah – ai – ah – ai – ah.
FOREMAN: Her eyes are like an old blue coat.
MEN: Ah – ai – ah – ai – ah.
FOREMAN: Like an old blue coat, a beggar would throw away.

The plans of my hut are simple. A series of alternating courtyards and buildings. The first house will consist of reception rooms, the second of bedrooms, and the other two of servants' quarters and offices. There is to be no upper story, so the indoor and outdoor rooms will all be on the ground. I continually reiterate that it is to be like the cottages of Kiangsu, and that I want to observe all time-honoured customs while it is being built.

The Contractor seems a nice man, but as he only talks the Shanghai dialect, all my communications with him are through the Boy, in pidgin English. His name is Ping Yung, and he is most dramatic when he talks. Although he can neither read nor write he is, I believe, a wonderful raconteur, and tells long historical tales, impersonating men or women, greybeards or brave warriors with equal ease. We had a discussion over placing


Staff's Quarters
Shrine to Empress of Heaven
Staff's Quarters
Staff Kitchen
Shrine to Lord of Kitchen Stove
Stove
Paulownia Tree
Boy's Room
Our Kitchen
Bath
Bath
Heaven's Cassia Well Tree
Bath
Passage
Bed Room
Bed Room
Bed Room
Covered Way
Wu Tung Tree
Paved Space
Wu Tung Tree
Green-House
Weeping Ash
Cassia Tree
Flowering Shrubs
Bird's Bath
Central Heating Furnace
Heaven's Well
Magnolia Conspicua
Pantry
Lavatory
Study
Fire
Dining Room
Smoking Room
Flue
Dragon's Head
Spirit Tabled House
Tomb Figure
Tomb Figure
Bamboos
Stone to Spirit of Earth
Gate
Bamboos
Gate
Bamboos
Lobby
Paved Space
Dog of Fo
Covered Path
Dog of Fo.
Fish Pool
Ruins
Ancient Forest
Spirit Screen
Pebbles laid in symbolic patterns
Shrine to Hill Spirits
Mountain Pines
Azaleas
Garage
Great Gate
Dragon Wall

the garage, which is of course not an integral part of the Kiangsu cottage, and finally decided on a suitable corner facing the road beside the Great Gate. I suggested that it should be of the plainest description with none of the decoration which is to adorn the rest. Ping Yung thought earnestly for some time and then said, 'How can the East-Household-Lady ask such a thing? It will stand by the road; everybody will see it; and they will think that the house is like a person who wears a fine coat but a poor waistcoat. No, the garage should look as though it were a garden pavilion, is this not so?' His argument was unanswerable. The East-Household-Lady meekly acquiesced, and it was decided that the garage should have a beautiful roof with a crane of longevity perched in the centre. I may remark parenthetically that 'East-Household-Lady' is a polite form of address to the mistress of the house. A host always sits facing South, and the place of honour is on his left hand. The East is therefore an honourable position and the Master of a house is called 'East-Household.' To return to the building. This is always supposed by Chinese to be rather a dangerous proceeding. The mere fact of moving earth is in their eyes questionable. There is no knowing what spirits may be disturbed and if they are disturbed they will in all probability wreak vengeance on some one. The workmen, therefore, tie a bunch of boughs to the end of each scaffolding pole, hoping that any mischievous elves may mistake the building site for a grove of trees and pass it by. I notice too, that the people in the next-door village have erected a high bamboo pole and have hung from the top a large flat basket-work sieve, such as is used for sifting earth, with a mirror fastened to the centre. It is well known that good influences can pass

through a sieve, and that a mirror has the power of turning evil influences into good fortune. I hope that this may prove to be the case and that our good neighbours behind the warp and woof of their bamboo fences may not suffer disaster from our building operations.

These matters – of spirits and the principles Yin and Yang – which I have described fully in connection with

the honoured Cult of the Spiritual Magistrates of City Walls and City Moats – are at the root of popular life in China. Everything pertaining to light and brilliancy is Yang, everything dark and gloomy is Yin. We live in the Yang world and below it another world is supposed to stretch. This is its counterpart in every particular except that, there, no sun shines. It is the Yin Shih or World of Shade. Spirits of the dead and other super-

natural beings are supposed to pass freely between the two worlds and a consideration for these spirits enters into nearly every undertaking in the social life of the Chinese.

According to the Chinese Calendar it is the 26th day of the Sixth Moon in the Jên Hsü Year; according to ours it is August 18, 1922. The sixth month falls so late, because it is a thirteen-months year, and there has been an intercalary Fifth Month. The *Encyclopedia Sinica* will tell you that 'an intercalary month is added seven times in nineteen years, to bring the lunar into correspondence with the solar year, and that the method in present use requires that the winter solstice fall in the eleventh moon, the summer solstice in the fifth, the vernal equinox in the second, and the autumnal in the eighth; the extra month must not include the passage of the sun from one Zodiacal sign to another; and the first, eleventh and twelfth moons must not be duplicated.'

In 1911 when the Son of Heaven stepped down from the Dragon Throne and Republican principles were introduced in the Flowery Central State, an attempt was made to introduce the Gregorian Calendar, but as far as the 'stupid people' are concerned it has not been successful. China is essentially an agricultural country and the farmers cling to the Twenty-four Solar periods into which the year is divided. The names of these periods are charming. About February 5 the Chinese year opens when Spring Stands; fourteen days later Rain Water begins; this is followed by the period of Excited Insects,

and it is just as well to avoid sleeping in country inns after this date. Vernal Equinox comes next; and Clear Brightness, when the peach trees flower and the rape is gold. When the sun enters Taurus Grain Rain falls and a fortnight later Summer Stands. In fourteen days Grain Fills, and in another a similar period Grain is in Ear. Summer Solstice ends what is known as the Yang half of the year, because until then the days continually lengthen. The six months to follow, culminating in the short dark days of winter, are called Yin. The first division of the Shadowy time is Slight Heat followed by Great Heat and then Autumn Stands. Not until fourteen days after its commencement can one look for Limit of Heat, and then comes a night when possibly the honk of a wild goose is heard, when the hour preceding dawn brings a chill, and when the first rays of light show a wide wet world; White Dew has come. This is just a fortnight before Autumnal Equinox, which is followed by Cold Dew. About October 23 Hoar-Frost Descends and then Winter Stands. Slight Snow and Great Snow come in their turn. Winter Solstice brings the shortest day, and the Twenty-four periods of the year are brought to a close by Slight Cold and Great Cold.

The years themselves are arranged in cycles of sixty. Each bearing a name formed by combining characters from the Ten Stems and the Twelve Branches.

The Ten Stems are cyclical signs corresponding in pairs to the five elements. That is wood, fire, earth, metal and water; and the Branches form a twelvefold cycle appertaining to various animals – rat, ox, tiger, hare, dragon, serpent, horse, goat, monkey, cock, dog, and pig.

The first, second, third and so on down to the tenth characters from the Stems and Branches are joined to

make a year name, then the first Stem is combined with the eleventh Branch and the line continues. In this manner sixty different pairs are made and then the two first characters of Stems and Branches meet again, and a new cycle is commenced. It is all very confusing and makes historical dates difficult to determine with certainty.

All of which brings me back to the fact that the 26th day of the 6th Moon in the Jên Hsü, Great Attack, Year has been chosen as the correct moment to Raise the Ridge-pole of my Grass Hut. This is the most important ceremony in connection with construction and must be correctly performed.

Chinese houses are built upon the same principle as our reinforced concrete buildings, that is, the framework which supports the roof is first placed in position and the walls are filled in afterwards. The framework, which in China is of wood, must first be carefully prepared and mortised together, so the ridge-pole cannot be raised until some little time after the foundations are pounded in. As a rule, no nails are used in the construction of a Chinese house, and those required to nail down the non-Chinese floor boards we intend to have, are an extra item in the contract. In China, the rich use a paving of tiles or fine stone, and the poor are content with Mother Earth for their flooring. The woodwork takes some time to make ready, as in Kiangsu the transverse beams of the guest-hall are usually carved with historical scenes, and figures of legendary and actual characters. It is the custom to devote the principal beam, facing south, to a scene

from the life of some hero whom one especially admires; Chu-ko Liang, the wise and self-effacing minister of Liu Pei is very popular, and so is Kuo Tzŭ-i, the Saviour of the T'ang dynasty, but I have chosen Yo Fei who is, to me, one of the most sympathetic characters in Chinese history. He lived at the close of the Sung dynasty and was terribly distressed at the supine conduct of the Emperor, who would not support him in his effort to drive back the Golden Tartars who were then invading China. As a matter of fact, the Emperor was completely

under the influence of the Prime Minister Ch'in Kuei, who in his turn was in the pay of the Golden Tartars. One of their officers wrote Ch'in Kuei privately, saying: 'You are always talking of "peace, peace, peace," and at the same time here in the North Yo Fei does nothing but fight, fight, fight. Kill him, and then there will be peace.' So Ch'in Kuei spun a web of treachery about Yo Fei and contrived that he should be thrown into prison on various trumped-up charges. His case was at once investigated and when being questioned by the Imperial Envoy, Yo

Fei took off his coat and showed four large characters which his mother had tattooed on his back when he was a boy: *ch'in chung pao kuo* – (To the last loyal in defence of the country). Nothing could be proved against him nor against his son Yo Yün, who also was a prisoner, so one day Ch'in Kuei called a messenger and sent a very small 'writing' in to the prison addressed to the Head Gaoler; whereupon the Gaoler, in a Memorial to the Throne, reported that Yo Fei was dead. This was on the twenty-ninth day of the twelfth Moon A.D. 1141. Snow was falling and it was very cold. The beam in my Guest Hall shows the scene when Yo Fei bares his back. It is carved on the south side of the southern beam, and I fear that its position will be so high and honourable that no one will see it. On the back of the southern beam is a large group showing Yo Fei's son, at the battle of the Ox Head Hill, and on the front of the north beam Chao Yün, a hero at the time of the Three Kingdoms, is seen escaping from the battle-field of the Long Sloping Bank with Liu Pei's infant son safely tucked in the fold of his coat. The short beams at the sides show a whole galaxy of my friends, such as Li T'ai-po the poet; Wang Hsi-chih the wonderful calligraphist; the Ho Ho twins who died of laughter at their joy over inventing the abacus; the Eight Immortals who live among the peach trees of the Western paradise, and so on. The carving is in fairly high relief and the background is darkened, so the figures, which are uncoloured, stand out very clearly. Workmen came from the city to carve the beams and worked with great speed, surety and freedom. A slight outline in black ink was all they had to guide them. At one time it seemed rather doubtful whether the carving would be ready for the appointed day, so enormous arc lights

were hung in the working shed, and the wood carvers worked throughout several nights. Everything was in readiness for the ceremony this morning.

It has been a brilliant day of intense heat, a day when the Yang principle seemed at its height. The sky was that marvellous delphinium blue which one often sees in Central China, and a strong fresh breeze blew enormous billowy clouds up from out of the Yellow Sea. By ten o'clock the whole country-side had assembled, and kept up a continuous beating of gongs, clashing of cymbals and popping of fire-crackers. Light and fire are supposed to be actual parts of the great Yang principle and are therefore destructive to spirits which are accustomed to the World of Shade. This being the case fire, candles and lanterns are used by the whole Chinese nation as a protection from evil. To increase the awe-inspiring effect of bonfires, it is said that in the Dark Ages, pieces of bamboo which produced a crackling, popping noise were thrown into the flames. Later, tubes of paper filled with gunpowder took the place of bamboos and these have developed into the fire-crackers of infinite variety in use to-day. I suppose that the terrifying effect of noise is at the root of the conviction that drums, cymbals and gongs are a protection against demons. At all events, noise-making in China is a work of merit. The din this morning was well organized, and, let us hope, effective.

In front of the space which will be the Guest Hall a chair was placed facing South; it held a long strip of paper stamped with a brightly coloured portrait of Lu

Pan, Patron Saint of Carpenters. In real life he was a youth named Pan, of the K'ung Clan, living in the state of Lu, *circa* 400 B.C. During his apprenticeship he devoted himself to the arts of sculpture, drawing and the chiselling of metal; he made plans of palaces, built boats, carts and various contrivances. It is also said that he married a lady named Cloud who was skilful in the making of artistic vases. Père Doré, in his *Superstitions de la Chine*, tells many of the legends which have gathered around Lu Pan's name. At the age of forty he became a hermit on Mt. Li and was there initiated into secrets of sorcery, which enabled him to float about the world on a cloud, and to move with ease to the Heavenly regions; he is moreover supposed to have made wooden magpies that could fly; he and Chang Pan, Patron Saint of Masons, are supposed to have built a palace in the peach gardens of the Jade Emperor, and carpenters say that when the pillars of Heaven were menaced with ruin, Lu Pan was entrusted with the task of repairing them. During the Ming dynasty, *circa* A.D. 1415, he received the posthumous title Great Master and Support of the Empire and it is said that his spirit will certainly give ear to prayers offered by artizans.

The feast spread before Lu Pan's effigy this morning was of a most complicated nature. Every item on the menu had a very distinct *raison d'être*. Number-two Boy, by virtue of his past career as a teacher, always acts as Master of Ceremonies on occasions of pomp, and from the first streak of dawn he was hurrying about attending to various details.

He has given me the following inventory. It reads: Lu Pan the First Instructor. Raising the Ridge-pole on a fortunate day. Items prepared.

A Complete Happiness:

This is a strip of scarlet paper upon which the words, 'may great joy come on raising the beam,' are written. It is pasted to the Ridge-pole before the rites begin.

A Pair of Geese:

Emblems of Conjugal fidelity.

A Pair of Fish:

Because the word *yü*, fish, is a homonym of *yü*, a surplus or excess, the fish has become a symbol of riches.

Guarantee Prosperity Dumplings:

Steamed cakes made of rice flour. These played an important part during the ceremony.

A Pig's Head:

A play on word sounds, turns the porker's head into a symbol of profitable trade.

Bean Curd:

The word *fu* – curd – is a homonym of *fu* – happiness,– and is therefore used to suggest joy.

Tribute Candles:

Candles are, as a rule, red, but in this case green were preferred. Red suggests fire and might therefore be dangerous.

Ingots of Silver:

Spirit money to be burned for Lu Pan's use on the return journey to the World of Shade.

Sandal Wood Fragrance:

Incense-sticks for use on the said return journey.

Long Life Fragrance:

Pieces of sandal wood filled an incense burner placed

in the centre of the table. These were lighted before the ceremony began, so when the crowd assembled, the whole air was filled with sweet scent from clouds of smoke curling in the sunlight.

Ascend to the Heights:

Huge fire-crackers, capable of emitting such sound as must infallibly terrify any demon.

Braids from Han:

Strings of tiny fire-crackers which were originally a speciality of Hankow.

Onions, Soy, Bean-curd and Salt:

These are considered the ingredients of a well-balanced diet and are therefore used to express the wish: 'Wind harmonious rain in accordance with.' That is, 'wind and rain in proper quantities and at proper times,' a normal desire for people who consider agriculture the chief business of life.

The Lucky Grass, an Omen of Prosperity:

A great bunch of sweet flag leaves.

Red of the Senior Classic:

The name of a delicious wine. Every three years examinations of graduate scholars of the Third Degree were held in the Palace, and the man who won first place was called chuang yüan, Senior Classic.

Before the Rain:

Name of a very delicate tea, made from leaves picked early in the season.

Ten Thousand Years Green:

A bunch of leaves of the evergreen Rohdea Japonica, an emblem of longevity also used in a congratulatory sense because of a play on words: *ch'ing* – Green – has the same sound as *ch'ing*, to congratulate.

Peak Nest:

An ornament in the shape of a gilt lotus flower destined to be placed in the centre of the ridge-pole.

The ridge-pole itself lay behind Lu Pan's chair. A charming design decorated the centre. A gilt-edged

green band crossed and re-crossed a scarlet background, thus forming oval spaces, and in the oval spaces were written green 'ward off fire' characters, forming the antithetical phrases:

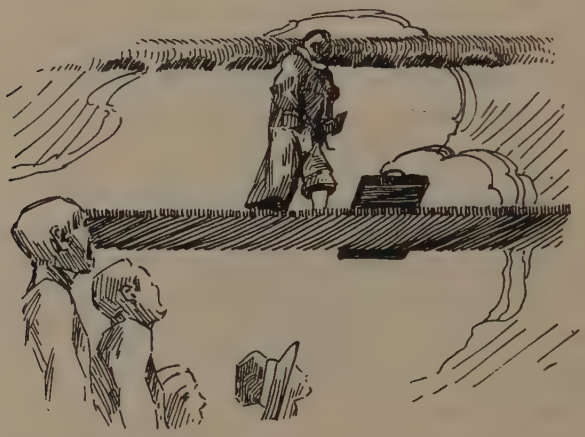
On the ridge-pole suspended above, a thousand years of wealth and rank.
On the post that stands erect, ten thousand generations of splendour and glory.

After the side frames, which were to hold the ridge-pole, had been securely mortised together, the ceremony began. Ping Yung filled a tiny cup with Red of Senior Classic and set it before Lu Pan, just sipping it himself;

he then came South of the table and knelt for a long time on a stool facing the Patron Saint, bowing his head at intervals to the ground. He was very neatly dressed in a suit of dark brown 'engraved material.' This is a silk woven with tiny holes in a fine pattern. When finished a glaze of dark brown or black varnish gives a stiffness that keeps it from sticking to the body. A coat and trousers of engraved cloth are worn during the great heat with nothing under them, and are very cool. Air passes freely through the mesh, but being opaque it is perfectly decent. Ping Yung was very reverent and solemn in all that he did, and when he rose the side frames were lifted to their granite bases, propped into position, and firmly secured. A tremendous fusillade of crackers and a violent beating of gongs warded off evil spirits during the process. The Peak Nest, which by the way was a gift from Ping Yung, was then secured to the ridge-pole, and the Lucky Grass, Omen of Prosperity as well as the Ten Thousand Years Green, tied with long red and green silk streamers, were fastened to its centre. The pole was hoisted into position by means of ropes and was made fast by beautifully carved wooden pins, at least three feet long. Meanwhile the gongs and crackers played their parts faithfully. Then followed the most interesting part of the ceremony. A plank was placed under the ridge-pole, and one of the young carpenters climbed up and stood just under the Peak Nest; a tray full of Guaranteed Prosperity Dumplings decorated with green, not red, was handed up to him; these he threw to the Four Quarters of the Compass, East, West, South and North, singing as he did so. The dumplings fell among the gaping crowd who scrambled eagerly for them. Standing below the scarlet and green streamers, silhouetted against an

immense white cloud; wearing only a pair of bright blue trousers and a soft neck-cloth, his copper body glistening in the sun, he made an extraordinary picture, and this was the song he sang:

I trod on the nest of the Golden Pheasants.
The Golden Pheasants rose up, p'êng, p'êng, the sound of their wings.
That they flew to this spot and alighted is great good fortune.



My hand supporting the gold platter.
My body rises step by step, to the heights.
I reach the eaves and pluck Peaches of the Immortals.
Peaches of the Immortals are not for all the world to have.
Chang Pan, P'usa of Masons, has come to earth, Lu Pan, Patron Saint of Carpenters snaps the twigs.
The posts must be placed truly when a fortunate day arrives.
The ridge-pole must be raised when Fate decrees we meet the Star of the Purple Enclosure.
I throw in the direction of prosperity and abundance.

To the East the quarter Chia I whence comes Spring – the quarter of Wood, the Fir and Bamboo.
To the West, the quarter Kêng Hsin, of Autumn, of Gold and Metals in the Earth.
To the South, the quarter Ping Ting, of Summer, of Fire, Burning Wood and the Flame of the Lamp.
To the North, the quarter of Jên Kuei, of Winter, Flowing Water, Waves and Brooks.
To the centre of all points, the Quarters Wu Chi, of Earth, the Hills and the Plains.
Fortunate people live where Fortune comes.
Lucky houses divine prosperity.
Those who live here will have wealth, their families will be brilliant and glorious.
The longevity of husband and wife will be prolonged as a thread of floss silk in length.
On the ridge-pole suspended above, a thousand years of wealth and rank.
On the posts that stand erect, ten thousand generations of splendour and glory.
May gold and jade fill the Hall.
May happiness be the foundation of eternal good fortune.

The song ended, and the dumplings all distributed, the young carpenter descended and the plank was removed. At this point Amah, who had been prompting me, thrust into my hand little red packets of 'gift money' which I duly presented to the various foremen, who changing the silver dollars into copper cash divided it among their men; the carpenters, the masons and the wood-carvers.

There was also a small present for the 'puttee colour man' who had decorated the ridge-pole. The contractors and foremen then bowed repeatedly to the gay picture of Lu Pan. Nothing remained to be done except to 'take leave of the spirit on its departure,' so a pile of silver spirit money was prepared, Lu Pan's effigy was laid reverently upon it, and then the whole was set alight. While the red flames licked up the little heap Ping Yung and his assist-

ants stood at the four corners bowing vigorously, each man shaking hands with himself as is the Chinese custom. We had ordered five hundred Guarantee Prosperity Dumplings and they had not all been thrown to the Four Quarters, so what remained were now distributed among the people; the feast was then removed and later consumed by the workmen and our household staff; thus the function ended.

I walked slowly back to the house with Yo Fei, of whom more later, and gradually that deep stillness so characteristic of summer noon-tide in China spread over the fields about us. During the hot months, farmers begin their work with the first pale dawn. By ten o'clock in the morning they have all taken refuge from the sun and do not reappear until the shadows begin to lengthen. As we stood on the upper veranda of Wild Goose Happiness House, not a human being was to be seen, but I could look down upon the newly-erected ridge-pole of the Grass Hut. The gilt Peak Nest shone in the brilliant sunshine and the bunch of fortunate herbs swung back and forth, while the red and green streamers fluttered gaily in the strong wind of the South-West Monsoon.

I have written the biography of Yo Fei, the hero who died seven hundred and eighty-two years ago, but I have not described his little namesake who lies beside me. He is a tiger-headed Lo-sze dog and comes from Shantung, the province where Confucius lived and died. These dogs were probably the prototype of the English pug. They are 'short-mouthed,' have short thick hair and very loose elastic skins; are extraordinarily intelligent and are highly prized by the Chinese, who treat them absolutely as though they were members of the family. They are difficult to find, and almost impossible to buy. Years ago in a Shantung city, I met a man whose clothes were of a mean description walking along the street with a

beautiful specimen of a Lo-sze. I stopped and admired the dog. Would he sell it? No, the dog was not for sale. It seemed impossible to believe that an obviously needy person would not be tempted by yellow gold, and to my shame be it said, I argued at length, offering finally what must have seemed a fabulous sum, and then the

countryman, who until that moment had controlled himself with perfect politeness, lost his temper and roared out, 'The dog is not for sale,' and turning on his heel strode down the street. This happened many years ago. Looking back it is difficult for me to conceive myself capable of such very *t'su* – that is coarse or untutored behaviour.

There is no excuse. I can only say that I was still in the trammels of that point of view unfortunately held, in regard to the Chinese, by many Occidentals. 'Oh, a Chinaman will sell anything.' Nine foreigners out of ten would make such an assertion with no inkling of its fundamental untruth, and with no realization that the word 'Chinaman' is itself offensive to Chinese ears. I have often reflected sadly upon this incident, as a salutary lesson, and when little Yo Fei was given to me I told my teacher, Mr. Cultivator-of-Bamboos, about it; he shook his head sadly and said: 'I think Love-Poetry-Mother does not quite understand how we people of the Middle Country feel about little dogs. A man who has one will let it sleep by his pillow. If he has a friend whom he loves he may give him a puppy as a present. A little dog is not a thing that we like to buy or sell, though of course a man may be forced by poverty to part with even his most precious possession.'

Yo Fei belonged, in his early youth, to an Irish Lady, to whom he had been presented by a Chinese hospital dispenser. She christened him Buster. Hearing that I wanted a Lo-sze she sent me word that, being obliged to leave China, she would give me her dog who was hardly more than a puppy. I accepted the offer without seeing Buster and waited patiently for the moment of her departure. One rainy afternoon when walking along the beach I noticed a most disreputable little cur eagerly consuming fishtails on the high waterline, and my companion said: 'There is the dog you are going to have.' My heart failed, he was so bedraggled, so utterly abandoned in appearance. However, in course of time he arrived at our house, a most unwilling guest, and then ensued weeks of struggle over which we will draw a veil.

It was very hard for Buster to adapt himself to a life of restraint. The beach and fishtails called him. It was pain and grief to be tubbed, though he found it a great relief to be relieved of at least a million fleas. He fell ill, was soundly dosed. His name was changed. He had to wear a harness with bells in order that he might the more easily be tracked upon the numerous occasions when he ran away. It was all very difficult, but gradually his brindle coat improved, his tail, which had not been docked in the ordinary way, took on a double curl, and Yo Fei began to enjoy the luxuries of civilization which Buster had found intolerable. The change was so noticeable that one day when the little dog was trotting proudly down the wharf, his coat shining with a golden sheen, his bells ringing gaily, his tail in a stiff whorl, I overheard a fisherman, who of course had known him in his fishtail days, remark to another: 'How rich we are! Like the Great Old Ear, exactly the same.' *Ta lao yeh* (Great Old Ear), I may say, is the title respectfully given to high officials.

I have written at such length about Yo Fei because I have been accused by my friends of planning the Grass Hut for his use when we leave China. He, at all events, is deeply interested in the proceedings and, so far, has not bitten any of the little apprentices who seem to be doing the greater part of the building.

There are two groups, little masons and little carpenters, and their ages range from about eight to fifteen. Amah is very much interested in them. She tells me that

they are paid no wages, but are fed, clothed and taught their trade. The period of apprenticeship varies with the age of the child but always lasts for three or four years.

The workmen are paid on the first and the fifteenth of each Moon, or rather on the evening before these days, when they all, according to Amah, 'Wash, Wash; makee handsome looksee; puttee handsome clothes; go home.' The little apprentices on the contrary have no pay, and consequently remain where they are. Amah says she asked them if they had any money. They did not speak in reply but slowly and sadly shook their heads, so we decided to give each child, on pay-day, twenty cents in small money, which vast sum would amount to thirty coppers per man. They could then buy buried ducks' eggs of exquisite flavour, or some other delicacy to add piquancy to the boiled rice and cabbage of everyday fare.

Amah stands them in two rows, the smaller ones in front, the less small behind, then she and Yo Fei distribute the coppers with care and impartiality, and a group of happy little boys, which I notice grows larger every fortnight, goes off to the neighbouring village to make purchases.

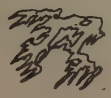
It is wonderful to watch them work. The little carpenters wield axes as long as their arms and the little mason-men carry all the mortar used in the brick-laying, from the mixing stands to the walls by means of two minute buckets slung at either end of a shoulder pole. They also help the sculptor who designs and models the plaster figures for roof ornaments.

In Kiangsu, roofs, although not as elaborate nor as deeply curved as those of the southern provinces, are yet more profusely decorated than those of North China. I

have chosen a very typical model for the Grass Hut. We have no architectural term that describes its form. The roof is heavily curved to North and South and at either end, instead of the gables used in Occidental houses, a parapet rises in graduated tiers, each terminating in the conventionalized head of a Love-Pheasant. From the ridge-pole rises a deep band of ornament ending in *ch'ih wei* the famous owl-tail fish.[1] It is supposed that when these dragon-headed monsters rise from the depths, immediately their tightly curled tails emerge from the surface of the water, great waves break into foam, and rain descends in torrents. They are, therefore, looked upon as a protection against fire. The centre roof-ornament is usually filled with figures. In our case Kuo Tzŭ-i, saviour of the T'ang dynasty, and his wife are shown receiving congratulations on his birthday. Guests, laden with presents, approach from either side along a roadway edged with trees. The smaller details of these groups, the little men and women, chairs, tables, flowers and so on, are modelled at a work-table on the ground, and are then placed in position; but the large forms such as the owl-tail fish are moulded in position from a formless piece of clay. Our sculptor sits astride the ridge-pole with his pet song-bird, its dainty cage carefully shaded with blue cloth, hanging beside him as he works. He is an artist in his way and has a great deal of temperament. Ping Yung treats him with infinite consideration. The Chinese con-

[1] We read in the Han records: 'after the famous White Beam Terrace (built by the Emperor Wu of Han) was destroyed by fire a wizard of Yüeh said: "Deep in the sea there is a fish with a curled tail like an Owl's (head). It stimulates the waves to rise and then rain falls." Thereupon its image was placed upon the (roofs of) buildings. Thus fire was exorcised and good fortune (attracted).'

sider that it is most important to keep all the workmen and apprentices who have any connection with the making of these elaborate scenes, in the best of humour, as in popular belief, they hold great power in their hands. The following legend was told me in this connection:



The head of a rich clan named Yang, built a large *chia* or family house in Nanking and there installed his family in all its branches. Their traditions were fine. Sons passed the literary examinations and became officials of the State; daughters married men of note and behaved as daughters should; they could look back upon a long line of ancestors who had all been distinguished men and women. Not long after they had settled in the new *chia* a subtle change took place. The sons, alas, took to gambling, and little by little the family fortunes melted. Time passed and the insidious poison crept even to the inner apartments, rumour had it that the daughters also played. The elders were anxious and deeply grieved, but could decide on no definite course of action. Finally it was suggested that search should be made for workmen who had built the house, to see if they could throw light on the disaster. Many years had passed since the days of construction, so the task was difficult; but eventually an old man was discovered who said that he remembered being present when the ridge-pole was raised, but he could throw no light on the cause of such misfortune. However, after much entreaty, he consented to attempt a solution, only stipulating that he should be left entirely alone and undisturbed to pass a night within the *chia*.

To this the family eagerly agreed, and at the appointed time clanged the Great Gate behind them leaving the old man softly stroking his long pointed beard as he sat on a large square chair in the lofty guest hall. Red candles burned low in the pewter candelabra, and the soft light flickered on his long blue robe as he sat thinking over what had happened many years ago. At last he gave a faint sigh and leaning on his staff of the kind old men use – that is, a long stick surmounted by a carved pigeon – he proceeded to examine carefully the whole room, stopping every few moments to listen intently. He passed from hall to hall, from courtyard to courtyard, not relaxing his attention for one moment. Suddenly he gave a start, what was the sound he heard? His whole body was tense with expectation, his pigeon staff poised high in air. He had heard a faint persistent noise, the unmistakable sound of dice shaken and thrown, shaken again, and thrown. This sound he now followed; here it was louder, there it was fainter; moonlight flickered through bamboos; tall *wu t'ung* trees rustled their broad leaves; scent from tiny yellow cassia flowers made the whole air sweet, as finally he stood in the first courtyard under the Eighth Month moon. Here the insistent rattle was louder and more definite. He walked slowly along the pathway, paved with pebbles laid in strange symbolic shapes, and stopped under the shadow of the Great Gate itself. Evidently this was the goal. Laying his pigeon staff on the ground, he drew a round garden seat to an angle in the wall, his body bent double with the effort. He clambered up slowly and passed his thin transparent hands up and down, back and forwards, carefully searching. Meanwhile, the rattle of ivory became more loud and incessant. At last the seemingly smooth surface

yielded to his touch, and a large brick came out in his hand, disclosing a little chamber lighted, for the moment, by rays from the setting moon. This faint light revealed what the greybeard had expected to find. Groups of little plaster figures such as are used for the historical scenes which ornament walls in China, were assembled at tiny tables. Some assiduously threw dice, others manipulated dominoes, all trembled with excitement. With a quick gesture the old man swept the little men together and lifting them carefully from the cavity placed them in a little heap on the stone path. He then pounded the heap to a dust which he carefully concealed among the flowering shrubs. Though panting with his effort he replaced the brick in its hole and, leaning on his pigeon staff, tottered back to the hall of ceremony and as the first shaft of autumn sunlight touched the owl-tail fish above the Great Gate, sank into his seat.

From that day to this neither son nor daughter of the Yang clan has touched the seductive ivory cubes.

I hope that our artist will confine himself to the symbols of good fortune and the figures of noble heroes which he seems to be making for us. The plan of the Great Gate is very fine, and we are now discussing the proposed ornaments one by one. I am very careful duly to admire his handiwork.

Seventh Moon, Fifteenth Day.

It is the Spirits' Festival, the day when all Lonely Spirits must be cared for. The Spiritual Magistrate of the City

Walls and City Moats will make his summer tour of inspection. Ping Yung's stout young brother, who acts as foreman of our works, is connected with the City Temple and plays an important part in the ceremony. The workmen departed last night, after an extra 'Wash, wash,' and to-day there are only small boys on the premises. Amah and Yo Fei tipped them this morning and then we inspected the feast laid for our own Lonely Spirits.

The history of these spirits is rather interesting. Years ago when we bought the ground, on which Wild Goose Happiness House now stands, a large and important grave mound occupied one corner. To the North stood a very good farm-house in which the caretakers lived, and which had many extra rooms used by the family at the season of Clear Brightness when tombs must be swept. In the inner courtyard, shaded by an immense cassia tree, was placed the Ancestral Hall, a large gilded cupboard full of spirit tablets dating back for many generations. In accordance with prescribed custom, when we acquired the place the coffins were removed from the grave mound by the descendants of the dead who were the vendors of the land. For some unaccountable reason, however, they did not come to fetch the tablets. Weeks became months, but the tablets remained. It was most inconvenient. We intended to convert the farm-house into servants' quarters, but of course no one would dream of occupying it with a neglected Ancestral Hall standing in the courtyard. Finally I consulted Canton Carpenter in my predicament. He was terribly shocked at the situation. 'Any man, more bad, no can do'; so he said gravely shaking his head, and indeed it was incredible that a family could be brought to such depths of insensibility

that they would abandon the sacred tablets in which spirits of their forefathers reposed. Being very young at the time and utterly inexperienced, I suggested that the decorative ancestral hall with its precious contents be placed intact in our vestibule. The look which came over Canton Carpenter's face did more to enlighten the darkness of my ignorance than any torrent of words could

have accomplished. For an instant the depths of a Chinese soul were revealed.

'Never can,' was all he said.

'What thing can do?' I asked helplessly, 'can throw away?'

'No can throw 'way,' was the laconic reply.

'Can burn?' I inquired further.

'Burn; can burn. More better no burn.'

I was at my wits' end, we seemed to be saddled with generations of intangible wraiths impossible to dispose of. A feeling of awe crept over me. Finally I timidly inquired if it would be suitable, even possible, to build a little shrine in the garden and place the spirit tablets in that?

'True; b'long number one fashion.' Canton Carpenter's face beamed with relief; so the little shrine was built on a carefully chosen site where 'wind and water' influences were propitious, and from that day to this the members of our household have never failed to offer proper sacrifices at the appointed times, and of course the spirits will move to the Ts'ao T'ang with us when the time comes.

To-day a special feast was laid on a square table in front of the little house. Fish, eggs, pork, cabbage, chicken, rice and wine were all prepared in the best dishes and bowls we possess, the sweet odour of sandalwood curled from the sticks in the blue and white incense-burner, and red candles made a pale flickering in the brilliant noonday sun. The servants came one by one and kneeling on a straw mat bowed, repeatedly and reverently, knocking their foreheads on the ground. A generous heap of glittering spirit money was prepared in readiness to be forwarded by the efficacious medium of fire, to the World of Shade, there to be used by our own Lonely Spirits.

When the ceremony was completed, the food was removed and eaten by the household. This is in accordance with laws laid down in the Book of Rites, wherein it is expressly commanded that sacrificial offerings shall be reverently consumed by those who present the sacrifice.

The Seventh Moon may be called the Carnival of Spirits. They are supposed to pass between the two worlds with more freedom then than at any time of the

year. However, with the darkness which attends the waning moon their sway is ended. On the twenty-ninth day of the Moon, when it shows no light, the festival of the Earth Spirit, Ti Tsang Wang, falls. Johnston refers to him in his beautiful book on *Chinese Buddhism* in the following passage: 'The compassionate Ti Tsang, the p'usa or bodhisat whose gracious function it is to fling open the gates and lighten the gloom of hell and rescue tortured souls from the pitiless grasp of the lictors of Yenlo-Wang, the King of Devils.' On the last day of the seventh month Ti Tsang should see that the spirits from the World of Shade are safely locked away from the World of Light until the seventh month of the following year, and in order that he may perform this duty thoroughly, the people honour and propitiate him with a charming but very simple ceremony. In the popular belief Ti Tsang's eyes are closed except on this day, when he opens them in order that he may find any stray wraiths from the Yin Shih, and with the purpose of making this world beautiful and acceptable in his sight, little bundles of burning incense sticks are placed in a long line, punctuated with flaming candles, in front of each house. It is the business of the children to plant these barricades in the earth as soon as dusk falls – why the children, I do not know. Amah says:

'This b'long baby pidjun, large man do no handsome.'

At all events I shall never forget watching the little apprentices with incense sticks and candles all lighted, as they made the barricade of fire in front of my Ts'ao T'ang in the soft still darkness of a summer's night. Ceremonies, as a rule, are attended with so much noise, so many crackers, so many gongs and clashing cymbals, that this quiet intimate proceeding, where I left the little

boys softly crooning to themselves as they watched the blazing candles and smouldering incense sticks, made an indelible impression on my mind. The night was soft and still, the dark sky, spangled with stars, stretched over a dark earth, equally spangled with dotted lights from millions of incense sticks. Thin smoke rose from the front of ten thousand doorways, and the whole air was sweet with perfume.

Eighth Moon, Fifteenth Day.

The Mid-Autumn, Harvest, or Moon-Festival, is one of the four important equinoctial celebrations of the year. Not a workman is to be seen. Every single one has gone to his home, because on the fifteenth day of the eighth month, when the moon attains its greatest brilliance, when its perfect circle is a symbol of unity, it is considered most important that husband and wife be together. It is supposed to be the women's gala day, but men take an active part in the festivities which reach their height in the evening. The ceremonies vary in different parts of the country, but have certain features in common. For instance, everybody eats Moon Cakes, most delicious round, sweet pasties made of flour, mixed with nuts and fruits; and the feast spread by the women all over China in honour of the Moon, is always composed of symbolic fruits and seeds. Many different kinds are used and for various reasons, but reasons all connected with matrimony and posterity. Water-melons are present because they have quantities of seed, which always suggest sons; because they are green, the colour of youth; and because they are round; that is, they make a perfect whole as husband and wife should do. A root stock of lotus, the colour of white jade, is also offered, and as its fibres hold with remarkable tenacity, it is looked upon as an emblem

of constancy. Water chestnuts are infallibly a part of the feast. Their red colour suggests happiness; their aquatic habit of growth, a cleansing from all evil; and their shape a well-balanced pair. The purple water-plant, *euryale ferox*, appears because it provides seeds which are made into coarse cakes sometimes used in childbirth, and as these seeds are very numerous they are a symbol of posterity and unity of the clan. The taro and other edible tubers, the pear, and the chestnut which are often present, all express a desire for descendants, though in different ways. The persimmon, round, red and sweet, is obviously a symbol of happiness and unity, so cannot be omitted from the list; and dates, because of a play on words, mean 'may you quickly have sons'; they are therefore a desirable addition to the feast. Moon cakes are there. Sometimes thirteen are used, of different sizes, piled high in a pyramid; they suggest a circle of happiness for each month in the year. Branches of the *olea fragrans* make a popular decoration universally employed. The tree is then in full bloom and the delicious scent from its tiny yellow flowers pervades every corner of the house.

The most perfect specimen of this tree is supposed to grow in the moon, and anyone who can snap a twig is sure to secure high literary honours. An eighth-century legend relates that a certain Wu Kang, a sorcerer, committed some fault against the higher powers, and was condemned to fell this marvellous tree which is fifteen hundred feet in height. He is perpetually engaged upon his hopeless task, as each blow of his axe only makes an incision which instantly closes when the tool is removed.

A three-legged toad is also supposed to reside in the moon. It was once a lovely lady named Ch'ang O, wife of the famous archer, Hou I, who was powerful enough to shoot and destroy a monster bent on devouring the orb of night. He was a favourite of the Western Empress Mother who holds court in the mountains of Central Asia, and she sent him, as a mark of her favour, a plant of immortality. Ch'ang O stole the plant and fled with it to the moon where she was turned into the three-legged toad.

A rabbit is another of the legendary inhabitants of the great Yin luminary, and passes a useful existence pounding drugs of immortality in an immense mortar. In the North, at this season, charming little clay figures of the rabbit are sold in the streets, but I have not seen them in the Yangtze Valley. All the hare tribe are supposed by the Chinese and Japanese to beget their young simply by gazing at the moon, and in decoration they are often shown looking fixedly at its bright disc.

A very important member of the lunar population is the Old Man who presides over all marriages that take place on earth. Mayers tells the following tale in his facinating storehouse of legends, *The Chinese Reader's Manual*:

'Wei Ku was a hero of legendary romance, said to have flourished under the T'ang dynasty. Passing one day through the town of Sung Ch'êng, he saw an old man sitting by moonlight engaged in turning over the leaves of a book, who, in reply to his inquiry, told him that this volume contained the matrimonial destinies of all mankind. Taking from his wallet a red cord, the old man said: "With this cord I tie together the feet of husband and wife. Though born in hostile households or widely

sundered countries, their fate is inevitably fulfilled at last. Your wife, I will tell you, is the daughter of an old woman named Dh'ên, who sells vegetables in yonder shop." Having heard this, Wei Ku went next day to look about him, and saw the woman carrying in her arms an ill-favoured child of two years old. He secretly hired an assassin to murder the infant, and this man dealt a blow at it accordingly but missed his aim and only left a scar upon its eyebrow. Fourteen years later Wei Ku became the husband of a beautiful girl whom after marriage he observed wearing a patch upon her eyebrow; and upon making inquiries, he found that she was the identical person whose union with him had been foretold. This legend, recounted under the T'ang dynasty, is probably the earliest embodiment of the Chinese belief in the existence of an invisible link (typified by the red cord) between bride and bridegroom, and expressed in the saying that "Matches are made in Heaven and the bond of fate is forecast from the Moon." '

Worship of the Northern Measure, as the Chinese call our constellation of the Great Bear, also takes place at the mid-autumn festival. In Kiangsu every household has a beautiful 'rice-measure,' even though it be but a little one. They are made in an infinite variety of sizes, are filled with large pieces of sandalwood and embellished with a gay paper Moon-Palace which rises from the centre around a pillar of incense sticks. Early in the morning the tip of this pillar is lighted, and throughout the day it smoulders slowly; by midnight the whole

erection is consumed. A figure of the Patron Saint of Literature is placed in the palace because he is supposed to inhabit one of the stars in the Northern Measure. Many and varying legends are told of his origin. According to one, he was a brilliant scholar who was unfortunately terribly disfigured. It was customary for the Emperor to give with his own hand a rose of gold to the student who won the highest place in the triennial

examinations. This feat was accomplished by the scholar in question, but the Son of Heaven was so terrified by his hideous countenance that he withheld the rose, and the unfortunate man walked straight from the Imperial audience hall and threw himself into a river. He did not drown, however, as a sea monster, who happened to be swimming about, brought him to the surface and saved his life. He then ascended to heaven and assumed control of the *Literati* on earth. He is shown in a conventional form, holding a writing brush in his right hand and a square measure in his left; one of his legs is raised in the air and he has the head of a demon. He is generally

spoken of as the Star of Literature. His figure is naturally very popular among men of letters, who are apt to keep either a little statue or a painted portrait in their private study.

Although the Grass Hut is deserted, our dipper and Moon Palace burned all day, filling the air with their fragrance.

In ancient China a famous *ko wu* (Song-Posturing-Dance) was performed at the Moon Festival, sometimes by one girl, sometimes by two. In the latter case it was called a Great Posturing-dance, and one girl sang the song while the other postured. If only one girl took part it was called a Lesser Posturing-dance. Japan and Korea took the *ko wu* from China and I believe it can still be seen in those countries. The words are grouped in six phrases:

Eighth Moon fifteenth day, take pleasure in moon's light.
Hands hold moon cakes; from eyes, tears stream.
Recollections spring to mind; extremely bitter is heart.
Last year with my Lord; united we rejoiced in the moon.
This year without my Lord, alone endure solitude.
Tears serve to wash and lave, upper garments, lower garments.

The song is supposed to illustrate a saying that when the moon reaches mid-autumn it has more than its usual share of brilliance; it is as if polished; it is absolutely spotless; nothing dims its splendour; it is therefore symbolical of conjugal love; as conjugal love should be.

The performer wore a long robe with sleeves that swept the ground, and carried attached to the little finger of her left hand, a square of silk fringed on each of the four sides, and accompanied the song by an elaborate pantomime. Between each phrase the air was prolonged indefinitely.

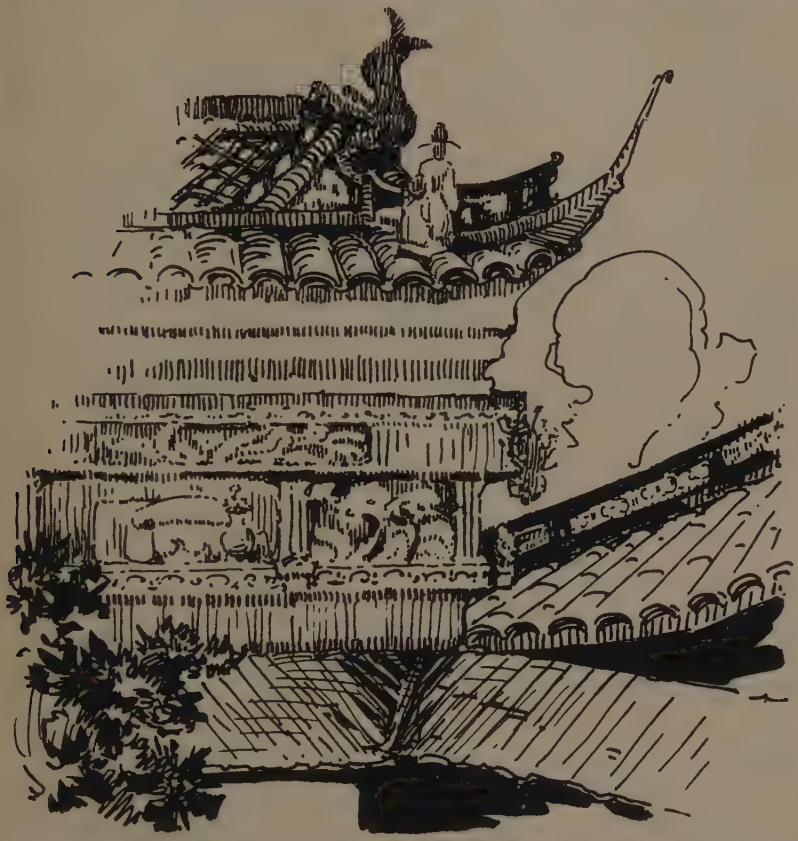
The Harvest Festival ceremonies continue, as a rule, until dawn, and I think a very tired set of workmen will reach the Ts'ao T'ang when to-morrow comes.

Ninth Moon, Ninth Day.

Another festival to be observed! It is marvellous that the house rises as quickly as it does. The masonry is finished, walls are filled in, the roof is tiled, ornaments are in place; and only carpenters remain to finish the interior.

The Great Gate has really turned out beautifully, and passers-by stand in groups gaping at the figures which decorate roof and sides. The space over the twin planks of black wood, which form the door itself, is divided into three panels. The central one shows the poets, Li T'ai-po and Tu Fu, seated on a mountain-side playing *wei ch'i* or hedged-in checkers, while serving-boys fan a charcoal brazier on which wine is being warmed. The side panels are filled with typical Chinese landscapes. Little hills rise abruptly from among groups of blossoming plum trees, and pines cast a grateful shade. A straight narrow band above the panels is filled with pæonies, emblems of prosperity and wealth. This whole scheme of decoration is repeated on the inner side of the Great Gate, the only

variation being in the central panel, which is there filled with a charming group composed of books, pictures, musical instruments, flowers and so on, illustrating the Seven Fine Arts of writing, painting, playing hedged-in



checkers, playing the table-lute, composing poems, drinking wine and cultivating flowers. The roof is surmounted by owl-tail fish and the figures of various historical personages. On wide supporting pillars, either side of the doorway, are long narrow panels filled with bamboos.

It is difficult for an Occidental to realize the all-important rôle played in Chinese life, art, and symbolism, by this remarkable member of the grass tribe, the bamboo. It has been known to grow six feet and more during a single night, and its uses are infinite. Household articles, agricultural implements, water-pipes, toys, boatmen's poles, ribs for sails, mat-sheds, ropes, fences, paper, and so on and so forth are all made from its stalk, and the tender edible sprouts are a noted delicacy which appear on the table either dried, salted or fresh. Strange varieties exist. The purple bamboo, the tortoise-marked, the golden, the solid, the square; fine bamboos with needle-like stems, and thick bamboos a foot and a half in diameter, and bamboos of every intervening size are grown in different parts of China. The bamboo of filial obedience is supposed to sprout from inside the clump during summer in order to afford shade to the parent stems, and from outside in the cold weather as a protective screen. The virtues of the great grass are seven. Clean and unspotted within itself, it is shielded from without by a sheath, which covers the stem until it has risen well above the ground. Its emptiness suggests a pure heart, its strength is a symbol of determination. The divisions of the stem show that it is orderly, and it is also without blemish and long-enduring.

Beautiful feathery clumps are grown as wind screens, to the north of nearly every hamlet in Kiangsu, and are carefully cultivated by the farmers, whose manner of life is largely dependent on its stalks, shoots and leaves.

To-day's festival is known as Ch'ung Yang (Repeated Odds). Odd numbers pertain to the Yang principle, even numbers to the Yin. One Yang brings forth two Yin; Yang plus Yin makes three, and all things are supposed by the Chinese to spring from this combination. Therefore three is in itself a symbol of integration. By a perfectly logical sequence of thought, three times three has come to be the emblem of completeness, the extremity of Yang. There are nine divisions of the Celestial Sphere, nine recognized degrees of male relationship, and the word nine itself is used as a synonym of perfection or the highest.

Number-two Boy has given me an itemized list of the lesser feast spread before Lu Pan this morning. It is headed by the words 'The Repeated Yang Day, Veneration of Spirits' and the list reads:

Repeated Yang dumplings (these are made of a rice mush called *kao*, a synonym of the word 'high'); flesh; fish; fowl; four kinds of juicy fruits; four kinds of dry cakes; and four kinds of 'regulate and harmonize' – a euphemistic name for sauces.

In addition to the articles enumerated, Lu Pan was served with tea and fermented spirits. Incense, spirit-money, fireworks and yellow candles were also offered. Yellow is the colour pertaining to Autumn and the Ninth of the Ninth Moon.

Other celebrations have taken place in the Courtyard, but to-day for the first time, we assembled in the Guest Hall. Ping Yung's pampered little son was at last induced

to pose before my camera. He patters about in his scarlet hat from morning until night, but vanishes as a rule the moment a photograph is suggested. To-day, however, the herd instinct asserted itself and he joined the group at Lu Pan's table.

One of the most curious manifestations of Chinese social life is the upbringing of children. Occidentals have a firm belief in discipline. 'Do as I say, not as I do,' is a phrase which has been known to fall from the lips of a European parent. To the Chinese this seems the height of absurdity. Their social system is erected upon the pillars of example, and until a child is old enough to appreciate example he is not bothered with commands. He does *what* he likes, *when* he likes, *as* he likes, in a word he is shockingly spoiled. Exactly what causes the change I have never fathomed, but it is an indisputable fact that after a certain age the spoilt infant evolves into a filial son or daughter, who, until the revered parents are laid to rest in the family graveyard, hearkens to their every word, and tries to fulfil their every wish.

Mr. Cultivator-of-Bamboos cannot understand why I am puzzled. He thinks that a child has a natural impulse to disobey an order and an equally natural impulse to imitate its elders; and believes that the whole question of upbringing is simplicity itself if these impulses are duly considered.

Ping Yung's son is about five, and will I suppose soon go to a school for tiny children. In the old days his Education would have commenced at the age of seven with the Three Characters Classic, an elementary guide to knowledge arranged in three hundred and fifty-six alternately rhyming lines of three characters each. It was composed by a certain Wang Ying-lin who lived from

A.D. 1223–1296, and it has been likened, by a Chinese writer, to 'a jewelled sword which is an object of reverence to all.' It used to be the corner-stone of all education in China and gave children who learnt it by heart a concise idea of Chinese history and ethics. Professor Giles has made a fine translation accompanied by a thorough analysis of each character which is most illuminating. The text opens:

Men at their birth are naturally good.
Their natures are much the same; their habits become widely different.
If foolishly there is no teaching, the nature will deteriorate.
The right way in teaching is to attach the utmost importance to thoroughness.

Various examples are then cited of individuals who, by the exercise of thoroughness have become famous, and the text continues:

To feed without teaching is the father's fault.
To teach without severity is the Teacher's laziness.
If the child does not learn, this is not as it should be.
If he does not learn while young, what will he be when old?

The elements of filial piety and brotherly love are then referred to and the Classic proceeds to give instruction in practical things:

Learn to count, and learn to read.
Units and tens, tens and hundreds,
Hundreds and thousands, thousands and tens of thousands.

The Three Forces are Heaven, Earth and Man.
The Three Luminaries are the Sun, the Moon and the Stars.

Direction is then given on the points of the compass, the five elements – water, fire, wood, metal and earth; the five virtues – charity of heart, duty towards one's neighbour, propriety, wisdom and truth – which admit of no compromise. The six grains men eat, and the six animals men use, are enumerated; and then follow the seven passions, joy, anger, pity, fear, love, hate and desire. Eighteen lines are devoted to the relationships of man and the obligations these kinships entail; sixty lines are needed to give an outline of the books which form the foundation of education; and the text proceeds:

When the Classics are understood then the writings of the philosophers should be read.
Pick out the important points in each, and take a note of all facts.

History is then attacked, and the child learns a doggerel which gives him an outline of events from the days of the legendary beings, who are supposed to have reigned some three thousand years before our era, until the period when the Classic was composed. This section closes with the following homily:

The Seventeen Dynastic Histories are all embraced in the above.
They contain examples of good and bad government.
Whence may be learnt principles of prosperity and decay.
Ye who read history must study the State Annals.

Whereby you will understand ancient and modern events,
as though having seen them with your own eyes.
Recite them with the mouth, and ponder over them in
your hearts.
Do this in the morning, do this in the evening.

Biography is the next subject Wang Ying-lin considers important and the lives of various eminent and successful scholars are referred to. Scholars who though poor rose, by their perseverance, to high positions of state. One who could not afford a candle, studied by the white glare of moonlight reflected from snow; another who found himself in the same case caught fire-flies and tied them beside his book; a third could not even afford to buy books, so copied out portions of historical works on a sheet made of plaited reeds; still another, a swineherd by profession, used scraped tablets of bamboo for the same purpose. In addition to the full-grown scholars – the swineherd for instance was fifty when he scraped his bamboos – the Three Character Classic cites a number of infant prodigies and then ends with the following passages:

You young learners strive to bring about a like result.
Those who work will also succeed as he did.
The dog keeps guard by night; the cock proclaims the
dawn.
If foolishly you do not study, how can you become men?
The silkworm produces silk, the bee makes honey.
If a man does not learn, he is not equal to the brutes.
Learn while young, and when grown up apply what you
have learnt; influencing the sovereign above; benefiting the people below.
Make a name for yourselves, and glorify your father and
mother,

Shed lustre on your ancestors, enrich your posterity.
Men bequeath to their children coffers of gold;
I teach you children only this one book,
Diligence has its reward; play has no advantages.
Oh, be on your guard, and put forth your strength.

Throughout the Classic there is no allusion to military prowess and conquering heroes, no triumphant generals nor doughty warriors are so much as mentioned. The whole emphasis is on learning and on correct behaviour.

Modern methods may be attractive, but do they lay as firm a foundation of ethical ideas as did the old? I wonder.

Now that the workmen are collected inside the house we have been able to work in the courtyards. Although they are tiny, by judicious planning the essential elements of Chinese gardens can be assembled.

In the first place there is the spirit screen. As I have already pointed out evil influences must be guarded against, and as these influences find it very difficult, nay impossible, to negotiate a corner, all one need do is to place a screen, either just in front, or just behind, the Great Gate. As the Municipal Council would never issue a permit for the erection of a spirit screen in the centre of a public road, ours is placed inside the court. I have been fortunate in finding beautiful water-worn rocks of fantastic shapes and these are piled into hills of stone as the Chinese express the process of arrangement. An old man was engaged who makes a speciality of this piling. He considered the position carefully from every point of

view and then directed the workmen. As he is quite old he brought an aid, who stood a little behind him and passed on his orders, while he himself puffed his tiny pipe and thought deeply. Neither of them dreamt of so much as touching a stone, they only planned and advised.

The East Wall of the principal court is necessarily rounded as it stands on the sweep of a municipal cross-road, so it has been topped by a coiling dragon. The sinuous curves of his body are supposed to suggest hills, his tail brushes the Great Gate and his noble head protects the house. Between his lips there rests that mysterious ball of unknown significance, which I describe in connection with the symbolism of the Forbidden City.

In the bend of the wall we have built a mountain, surmounted by a fine conifer, and covered with azaleas and other flowering shrubs. A tiny path leads to the summit where stands a rough rock shrine dedicated to the spirit of the hills. In such a shrine a figure would be out of place so Mr. Cultivator-of-Bamboos wrote the one word 'spirit' on a curious stone and put it in the little temple. I have used several stumps and picturesque old tree trunks to give the place an air of antiquity, and as I was dragging one of these into place I overheard a workman say to his comrade, 'Ai-ya, it is a dragon!'

Plum trees, pines and bamboos, the 'three friends who do not fear winter cold,' are grouped about the spirit screen; a waterfall dashes over its rocks and falls into a tiny fishpool; the trunk of a fossil tree forms a high peak by its side; and clustering plants of Ten Thousand Years Green make a thick carpet at its foot. Pieces of broken tile, yellow, green, mauve and turquoise blue, represent the site of an ancient palace in the wilds. I picked up these bits one day when strolling in that sad, deserted

pleasure ground, the Yüan Ming Yüan or Round Bright Garden, near Peking. It was the summer palace of the Manchu rulers and must have been really beautiful.

The Jesuit Fathers stationed in Peking during the eighteenth century wrote glowing descriptions of this *Maison de pleasance* where the Emperor spent most of his time, striving daily to embellish it.

Father Attiret wrote in 1743: 'All the mountains and hillocks are covered with trees, especially those of blossoming varieties which are very common here; it is a real terrestrial Paradise. The canals are not, as with us, bordered with dressed stone, but are quite rustic and edged with great rocks, some pushed forward, others drawn back, which are placed with such art that one feels it must be the work of Nature. At times the canals are wide, at others narrow, here they are serpentine, and there bend sharply as though really pushed by the hills and boulders. The banks are sown with flowers which seem to have grown naturally; each season has its own. All the façade of the palace is in columns and windows; the woodwork is gilded, painted and varnished, the walls are of grey bricks, well made and polished; and the roofs are covered with glazed tiles, red, yellow, blue and violet, which, by their harmonious arrangement, form an agreeable variety of compartments and designs. Nearly all the buildings have but one floor. Each valley has its pleasure house, small in comparison to the whole enclosure, but in itself large enough to accommodate the highest of our European seigneurs with his whole suite. Several of these houses are built of cedar wood brought at great expense from a distance of five hundred leagues. But how many palaces do you suppose there are in the different vales of this vast enclosure? There are more than two hundred,

without counting the houses provided for eunuchs.

'The place where the Emperor generally lives is a prodigious assembly of buildings, courts and gardens, in a word, it is a city, at least the size of our little town Dole. It is in the apartments of which it is composed that one sees all that can be imagined of the most beautiful in the way of furniture, ornaments, paintings (I speak of these in the Chinese taste), precious woods, lacquer, both Japanese and Chinese, antique porcelain vases, silks and brocades of gold and silver. Here has been assembled all that art and good taste can add to the riches of nature. I admit that the manner of building in this country pleases me greatly; my eye and my taste, since I have been in China, have become a little Chinese. Here there is only one man: the Emperor. Everything is made for him alone; this superb pleasure house is only seen by him and his people; it is but rarely that he introduces princes or nobles beyond the audience hall. Of all the Europeans who are here, only painters and clock-makers, by necessity of their employment, have access everywhere.'

A certain part of this wonderful palace was planned in European style, with waterfalls and fountains reminiscent of Versailles.

In 1860, at the end of the Arrow War, when the Allied Commanders felt that the Chinese Government had behaved treacherously, it was decided to destroy the Round Bright Garden as an act of retribution. The ethics of reprisals are always open to question, but there is no doubt that in ordering the destruction of the summer palace Lord Elgin felt that he was acting in a wise and just manner. The Rev. M'Ghee, a Chaplain in the British Forces, wrote:

'Yes, a good work, I repeat it, though I write it with

regret, with sorrow; stern and dire was the need that a blow should be struck which should be felt at the very heart's core of the Government of China, and it was done. It was a sacrifice of all that was most ancient and most beautiful, but it was offered to the manes of the true, the honest, and the valiant, and it was not too costly, oh, no, one of such lives was worth it all. It is gone, but I do not know how to tear myself from it. I love to linger over the recollection and to picture to myself, but I cannot make you see it. A man must be a poet, a painter, an historian, a virtuoso, a Chinese scholar, and I don't know how many other things besides, to give you even an idea of it, and I am not an approach to any one of them. But whenever I think of beauty and taste, of skill and antiquity, while I live, I shall see before my mind's eye some scene from those grounds, those palaces, and ever regret the stern but just necessity which laid them in ashes.'

Nevertheless the piteous ruins of what was once a place of beauty are to-day a strange monument to the memory of Lord Elgin who describes himself as 'guardian of the good name and interests of a great Christian Nation.'

This is a long digression into Chinese history and seems far removed from my peaceful courtyard, but a vision of the ruined terraces often rises before my eyes when I look at the glistening tiles lying under my pine trees and plums.

West of the spirit screen, between it and the pebble path, there remained an empty space, and one morning Mr. Cultivator-of-Bamboos said:

'What does Love-Poetry-Mother intend to place here?'

'I don't know,' I replied, 'what would you advise?'

'A pine tree,' was the prompt response.

'A pine tree?' I queried, 'would it not be too large? However, if you think it right we will find one.'

So we searched the old garden for a tree, and at last I discovered a fine specimen which seemed quite suitable, but I shall never forget the look which crossed the teacher's face when I pointed it out. A look in which pity and tolerant patience were mingled. He spoke quietly and soothingly as to a child: 'I do not mean a tree like that, Love-Poetry-Mother, not a fine tree like a beautiful young girl. How would such a tree look beside the stumps of your forest, and near the broken tiles of your old palace? No, I mean an old tree, a crooked one, a tree like a Buddhist priest or a Taoist.' With some difficulty we found one to his liking. It was very gnarled and sparse, but he spent a whole morning directing the small gardener, who clipped it drastically to make it look still more like an ancient greybeard.

It is very difficult for an Occidental to follow the subtlety of Oriental imagination.

An unusual plant now growing in the courtyard was given me long ago by a lonely, miserable, old tailor who sewed in the back quarters for years. He was one of those

people whose natural sadness is so profound that no efforts on the part of those about them bring comfort. We never knew what became of him, but once when on a short visit to his home he vanished, and my household firmly believed that he committed suicide. The plant he gave me is known as Book Girdle Grass and has tiny little tuberous roots of a most delicious scent which are supposed to be efficacious as a remedy for hæmorrhage. It spreads widely, making a veritable mat of herbage. A noted scholar Chêng Hsüan who lived *circa* A.D. 200 is supposed to have grown it in the courtyard of his study. He was a very learned person and insisted upon educating even the slave girls of his household. It is said that they were expected to write poems, and if they failed to do so, were obliged to kneel upon the Book Girdle Grass growing at their master's door, until inspiration came.

The courtyard is guarded by two stone Lamaistic lions, or dogs of Fo. The male, who represents the Yang principle, is placed to the East, and the female representative of Yin, to the West. Lions are not indigenous to China and their use in connection with religion and art was introduced from Central Asia. Collier has a most interesting chapter on this complicated question in his fascinating book on the *Dogs of China and Japan.* He says 'Chinese representatives of the Buddhist "true" or sacred lions may be classed as being of two distinct types: the pure Buddhist and the Lamaist. The former is that which came to China with early Indian Buddhism or Foism. This variety is represented without harness. Its mane is not curled, and there is no orb or cub beneath the paw of male or female. In sharp opposition to Foism, which favoured simplicity, the Tibetans have done their

utmost to centre upon the lion, which in Lamaism has become the most picturesque of its minor retainers, the maximum of fable and superstition. The best representations of the Tibetan Buddhist lion which have come down to us are those of bronze or stone which stood originally in the southern doorways of the Imperial Palaces or of the Lama temple in Peking. They repre-

sent a short-bodied beast, well knit and of extraordinary strength . . . the whole aspect being canine rather than feline. These animals are, of course, recognized by all Chinese as lions distinct from all the numerous lion-like beasts included in Oriental mythology. Figures of the kind are invariably in pairs, one of which, the male, has its right pad set upon a ball of coarse embroidered pattern, while the left pad of the female rests upon a lion-

cub holding the beak-like claws of the lioness in his mouth. The ethereal nature of the beasts is shown by flame-like emanations often represented as playing over their bodies. The figures are set each upon a richly embroidered cloth called the *ching-ti'erh*, or "Bible Cloth," of a design found in similar Assyrian monuments, which is used in Tibet for covering the temple table where the sacred books are laid.

'The little dogs, called by Chinese *ha pa*, "short-mouthed laughing dogs," closely resemble these mythological creatures and it is said that the pet dog of the Buddha Wen Shu, after accompanying his master in his earthly career, was transformed into a mighty lion capable of carrying the saint through the heavenly regions beyond the fire-coloured clouds of Paradise. A Lama gospel says:

' "The Lion is the King of Beasts. Its power of increase is without limit. Similarly it may diminish (at Will) and become like unto a dog. Even so is the anger of man. He who keepeth his anger in subjection shall be free from calamity, but the woe of him that shall fail to bridle his wrath shall be even as the boundless increase in size of the lion. Through the lion's form therefore is the nature of anger known to man."

'The attributes of guardianship with which the lion is popularly endowed probably come from incidents in the life of Buddha, related by the Chinese monk, Pao Ch'êng:

' "Devadatta turned the heart of King Ajatasatru against Buddha, and persuaded him to come to his city with a view to crushing him and his disciples under the feet of inebriated elephants. On the next day at the hour of meat, Buddha and his arhats entered the city. Forthwith

a herd of elephants rendered drunk with wine charged them with fierce trumpetings, overthrowing walls and bursting in houses. The arhats took refuge by lifting themselves into the air. Anandha, who alone remained with Buddha, stretched forth one hand, whose fingers changed themselves into five lions which roared with a voice shaking heaven and earth. The elephants prostrated themselves in terror, making their repentance by the shedding of tears."'

A similar story is told in connection with infuriated buffaloes.

The dogs of Fo, with their cheerful smile, are so much used in China that one comes to regard them with affectionate intimacy from which all trace of strangeness has vanished, and I love those which guard the Ts'ao T'ang.

Speaking of dogs, rather a curious thing happened to-day. Ping Yung has owned a miserable little black and white kitten which has roamed about the worksheds ever since the building commenced, but Yo Fei in the innumerable visits he has made to the Grass Hut, has never so much as glanced at the harmless little beast.

Yesterday he and Amah made a visit of inspection to the work and she carried with her some tit-bits with which she regaled him from time to time. Her eye fell upon the pathetic little cat, and following a kindly impulse, she thoughtlessly gave it a bit of food. Like a flash Yo Fei fell upon the creature which was rescued with some difficulty from a precipitate demise.

I heard nothing of this incident, so later in the day

was much surprised when, before my very eyes, and for no apparent reason, Yo Fei fell upon the kitten in a furious rage. I rescued it and chastised Yo Fei. It was the first time that such a thing had ever been necessary. My method of obtaining perfect obedience from the Great Old Ear is by tactfully avoiding any command which might be distasteful to him, thus perfect harmony reigns between us, and upon the occasion of this abrupt correction I do not know whether he or I suffered the more; at all events I shall never forget the look of astonished horror in his huge brown eyes when my hand fell upon him.

This morning as the sun crossed the horizon, Yo Fei left the house, unattended, made directly for the Grass Hut and swiftly killed that kitten.

An oval door leads from my principal courtyard into a bamboo grove where our spirit-tablet house has found its resting-place. I intended the door to be completely round, a moon door, in fact, but there was a misunderstanding on this point and now I am obliged to content myself with an oval. Perhaps it is as well. Heaven does not tolerate perfection. The Chinese say that should a house contain anything absolutely complete, such as a whole set of the almanac for a cycle of sixty years, with not a volume missing, or an entire set of ancient coins without a single lacuna, then that house will surely be destroyed by the Will of Heaven. The case is not quite parallel, but I can't help thinking that the moon door of my dream might be a danger.

The bamboo grove is perfectly wild, it is as if one stepped out to the mountain-side, peopled only by spirits of the dead. Besides the spirit-tablet house, there is a stone slab erected to the Earth Empress – Earth, as I have said before, pertains to the feminine principle in Nature – and also a pair of stone rams which came from before the tomb of some Ming dignitary. Two mounds of earth, covered with grass and wild flowers, represent the graves one would naturally find in such a place.

Another oval door – which I had also meant to have round – leads into a second courtyard on which the bedrooms open. Here are planted many flowering shrubs and several fine trees. An old weeping ash stands in one corner, and an *olea fragrans* in another. One of the prettiest and most characteristic features of a Kiangsu cottage is the treatment of the northern roof slope. The central portion is kept shorter than the rest. That is, it stops four or five feet short of the outer wall. An inner

partition is put up to enclose the room abutting on this space, which is kept uncovered, thus forming a small Heaven's Well. Trees are planted in it. A group of heavenly bamboos is so arranged that it can be seen from the Guest Hall, while magnolia conspicua tower above, thrusting their crowns through the aperture, and burst-

ing their white jade blooms against the dark grey tile roof.

The Chinese consider that in some appropriate place it is important to keep a plain white wall ready to be decorated by one's friends. An artist can then dash off a landscape, or a calligraphist can write a poem. My plain white wall is set with slate slabs engraved with writings by Yo Fei. There are two. One is a facsimile of his calligraphy, and the words he wrote are:

Letters are the glory of the State;
The Odes and Book of Rites circulate in every household.

The other is a transcript by Mr. Cultivator-of-Bamboos, of the poem Yo Fei uttered when in despair at the opposition he met with from the court. It is chanted to the air: An overflowing River Red with Blood.

Impotent rage, as of a woman in bondage, causes my hair to raise the cap on my head.
As I lean on the orchid flower balustrade, the awe-inspiring sound of rain ceases.
Raising my eyes I gaze into the far distance; throwing back my head I utter long groans before Heaven.
The high purpose I have cherished in my bosom rouses me to exasperation – it gushes up as water – it leaps forth as fire.
At the age of thirty my renown is small as dust raised by the feet of galloping deer.

I stand eight thousand *li* distant from my home; yet above float the self-same moon and clouds.
I cry 'Do not leave me idle till my head of early years turns white,'
For then my urgent grief will have been in vain.
Ching K'ang's shame
Ah, it is still not white as snow.
His servant hates!!
When can this hate be extinguished, as with fire, water, and attack?

When may I mount the war chariot and, by treading down, utterly destroy the barrier of Ho Lan Hill?

My determination and resolution are such that when starving I will eat the flesh of the Hu.
When laughing and talking, light-headed with thirst, I will drink the blood of the Hsiung Nu.
Ah, allow me to re-take, to save and collect together the ancient hills and rivers of the Empire.
To re-establish the Imperial residence where loyal ministers can appear before the pillars of Heaven.

The Hu and the Hsiung Nu were both Mongolian tribes, and campaigns launched against them entailed arduous fighting in arid unpopulated parts of the Empire, where soldiers dreaded to go. Poor Yo Fei! His life ended in tragedy, but his memory has proved a great inspiration to the progressive and thoughtful among those of his countrymen who promoted the revolution of 1911; and he is honoured in modern schools as the prototype of loyalty and patriotism.

The third courtyard is used by the household staff, who plant what flowers they wish around the beautiful paulownia tree which opens its purple blooms in the very centre. Number-one Boy's room and Amah's, the staff dining-room, and both kitchens are grouped on the four sides.

I always think that the Chinese cook-room is one of the most interesting corners of the house. A Chinese stove is, in itself, very picturesque. Built of plastered brick, it is gaily decorated with flowers, landscapes, or historical scenes, painted in free-hand on its white surface. Huge iron pans, sunk into the top, are used for boiling rice, the front is solid and the fire is tended from

behind. Half-way up the chimney-breast, so arranged as to face South, is a little niche where sits a portrait of Ts'ao Chün, Lord of the Stove, generally referred to by Occidentals as the Kitchen God.

Five days before New Year Ts'ao Chün's portrait is placed in a green official chair made of paper; and is despatched by means of fire, to the court of Yü Huang the Jade Emperor. This is in order that he may make his annual report on the action of the household which he is supposed to oversee. Candles to light his way, a little food for the journey, and a sheet of red paper with an auspicious inscription such as 'May fair wind attend your road' are placed before him, and just before departure his lips are smeared with something sweet and sticky in order to assure that the report he makes will be honey-mouthed. During the five days of his absence one may have the comfortable feeling that no supervision over any action is exercised, but before dawn on New Year's morning he must be reinstalled, in readiness to shoulder his duties for the coming year.

The use of Ts'ao Chün's picture is universal. I do not suppose that it is lacking from a single kitchen in China; but in our fourth courtyard there is installed in a little temple, an Empress of Heaven, and this is most unusual.

The way it all happened is this. Once, upon my return from Europe, I found that Amah, who is very fond of pilgrimages and temple ceremonies, had been presented with a little figure of the Empress of Heaven. The priest who gave it to her said that it had been miraculously saved from shipwreck, and that its spiritual qualities were most efficacious. At all events I found that the servants' hall, made and furnished with thoughtful care, had been converted into a temple for her use. I was rather non-

plussed. In the first place, it seemed a pity that the whole staff should be deprived of their sitting-room, not that they minded, as comfort in our idea of the word really does not exist in the Chinese conception; in the second, crowds of people from all the country-side, began to make our house a place of pilgrimage. I could not feel that an Empress of Heaven in our midst was entirely desirable. However, she stayed, and as time went on, I often met women with trouble in their eyes coming towards the house. They carried spirit-money and bundles of incense and came to beg intervention for a sick child, a parent or a husband. The little temple which had been very bare became more furnished. Thank-offerings beautified its walls, and I heard of numerous cures attributed to the power of the little lady who sat, clothed in green silk, behind the curtains of a Heaven Palace. The wife of a municipal detective in the near-by police station, whose little son recovered after she had acted on the advice of Heaven's Empress, gave a lovely yellow hanging, beautifully embroidered with black characters.

One evening Amah appeared rather overcome, and told me the following story. It seems that an old woman had arrived from the Chinese city which lay quite five miles from our house. No one in the house had ever seen her before, but of course the staff received her politely and listened with great interest to her tale. She said that she had had a dream; that in the dream, Heaven's Empress had come before her and said: 'To the north-west, in the house of foreign people, I have a shrine, it is very nice and I am well pleased. There is, however, one thing lacking. I am entitled by rank to wear a rose-lined yellow satin coat, and the only one I have is green.' The old

woman asked the Empress what size the coat should be, and received an answer before she woke. The next morning she promptly bought the yellow satin and the rose, and made the coat. When it was finished she set off in a north-westerly direction, to find the shrine. By dusk she reached a rice shop not far away and in answer to her inquiries was directed to our house. Amah stopped when she reached this point and looked at me quietly for an appreciable time, and then said, 'That coat no b'long too much large; no b'long too much small; b'long all ploper. Mississee think so how fashion?' I had no reply for her question. From that day to this the Empress of Heaven has worn a perfectly fitting yellow satin coat with a rose lining.

When the building of the Grass Hut was proposed, all sorts of suggestions were made as to the disposition of the figure, but finally Ping Yung offered to build a little temple for her use and this now stands in the fourth and last courtyard.

The Ts'ao T'ang, inside, inevitably shows Western influence. Certain amenities such as central heating, electric light, and running water are not characteristic of a Kiangsu cottage. Neither are wooden floors, deep armchairs, nor soft sofas. This matter of physical comfort in connection with the Chinese is always of great interest to me. The most expensively appointed house is, to our ideas, miserably cold and uncomfortable, and the houses of the poor are very squalid indeed. How much effect do the written words in universal use, actually have upon

men's minds? Over the doorway of a wretched group of buildings one may read Hamlet of Ten Thousand Joys, and though not one of these ten thousand joys may be apparent to the eye, though the inhabitants may be utterly incapable of reading the characters themselves, I cannot help feeling that psychologically these written words have influence. At all events the Chinese consider them vastly important, and a house lacking *tui tzŭ* or 'parallel sentences' is looked upon as hopelessly uninteresting.

Parallel sentences are of three kinds. Those in which two synonymous ideas are expressed; those in which the ideas are antithetical; and thirdly those in which the correspondence is merely grammatical; that is a noun is placed opposite to a noun – a verb to a verb, and so on.

Mr. Cultivator-of-Bamboos has written the *tui tzŭ* for our house, and each pair is supposed to fit the position for which it is composed. At the Great Gate the characters read:

High and noble are like a swarm of ants,
In the moonlight and soft breezes, they enjoy music and wine.

The first court is honoured with two pairs of sentences:

The sun moves. Bamboo shadows encroach upon the chessboard.
The wind blows. Fir-Flowers fall on the robe of a guest.

and:

In the sun-warmed water fish leap incessantly.
In the quiet courtyard wild birds come of their own free will.

The characters are carved on narrow panels of wood so they can be treated like pictures. Hanging on the wall of my study we read:

Because of the moon I break the paper window.
There is no wind – pine trees alone murmur.

In the second court the legend is:

Because we gaze at flowers, the wine is warmed.
Poems when finished are written on the bark of trees.

And in my bedroom, peace is suggested by the following lines:

The moon is high; flowers are bathed in dew.
By the window it is cool; from the bamboos a little wind springs.

Windows are often made of paper, especially in the dry northern climate, but in Kiangsu and the south, pearl shell is popular. It is certainly more durable and far more beautiful. The bright linings of mussel shells are cleverly joined and fastened into bamboo borders which fit into the latticed window-frames just as glass panes would do. Light, as it passes through this semi-opaque substance, acquires an exquisite quality denied to more transparent matter. A modern and convenient device which we have adopted, is to insert a little square of glass at the height of a person's eyes, in order to make the outside world visible. Both Chinese and Japanese are masters in the art of breaking up light, and the designs of wood-

work tracery are always beautiful. So are the motives applied above the beams to the white walls of the Guest Hall. There are no ceilings in the house, so all the framework is visible and the height gives an impression of size and airiness.

Our Hall Name, carved on the transverse section of an old root, hangs high in the central room. Hall Names are a peculiarly Chinese institution and their choice is generally determined by some literary allusion or by a play on words. For instance, if one meets a person carrying a lantern inscribed with the characters Five Willows one knows instantly that his surname is T'ao because T'ao Ch'ien, a very famous poet of the fourth century, grew five willow trees in front of his house, and was always known as the Five Willows Teacher.

If, on the other hand, one reads Four Knows it follows that the surname is Yang, in allusion to a certain official named Yang Chên who died A.D. 1240. He was once approached by an inferior with a present of money but refused to accept it. His subordinate suggested that night had fallen, darkness had set in, and that 'No one would know.' 'Not know?' said Yang Chên; 'Heaven would know, Earth would know, you would know and I should know!' Hence the name inscribed in the Ancestral Hall of the Yang family is Four Knows. As our surname is Ai – Love – my teacher has chosen *jên hui*, Mercy and Sympathy, as being suitable characters to suggest the qualities we should evidence. He has written the ideographs in an ancient script, using markings on the roots for some of the strokes.

It is difficult to preserve a completely Chinese interior when one must introduce that Occidental comfort of

which I have already spoken. Fire-places for instance are entirely exotic to a Kiangsu cottage. I have tried to mitigate the delightful evil by framing ours in a flat round circle. Lights have been cleverly concealed by the electrician in old Chinese fittings. There are beautiful candelabra, and black iron hanging baskets formerly used to hold both flowers and candles. Bright silk tassels, yellow, green, purple and scarlet, hang from all light fixtures and the colours blend most effectively.

Over the moon fire-place on the preposterously high chimney-breast hangs a picture of Love-Pheasants; it is an ink rubbing from far up the Great River, and is hung in the conventional Chinese manner; that is in a frame of narrow dark wood with brass Key hangers. The weight of the picture is carried by brass-headed spikes which are driven into the wall beneath it.

Ink rubbings are a great specialty among the Chinese and are immensely popular. They form a convenient method of preserving historical and artistic records, and no city lacks its quota of shops devoted to their sale.

The art of obtaining a rubbing from some ancient bronze or prehistoric stone provides a livelihood for many sons of Han.

A sheet of thin tough paper is stretched over the incision to be treated, and is moistened with a paste made from sea-water algæ. It is then protected by coarser paper and skilfully tapped into all interstices of the carving by means of a stiff two-ended brush. The ink itself is applied to the thin paper, with a pad of wool tied in a smooth silk cover. When dry, the rubbing shows in black and white, a perfect replica of the inscription or carving thus dealt with.

Nor are rubbings taken only from ancient relics. My

Love-Pheasants, for instance, were carved on stone from a painting by a certain Pao, an official under the Ch'ing dynasty who came from K'uei Chou-fu, a city at the head of the Three Chasms. He and his sons were travelling up the Great River on a visit to their home, when they were wrecked in the terrible rapid of Kung Ling T'an. Only Pao survived. His sons and all his suite were sucked down into the copper-coloured flood of the mighty stream. Pao himself, broken-hearted, resigned his post, and retired to K'uei Chou-fu for the remainder of his days, devoting himself to the pursuit of literature and art.

The panel is a combination of calligraphy and draughtsmanship. Birds and flowers are grouped round a short written history of the White Emperor's City, a famous site in far Szechuen.

A few Chinese chairs and tables, of the models from which Chippendale and Hepplewhite drew their inspiration, give character to the Guest Hall, as do a pair of black and gold lacquer book cupboards. They are very beautiful, these relics of the Ming dynasty. The artist has obtained an extraordinary effect of distance in the landscapes on their doors by the clever juxtaposition of gold and silver lacquer.

Near-by hills are bright and ruddy, far-off peaks pale and grey.

Bright pebbles from the Rain-flowers Hill near Nanking are arranged in a bowl of water. The Chinese call them Eye-refreshing Stones as they are supposed to rest the weary eyes of scholars. These are purely Chinese and so is the bamboo writing-brush holder, another of my treasures. It is the section of a bamboo trunk, at least five inches in diameter and is finely carved with

incised lines. One side shows an exquisite little country scene and the other bears the following poem:

'Riding a horse in the autumn wind, in the Imprisoned
Tiger District,
I followed the stony path which turned and twisted in
the red light of evening.
I still remember the place where white clouds made a
ring, and encircled
The sharp peaks and rounded hills of ten thousand
ranges.'

And the verse is followed by the legend: 'He-who-comprehends-stillness chose the bamboo, and carved it at the Official Residence in the Burnt Grass City, during the Cassia-scented autumn of the Kêng Shên year.' Cassia-scented autumn is an accepted name for the Eighth month when the air is heavy with fragrance from K'uei trees, but I wonder who 'He-who-comprehends-stillness' could have been? Chinese names are most confusing.

In addition to a man's surname he has what is called a 'milk' name given at a sort of christening feast which takes place when he is a month old. Relatives and intimate neighbours use the milk name throughout a man's life, but when he goes to school his teacher generally bestows upon him a 'book' name consisting of two characters selected with reference to a boy's prospects and temperament. On marriage he adopts a 'style' name, and during after life may choose an infinite number of 'distinguishing style'; these are frequently used, as is the case on my bamboo pencil holder, with no surname whatever, so we are completely in the dark as to who 'He-who-comprehends-stillness' may have been. At all events

his taste was unspoiled and he chose a beautiful bamboo to hold his writing brushes.

Another purely Chinese treasure is my set of seals. It is of rare chicken-blood stone from the Hills of Long Life in the province of Fokien – Happiness Established. There are three seals to a set, two square, one oblong. The surname and style are carved on the square stones and the distinguishing style on the oblong. Infinite care is exercised in finding a seal-cutter whose skill is such that he can impart life's vigour to the characters he is to carve. Mr. Cultivator-of-Bamboos says that seal-cutters may be divided into four classes: first, he who studies the stone carefully, decides where the characters are to be placed, and then cuts freely; second, the man who cannot trust himself implicitly, so smears the face of the stone with ink, in order that the characters as he carves them, may stand out white and strong; the third class of seal-cutter writes the characters to be cut in reverse on the seal, and the fourth, who is unable to write in reverse, adopts the poorest method of all; he writes the lettering on paper and while the ink is still wet obtains a reverse impression by pressing the seal down upon it. The incised surname is Yin, or dark; but both style and distinguishing style must stand out from the background and give a Yang or bright impression. The lettering chosen by my teacher, and cut by a master hand, reads: 'Seal of Love-Poetry-Sojourner at the Wild Goose Happiness House; who has intelligence keen as a two-edged sword, enduring courage, and a heart sympathetic as the

strings of a table-lute.' An ideal slightly difficult of attainment!

Gay touches of colour are provided by the scarlet silk and gold lettering of the hanging scrolls presented by the staff when we moved to the Grass Hut during the period of Great Snow. Auspicious sentences, such as 'May the prosperity of the eminent Hall rise to the clouds', run down the centre and in the lower left-hand corner the donors' names are grouped; all cut from gilt paper. They gave us Flower Candles too; beautiful fat red candles, decorated with exquisite open-work pictures which looked as if fairies from the Western Paradise had cut them out with magic scissors. The flowers, birds and lovely ladies were fine as lace and far too beautiful to burn. Number-two Boy lent his handsome ancestral pewter altar set, candlesticks, incense burner and flower vases, as a temporary ornament which added greatly to the appearance of our Guest Hall. He comes of a family greatly distinguished in official life for many centuries and showed me, the other day, a portrait of an ancestor who served as Prime Minister during the Sung dynasty A.D. 960–1127. He, himself, is a nervous, high-strung creature who began life as a teacher of the old school, but who is now glad to support his ever-growing family by humouring with unfailing patience the whims of an eccentric mississee. Members of the household all call him Teacher and admire greatly his skill with a writing brush.

The moving-in festivities were crowned by a delicious

feast prepared in the Chrysanthemum-flower Cauldron and served on the Imperial dinner service I was fortunate enough to purchase in Nine Rivers. Until the Revolution this beautiful yellow porcelain with its design of five colours and its motto Ten Thousand Years of Longevity without Ending, was only used in Palaces of the Son of Heaven; but since 1911 it has been possible to buy stray pieces in various shops and thus compose a complete set.

And so the Grass Hut was finished.

April 20, during the Period of Grain Rain.

The Birthday of Flowers, when every shrub wears a congratulatory red tag, without which the Hundred Plants feel neglected and do not open many blossoms, has come and gone. Pure Brightness, with its willow boughs and opening buds, has also passed and now we are to leave our quiet courtyards and deep bamboo grove for a very different land. Grain Rain is falling gently in its season, and tillers of the soil rejoice. As Yo Fei and I walk from hamlet to hamlet through fields of rape which flaunt their yellow blooms under the pale pink and deep red blossoms of peach trees, and watch the busy country people, a little Chinese folk-song runs in my mind:

THE FARMER'S HOUSEHOLD

From dawn till dark they go out to weed the fields;
By night they spin thread.
Boys and girls of the country village,
Each know the household needs;

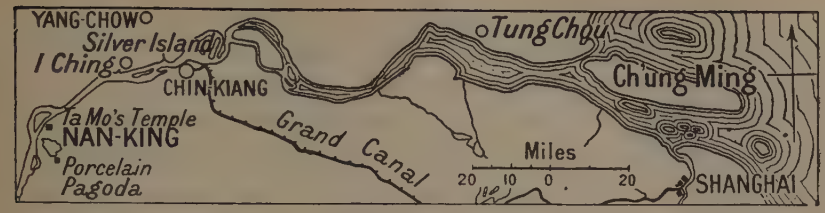
Tiny children who are not able
To drive a plough or throw a loom,
Can yet learn to sow melon seed
In the dark shade of mulberry trees.

Mr. Cultivator-of-Bamboos came to wish us a 'fair wind for the entire road' and brought me, in true Chinese fashion, a farewell poem, which I carried with me when we left the Grass Hut.

TAKING LEAVE AT THE GRASS HUT

Wind and rain – I feel aversion to flowers as Spring wanes.
The empty hall, left in charge of all things, does violence to my thoughts.
The hosts have already gone, they now follow the Season's wake,
When Spring revolves again, will they return or not return? I do not know.

It is hard to forbid the tears of separation,
I cannot endure to see the passing sail.
I only desire that the East flowing water,
At times shall take the long sealed letter
I shall send in care of the speckled carp.



The Literary Background of the Great River

THE CHINESE HAVE A PASSION FOR NOMENCLATURE, AND when Mr. Cultivator-of-Bamboos heard this morning that my journey up the Great River was to be undertaken in company with two friends, he exclaimed: 'Why it will be the journey of the After-After-Three-Wanderers. Love-Poetry-Mother will doubtless visit the Three-Wanderers-Cave near Ichang, so named because during the T'ang dynasty the poet Po Chü-i, his brother, and a friend visited it; during the Sung dynasty the poet Su Tung-po, *his* brother and a friend also went there; so people speak of the first group as Before-Wanderers and the second group as After-Wanderers. Now Love-Poetry-Mother and her friends will be the After-After-Wanderers.' His argument seems conclusive, and it is very pleasant to tread in footsteps fifteen hundred years old, though it makes my own shortcomings seem more abbreviated than ever.

I cannot write poems, as all those long-ago travellers did, nor can I indite a preface in Emulation of Po Chü-i; but I can at least keep notes of the ancient footsteps themselves, notes which may help After-After-*After*-Wanderers who, in years to come, will stem the famous water-course.

Sixth in size among the rivers of the World, the stream called by Westerners Yangtze Kiang is, without doubt, first in interest. This interest is not supplied by its natural features alone, but also by the extraordinary number of sites, important from an historical and literary point of view, found on its banks. To the Oriental mind, these *ku chi* or Ancient Footsteps impart a glamour of romance denied the majority of Occidental travellers. I have heard a tale of a Japanese professor who went up the river in order to lecture at Boone University, near Hankow. The learned man arrived in a state of exhaustion, having, in his desire to identify the famous sites on either shore, barely slept or eaten on the way.

One may safely say that there is hardly a foot of ground between the river mouth and the unexplored upper reaches with which some legend or incident in history is not connected.

As far as the name is concerned, the Chinese call the entire stream simply River, Long River, or Great River, using in each case the word *chiang*.[1] Different stretches, however, have specific names, and the Yangtze refers to the portion running past Yang Chou not far from its mouth.

In its upper reaches the name used is Chin Sha Chiang – River of Golden Sand. Gold is actually washed from the sand, but apart from this practical reason those who have passed through the famous San Hsia or Three Chasms at High Water cannot fail to have been struck by the singular aptness of this name. When its source is released from the grim clutch of winter, the Great River descends, a raging, gleaming torrent of most marvellous

[1] *Chiang* is the modern and approved transliteration for the Chinese ideograph rendered by earlier writers as *Kiang*.

colour. A colour impossible to describe. It is like molten copper, or as the Chinese would say 'red brass.'

If one looks at the profile map of the river, published in Mr. von Heidenstam's masterly paper, 'Growth of the Yangtze Delta,' *Journal North China Branch Royal Asiatic Society*, Vol. LIII, the reason for this remarkable phenomenon is not difficult to understand.

Starting at a height, 17,000 feet above water level, the river falls, before it has run half its course, to a point but a few hundred feet above the sea, bringing down such masses of golden sand, that even the ocean where it debouches, and the tributary rivers at its mouth, are highly coloured.

When experience and study bring a realization of what this coloration means, the approach to Chinese shores through what is often disparagingly called 'muddy Yangtze water,' provides an ever-increasing thrill of romance.

A world in the making is seen. As Egypt is the gift of the Nile, so the fertile plains of Kiangsu and Chêkiang are freely given by the Great River. So generous is the gift, that a mile of rich alluvial land is added to the coast-line every sixty years. This is eagerly seized upon by the inhabitants of the province who for centuries have consistently pushed forward their containing dykes as opportunity allowed, and have thus quickly transformed salt marshes into flourishing mulberry groves. The change is so rapid that in order to account for it the Chinese attribute the reclamation to the efforts of the lady Ma Ku, a famous Immortal, who is supposed to inhabit P'êng Lai, a fabulous island in the Jade-grey sea. The Whangpoo Conservancy Board Engineers tell us, however, that the accretion is caused by 'loamy deposit

brought down by the river, its waters being highly charged with sediment' – that the stream 'discharges an average of 770,000 cubic feet per second,' and that 'the total amount of matter held in suspension, carried into the sea, and deposited there in still water, amounts to as much as 6,428,858,255 cubic feet per annum.' I really do not know which account is the more difficult to comprehend!

It is interesting to find that all cities seaward of a line drawn through the Yangtze Cape slightly East of Soochow date from the fifth century A.D., while those to the West are known to have occupied their sites long before our era. Soochow itself was founded 1122 B.C.

There is great discussion among scholars as to the early course of the river where it debouches into the Yellow Sea. A passage in the Book of History, which describes the labours of Yü who drained the Empire *circa* 2280 B.C. reads: 'The Abundant Shell-Fish lake was brought to rest; the birds of Light had places to dwell; the three (branches of) the River then entered the sea; and the foundations of the Shaking Marsh became firm and fixed.' Endless argument has been indulged in, but, as Mr. von Heidenstam says: 'The hazy references of this early date can at most signify that there did exist then a Delta to the Yangtze – and that the Yangtze had several, at least three, probably more, mouths.'

CHINKIANG

May 18

We sailed last night, so passed from the Yellow Reach into the Great River itself before dawn, and therefore did not see the Island of Honourable Brilliance – Ch'ung Ming, which lies at the junction of the two streams.

Although it did not rise from the waters until the fourteenth century of our era the island is now thirty-seven miles long, and has over half a million inhabitants.

All day we steamed up that portion of the river which is rightly called Yangtze as it flows through the prefecture of that name. Since Marco Polo came to China A.D. 1275 its immensity has filled travellers with amazement.

In the Book of Marco Polo referring to the present city of I Ching we read: 'And you must know that this city stands on the greatest river in the world, the name of which is Kian. It is in some places ten miles wide, in others eight, in others six, and it is more than one hundred days' journey in length from one end to the other. This it is that brings so much trade to the city we are speaking of; for on the waters of that river merchandise is perpetually coming and going, from and to the various parts of the world, enriching the city, and bringing a great revenue to the Great Kaan.

'And I assure you this river flows so far and traverses so many countries and cities that in good sooth there pass and repass on its waters a great number of vessels, and more wealth and merchandise than on all the rivers and all the seas of Christendom put together! It seems indeed more like a Sea than a River. Messer Marco Polo said that he once beheld at that city 15,000 vessels at one time. And you may judge, if this city, of no great size, has such a number, how many must there be altogether, considering that on the banks of this river there are more than sixteen provinces and more than two hundred great cities, besides towns and villages, all possessing vessels?

'Messer Marco Polo aforesaid tells us that he heard

from the officer employed to collect the Great Kaan's duties on this river that there passed up-stream 200,000 vessels in the year, without counting those that passed down! (Indeed, as it has a course of such great length, and receives so many other navigable rivers, it is no wonder that the merchandise which is borne on it is of vast amount and value. And the article in the largest quantity of all is salt, which is carried by this river and its branches to all the cities on their banks, and thence to the other cities in the interior.)

'The vessels which ply on this river are decked. They have but one mast, but they are of great burden, for I can assure you they carry (reckoning by our weight) from 4,000 up to 12,000 cantars each. . . .

'I must mention a point I had forgotten. You must know that the vessels on this river, in going up-stream have to be tracked, for the current is so strong that they could not make head in any other manner. Now the tow-line, which is some 300 paces in length, is made of nothing but cane. 'Tis in this way: they have those great canes of which I told you before that they are some fifteen paces in length; these they take and split from end to end (into many slender strips), and then they twist these strips together so as to make a rope of any length they please. And the ropes so made are stronger than if they were made of hemp.'

The great Italian is perfectly correct in regard to the bamboo hawsers used by boatmen up and down the river, they are of quite extraordinary strength.

The lower reaches of the Yangtze are the scene of a famous T'ang dynasty love-story, thoroughly Chinese in flavour. The heroine, a daughter of the Yao Clan, was left motherless when quite an infant; as a result her education, both in the domestic arts and in regard to book learning, was utterly neglected. One night, however, she dreamt that the moon's round wheel dropped into her room, bathing her body in its wonderful light. She became, as it were, 'flooded with wisdom,' was instantly able not only to fulfil a woman's household duties, but could also write poems, paint pictures and play the table-lute, thus taking her place among cultivated people. As a result of this miracle she was named Yüeh-hua, Moon's Glory. Now young Yang Ta, a youth who lived on a river-boat, caught sight of Yao Yüeh-hua when she accompanied her father to the Dragon Boat Festival on the fifth of the Fifth Moon. Moved by her loveliness he quickly composed and sang an ode to Chao Chün, a famous beauty of earlier days who had also lived on the shore of the Great River.

Possibly too, Yang Ta, being a boatman, had passed through the Three Chasms, and seen the site of Chao Chün's village among the towering peaks of Szechuen; at all events, he took care that the lady he admired should hear his song. She was charmed, and sent her *ya t'ou* (Forked Head-dress as young slave girls are called in allusion to the two coils of hair worn high above their ears) to ask if she might see the song. Instead of sending the one he had sung, Yang Ta, who appears to have been a young man blessed with initiative, quickly composed a poem addressed to Moon's Glory herself and entrusted it to the Forked Head-dress, who duly delivered it to her impatient mistress. The words of the poem were

impassioned and the young girl glowed with a responding love. In order to ensure the continuance of such a delightful sensation she drank a potion concocted from the ashes she obtained by burning the poem; and not content with preserving her own affection alone, she mixed a Breathe-and-Long-For-Powder made of a brilliant gem, 'pure, bright and lustrous, its colour transparent as southern waters.' This gem is called Shih Hua (Stone of Splendour), and is found in cinnabar grottos and jade pools. Those who eat its dust not only become immortals, but in addition, love passionately the person who provides them with the powder. In fact it makes a love-philtre of extraordinary efficacy; and this philtre the Forked Head-dress promptly delivered to Yang Ta, who as promptly acknowledged the gift by a poem:

The fairy maiden in her blue-green over-dress, is as far
divided as though in P'êng Lai, island of the Jade-
grey Sea.
Her golden window supported by pearl columns opens
when light comes from the still concealed sun.
The swallow has not wings and feathers of breadth or
strength,
Yet exerting its forces to the utmost it carries to me the
Stone of Splendour.

Moon's Glory was delighted with her lover's response, and for her part decided to paint a picture, which the Forked Head-dress carried to Yang Ta with her lady's thanks. His passion became more intense than ever; hurrying ashore he bought some beautiful paper, very different from paper ordinarily used, as it shone with a silver light, then placing the picture before him, he sat down in the cabin of his boat to write a letter which

would express his thoughts. The picture itself provided a theme. Moon's Glory had used Chinese symbolism in a manner her lover, whose very name meant Man-of-Penetration, could not misconstrue. There stood the twin trees of love, not to be mistaken although their branches were still far apart; below were shown a pair of birds, each bird having only one wing and one eye, but they only needed to unite in order to wheel happily in the air. Yang Ta was filled with longing, his rabbit-fur writing brush with its handle of fine bamboo flew over the shining paper, leaving straight lines of beautiful characters full of life's movement, and the letter he wrote caused Moon's Glory to throw discretion to the winds.

Hastily procuring a piece of soft hair felt – such as the thick boots that keep out frost, snow and wet are made of – only differing from the felt used by ordinary people in that it had magic properties – she sent it to her lover with a poem:

Take a gold knife and cut the purple sheep's wool felt –
At once make of it a pair of light fine shoes –
I desire that they shall be transformed into two flying wild fowl –
And that they shall fly towards and enter the inner apartments.

Although letters, poems, and gifts had been exchanged, although a love potion was burning in the veins of each, Moon's Glory and her lover had never spoken together, but when Yang Ta received the magic felt, and realized the encouragement in the lady's words he knew that the moment of meeting had come. He gave the Forked Head-dress a gift of money and that evening she admitted

him to the women's apartments in the household of the Yao Clan.

When the pale light of dawn warned him, as it has warned so many lovers, that the moment of parting had come, he left with great reluctance, promising to return two nights later. The moment came but not the man, and Moon's Glory waited in vain. This is the poem she wrote after her night's vigil in the upper story of the women's apartments which overlooked the Great River.

Silver candle-sticks, a pure bright wine vessel, they have
stood waiting for a long time past.
I go out at the door; I come in at the door; the sky is
dimly lit by the sun's light –
The Moon drops to Earth; stars are few; after all he has
not come –
Willows in the morning mist are dim and indistinct –
crows leave their roosts.

On the third day he came, but the proud lady remained within – refusing to see him – whereupon Yang Ta smilingly dashed off two witty lines based on the various uses of component parts of ideographs combined in different ways. It is a *tour de force* much admired by the Chinese and quite impossible to render in another language. Moon's Glory was in no way to be outdone and replied by a pair of phrases also based on the analysis of ideographs, which expressed her indignation and taunted him with lack of sincerity. Yang Ta realized the quickness of Yao Yüeh-hua's wit and his love for her became greater than ever; thereafter he never failed to keep an appointment.

When he was able to remain throughout the night the lovers called their meeting *chien hui* (Single-winged bird

meeting); and if he stayed only a short time they referred to it as *pai i hui* (White Sea-bird meeting). I have already described the single-winged birds; they are helpless unless united. The White Sea-bird is another fabulous creature which is often painted on the prow of boats; it 'wheels high and does not fear the wind.' Chinese descriptions say that it resembles a heron, and that inception results if the hen but looks at the cock.

This idyllic existence, which the lovers had come to consider 'high as Heaven, everlasting as Earth,' was brought to an abrupt end by a sudden decision on the part of Moon Glory's father to move his household to another province away from the River Bank. No details are given as to the whys and wherefores of this decision, but it effectually parted the lovers. Yao Yüeh-hua wrote letters, pathetic compositions much admired by Chinese *literati*, expressing her love and despair:

'The spring colour is massed in luxuriance, spring waters are green –
Before this I think of my Lord and one tear melts into the next.
I am ashamed that resentment at parting fills me in the East-Wind days of Spring,
I am exhausted by trying to accord my table-lute, my flute – I cannot complete a single phrase.'

A little later she wrote again in still sadder vein:

I was together with my Lord as form and shadow; now we are divided as Wu from Yüeh. From our jade pillow,
For the past year have we been torn asunder and parted.

I mount the terrace and gaze to the north, where mist
and rain are dark –
I turn my body; I weep, before the moon in the still sky.

The last of her letters to be preserved is very long indeed and very sad. It has been regarded as a model for love-sick maidens ever since, and is full of symbolic phrases, expressed in unusual characters, which are difficult to translate adequately. A Chinese would naturally read it aloud, in the curious fascinating chant invariably used by them, and the character *hsi*, which divides each line, simply serves to prolong sound and complete rhythm, as the reader wishes. Sometimes it is quite short and sometimes it is carried on indefinitely.

FINAL LETTER FROM MOON'S GLORY TO MAN-OF-PENETRATION

The Unworthy-One was born Hsi-i-i-i when no stars
shone.
In years of abundance Hsi, I encounter difficulties, as
young shoots come in contact with harsh Earth.
In the cold season, in summer heat, Hsi-i-i my heart is
knotted with grief.
From the hour of sacrifice as dawn breaks, until dark
night, Hsi-i-i my eye-brows meet in a sorrow,
Which turns and turns as a well-polished ring, Hsi – it
does not cease.
It resembles, Hsi-i-i-i the round wheel of a chariot –
The chariot-wheel Hsi, can halt.
The Unworthy-One's heart Hsi-i-i how can it be
straightened and laid smooth?
My words are confused, like the sound of running waters
Hsi-i-i-i, they are without point.

They resemble Hsi-i-i-i silk threads tangled and ravelled in confusion.
The tangled silk, Hsi can be unravelled.
The Unworthy-One's heart Hsi-i-i how can it be divided and made straight?
Empty are the women's apartments Hsi-i-i still and solitary as a lofty mountain.
In the pavilion where I apply the powder and rouge Hsi-i-i dust springs as tho' from the feet of galloping deer.
The Desire-Sons lily, Hsi-i-i it is futile for me to plant.
This sadness of heart and mind Hsi-i-i, it cannot be drained away as flood waters are drained –
Good fortune would be to encounter Hsi-i-i, encounter thee my Lord –
I long to be united to thee, Hsi-i-i to toil for thee with all my strength.
To share the fragrance of my body, Hsi-i-i-i to cut, for thee, my hair.
The parting gifts of precious jade Hsi-i we alike treasure.
Lifting our fingers and pointing towards Heaven, Hsi-i-i we knotted our vows;
We promised to be, Hsi one substance –
We have met with, Hsi-i-i many untoward happenings,
Our jade bodies, Hsi-i-i-i with difficulty were joined in intimacy.
I eat less and less, Hsi my hours of sleep are few and fewer –
My girdle hangs too loosely, Hsi-i-i on my skirt of open-work silk gauze.
Here is the water-chestnut mirror of polished metal on which I am wont to look down, Hsi-i-i-i-i I am heedless, careless, of what it reveals.

The ancient incense-burner, Hsi-i-i, how can I ignite its fragrance?
I prepare my foot-gear, Hsi I desire to set about my affairs;
It is as if the road were barred, Hsi-i-i-i with thorns and brambles;
I meet people, Hsi, I wish to speak with them;
My words are meaningless as the continuous sound of beaten drums, Hsi-i-i-i-i insincere as those of a sycophant with four mouths.
My head burns as with fire, I feel resentment; Hsi-i-i the proofs of grief are in my breast.
At what time, Hsi-i-i-i can we talk together?
I desire that my Lord, Hsi-i-i-i shall see and comprehend, as when divine influences enlighten those who sacrifice.
When the Unworthy-One dies, Hsi-i-i-i-i why should her eyes stare, wide-open with anxiety?

The last line of all refers to a Chinese belief that if it is found difficult to close the eyes of a corpse, it is because the spirit is troubled and anxious –

Yang Ta made superhuman but futile efforts to join Moon's Glory, and finally in despair 'went out from the door' – as is said of a man who joins the priesthood, or of a girl who leaves her father's house at marriage.

The sun's rays were oblique by the time we approached the rugged tumulus called by Europeans, for some reason unknown to me, Silver Island. The Chinese call it Chiao

Shan – Scorched-by-Sorrow Hill – in memory of an official of the Later Han period who, because he failed to obtain an official appointment, retired there in vexation of spirit. The numerous halls of a large Buddhist temple are hidden among the trees which cover the island, and the temple contains a very famous art treasure, known as

the Wu Chuan tripod of the Chou dynasty. Bronze vessels were often cast by the early Chinese as thank-offerings or memorials of some noted event, and therefore bear inscriptions which are extremely valuable as historical records. The Wu Chuan tripod is fully described by Dr. Bushell, who gives the following translation of the archaic inscription dating from 812 B.C.:

'In the ninth month on the day after full moon, *chia-hsü* of the 60 days' cycle, the King proceeded to the Ancestral Temple of the Chou (dynasty) and offered burnt sacrifice in the Picture Hall. Nan Chung, the Minister of Education, together with me, Wu Chuan, on his right hand, came in at the gate and stood in the middle of the audience hall. The King summoned the historiographer Yü to record his charge to Wu Chuan and said: "Superintendent of Public Works appointed to drive away the rebels of the west, We present to you official robes with girdle and clasp, halbert and inlaid lance, badge with tasselled ribbons of silk, a sheaf of red arrows, bronze-mounted bridle and bit, and banners hung with bells." I, Wu Chuan, dared to pronounce my grateful acknowledgments of the grand favours and gracious gifts of the Son of Heaven, and have made vases for wine and this cauldron for offerings of sacrificial meats to my meritorious deceased father. May I be rewarded with length of days and may sons and grandsons for ten thousand years everlastingly cherish and use this.'

The actual identity of Wu Chuan himself is hidden from us, but he is plausibly supposed to have been a certain military official, mentioned in the Book of Odes, who led an expedition against barbarians, during the Chou dynasty. Scorched-by-Sorrow Hill is in the district of Tan Tu, and in passing the town of that name, we had been only half a mile from the Grand Canal which there takes a sharp turn West and debouches into the Great River at Chinkiang. It has been a wonderful water-way in its day and well deserves the epithet 'grand,' although that is not what the Chinese call it. To them it is Imperial River, Transport River, or River of Locks.

The part which lies between the two great streams of China – the Yellow River and the Yangtze – was built about 485 B.C., but the rest is far more modern. The southern portion dates from the Sung period, when the Emperor and his Court fled before the advance of the Golden Tartars, and established the National Capital at Hangchow; while the northern stretch was added by the Mongol Emperor, Kublaí Khan, when he founded the Yüan dynasty with Peking as its centre. The total length of the Grand Canal is some twelve hundred miles, and its principal function has always been to afford safe transport for provincial tribute on the road to the Imperial Capital, whether that lay North or South.

Always important, always thronged with traffic, always the main thoroughfare East and West, it was during the romantic period of the Three Kingdoms that the Great River played its most important part from an historical point of view. Its course ran through the Kingdoms of Wu and Shu, and the boundary of Wei lay only a few miles from its northern bank. If, as the Chinese believe, spirits of the dead do return to their earthly haunts, the shores of the stream must be crowded with a brilliant throng, the shades of men and women who played their parts in those stirring years. Among them all there is none more appealing than Liu Pei, ruler of Shu, and none more humanly interesting than his bride, the Lady Sun, sister of King Sun of Wu. The marriage ceremony took place at a hall on that great bluff east of Chinkiang where the Sweet Dew Temple now stands – the site of Lady Sun's Dressing Terrace is still pointed out. The newly married couple left the lower Yangtze and travelled up the stream to Chiang Ling and this journey forms the theme of a highly popular drama. As we

steamed past the Sweet Dew Temple it lay bathed in evening light, a veritable symbol of the peace on earth which a fall of 'sweet dew' is supposed to portend.

We dropped our anchor at dusk off the Chinkiang foreshore, and the pagoda of Golden Hill Monastery was silhouetted against a glowing sunset sky. It is a beautiful spot and has been honoured by many Imperial visits and sung in many Imperial poems.

Nor is Chinkiang famous in native annals alone. It was the scene of an early combat between the forces of East and West, a combat destined to inaugurate a new era in world evolution, one which is even now in its initial stages. Its capture marked the climax and end of military operations during the so-called Opium War. In 1842 British forces, which had already fought successfully at the junction of the Yellow Reach and the Yangtze, proceeded up-stream and attacked Chinkiang on July 21. The city was valorously defended, and when it fell, numbers of the population committed suicide in despair. The Manchu General himself set fire to his official residence and, with his family, perished in the flames. An eye-witness from H.M.S. *Nemesis*, which lay off Chinkiang during the action, wrote:

'When the brave Tartars at length saw that their utmost efforts were of no avail, then began the scenes of horror, and the tragedy of self-immolation, which it makes every one's very blood run cold to hear of. The

L. Douglass.

Admiral himself was a witness of what took place. Some of the Tartars kept the doors of their houses with their very lives, while others could be seen within, cutting the throats of their women, and destroying their children, some by strangulation, and others by throwing them into the wells. In one house, in particular, a Tartar was found in the act of sawing his wife's throat with a rusty sword, as he held her over the mouth of the well into which his children had been already thrown. He was shot before the deed was completed, in order to save the woman, who was immediately taken care of, and had the wound, which was not severe, tied up. Yet the first use she made of her tongue, as soon as she could speak, was to utter the most violent imprecations upon the heads of the victors. The children who were in the well (in which there was little water) were all got up, and recovered.

'In other houses, numbers of poor creatures were found dead, some by their own hands, or the hands of each other, and the rest by the hands of their husbands. In one house no less than fourteen dead bodies were discovered, principally women; in others the men began to cut their own throats the moment they saw any of our soldiers approaching; while in other instances they rushed out furiously from some hiding-place, and attacked with the sword anyone who came in their way.

'It is impossible to calculate the number of victims to the barbarous practice of self-immolation and wholesale murder. Chin-keang-foo was a Tartar stronghold considered by them as impregnable; they could not brook defeat, or the desecration of their hearths by the tread of the unknown but thoroughly hated barbarian; every house had its victims; and, to add to the horrors of the day and the desolation of the city, the Chinese plunderers

flocked in from the country in multitudes, pillaging in all directions. They even set fire to the streets in some parts, to enable them to carry on their work with less interruption in others.

'On our side, although the place had been taken by storm, and not without heavy loss, the strictest orders were given to prevent pillage as much as possible. Measures were taken, not only to control our own men (who, according to European custom, might have expected to be allowed to pillage a town taken by assault), but also to arrest the violent proceedings of the Chinese rabble, who, in this, as in other instances, were the worst enemies of their countrymen.

'The public offices were taken possession of by our troops, and all the arms and warlike stores which were found were destroyed. Only sixty thousand dollars' worth of Sycee silver was found in the public coffers; but a little addition was made to the prize fund by the sale of articles which were taken from plunderers, when they were discovered trying to carry property out of the gates. The waste and destruction of property was, however, enormous. When more valuable objects were discovered, those of smaller value were left in the streets; costly furs lay strewed in all directions; silks and satins lay about in such profusion that the only difficulty was to choose among them. So little had the inhabitants expected that their stronghold would fall, that valuables of all kinds, gems, and gold ornaments, and curiosities of every sort, and in some instances even money, were left in the wardrobes of the best houses, at the mercy of the first comers. Under these circumstances, it is surprising that so little plunder was carried away from a city taken by assault.

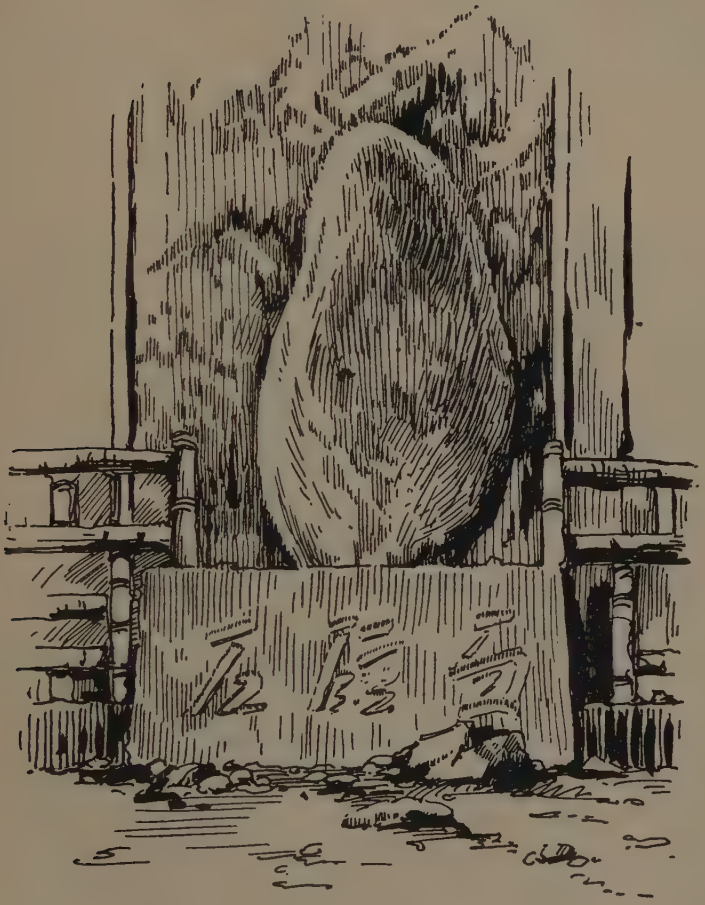
'Terrible as was the downfall of Chin-keang-foo in the eyes of the Chinese, and great as was the desolation throughout the city in every direction, it cannot be doubted that the loss of this important Tartar stronghold, and the panic created by it (the whole trade of the country being at the same time suspended), contributed very materially to produce in the mind of the Emperor and of his ministers the conviction that a speedy peace, on any terms, was preferable to a continuance of the war.'

ON THE GREAT RIVER

May 19

We left Chinkiang long after dark and reached Nanking before light had come, so the ancient footsteps on this stretch of the river bank were not visible. One of the most interesting is the little temple erected in memory of the Buddhist Patriarch, Bodhiharma, better known in China as Ta Mo, and in Japan as Daruma San. He arrived in China from India early in the sixth century and visited the court of Wu Ti, ruler of the Liang dynasty whose capital Nanking then was. Wu Ti was a pious monarch given over to all formalities of worship, and he could not brook the passionate sage who, condemning ceremonies, said: 'You will not find Buddha in images, nor in books, look into your own heart – that is where you will find Buddha.' He therefore made no effort to retain Ta Mo at his court, and the patriarch is supposed to have crossed the swollen waters of the Yangtze on a reed, and betaken himself to Honan, where he lived at the Little Forest Monastery and founded the

Ch'an or Contemplative school of Buddhism. Tradition says that 'wrapped in thought, surrounded by vacancy and stillness,' he sat for nine years in contemplation before



a large stone and that finally his legs dropped off! The stone which still may be seen at the monastery in Honan, is supposed to have retained an imprint of his figure, and to the eye of faith and imagination the dim outline of

a priestly form may possibly appear. The little temple of which I speak stands on the river bank at the point where Ta Mo is reputed to have taken his departure, and on the twenty-eighth day of the Second Moon, boatmen hold a festival in honour of the Wall-gazer who walked upon the Waves.

Sunrise over Nanking was glorious. Lion Hill in a North angle of the battlemented wall was transformed into a veritable *chin ling* or Golden Mound, reminiscent of a name which the city had once borne before the Ming rulers moved their Court to the District of Obedience to Heaven, which they proceeded to call Peking – North Capital; while the city they had left behind was referred to as Nanking – South Capital.

As I leaned on the taffrail a long procession of ghostly figures seemed to melt into the rapidly disappearing shadows, as though seeking refuge from the blinding rays of a summer sun, in their natural habitat the World of Shade. Early rulers of China, famous beauties, poets, scholars, painters and musicians, students, farmers, and many, many soldiers made up the throng. Seven different dynasties have used the city as a Capital and many Royal tombs stand in the surrounding hills. I know that there have been glorious and prosperous epochs in the history of Nanking, but I seem to have heard more about the sadness, the tragedies, and the strifes that have taken place both within and without the walls. I suppose its position as the largest city on the lower reaches of the river, is responsible for the fierce struggles which have

literally torn it asunder. As an empty sea-shell held to the ear brings back the sound of surging waves, so the piteous ruins, the endless ancient footsteps in and about Nanking, bring back thoughts of the centuries that have

rolled by, and are mute reminders of human passions uncontrolled. Li T'ai-po writing many hundred years ago felt something of this sadness even then. In a poem written on* 'Ascending the Terrace of the Silver-Crested Love-Pheasants at the City of the Golden Mound,' he says:

. . . the terrace is empty, and the river flows on its old,
original way.
Gone are the blossoms of the Palace of Wu and over-
grown the road to it.
Passed the generation of the Chin, with their robes and
head-dresses; they lie beneath the ancient mounds.
The three hills are half fallen down from green Heaven.
The White Heron Island cuts the river in two.

In 1659, the so-called pirate, Koxinga, who hated the newly established Manchu dynasty, and tried valiantly to cause its overthrow, sailed his ships up the river and besieged Nanking for twenty days, but he was finally beaten off with great loss and more than five hundred of his ships were burned. Nearly two hundred years later, in August, 1842, the British forces after they had taken Chinkiang, moved on Nanking and warned the authorities that, unless an Imperial Commission, appointing some definite person to negotiate with the Allied Powers, were forthcoming, an attack would be made on the city at daylight of the 14th. Scarcely three hours before the assault would have taken place the Chinese Commissioners yielded, and promised to produce the desired document by morning. This was done, and on August 29 the Chinese envoys went on board H.M.S. *Cornwallis* and signed the historic treaty of Nanking, by which intercourse between the Middle Kingdom and the West was first regularized.

Although the expeditionary force did not stay long at Nanking, its members had time to explore the city and

surrounding country. They visited the tomb of the Emperor Hung Wu (Vast Bravery – founder of the Ming dynasty) and admired the avenue of rather grotesque stone figures, which leads to the burial mound itself, but in none of the accounts which I have read is the really magnificent site of the Imperial Mausoleum mentioned. Great enthusiasm, however, was aroused by the so-called Porcelain Pagoda, then standing outside the Red Bird Gate, as Chinese style the southern entrances to their cities. And indeed it must have been a startling object, quite exotic to Occidental eyes. Begun in 1411 and finished in 1430 by the Emperor Yung Lê (Eternal Joy – third ruler of the Ming dynasty), its glittering splendour was in no wise dimmed by the passage of three hundred years. The word 'porcelain,' nevertheless, is quite a misnomer used in connection with this building; it was constructed of large solid bricks and was faced with glazed faience tiles of many colours. Chinese referred to it as the *liu li t'a* ('Vitreous-Substance of Liquid-Gems Pagoda'). The unusually slender octagonal tower rose from a railed base to a height of between two and three hundred feet, and was crowned with a thirty-foot metal spire terminating in a large ball, said to be of solid gold. From a distance the structure appeared entirely white as the column was faced with white tiles; the roofs, however, which jutted out from each of its nine stories were of brilliant green faience, and tiles of other colours, such as red, yellow, and blue, were introduced at various places, so a near view gave quite a different impression. The woodwork of the interior was curiously carved and richly painted, and there were many gilt images of Buddhist saints placed in niches in the walls. Little bells hung from the eaves, tinkling at every passing breeze,

and the innumerable lights with which it was hung from top to bottom, made it brilliant by night. This glistening, gleaming erection against the superb background of Purple Mountain must have been a most conspicuous object; no wonder that it 'caused Nanking to be recognized at a great distance; and served as a beacon to the first English and French ships-of-war that ascended the Yangtze Kiang.'

The southern Capital had escaped attack from foreign warships, and after the departure of the fleet, its industrious inhabitants returned for the space of a few short years, to their weaving of silk and cotton, to their ploughing of fields and reaping of harvests. And then another cloud appeared; this time upon the Western horizon.

In 1850 the extraordinary movement best known as the T'ai P'ing (Great Peace) rebellion broke out. The Empire had been disturbed by local revolts, by general popular dissatisfaction, for a number of years. To speak plainly it was time for the Manchu dynasty to retire. The wave which had surged forward and engulfed the Empire two centuries earlier was rolling back; the tide was ebbing; and as is always the case in China at such a time, corruption and degeneracy were widespread. It was therefore fitting that a man should arise who would declare himself ready to save the people from misrule, and to take his place upon the Dragon Throne. And in the burning autumn of 1850 this is exactly what happened. The unusual feature of the case lay in the fact that the man, a Southerner named Hung Hsiu-ch'üan (Vast Seeding of Perfection), professed a firm belief in Christianity and a determination to convert the whole Empire to his way of thinking.

The revolt spread with amazing rapidity. Hung and

his followers swept northwards to Yochow, where the Great River joins the Tung T'ing lake, and then simply floated down-stream taking one huge city after another. They seem to have met with an enthusiastic reception from the people, and but little opposition from the troops – their warfare was directed solely against the reigning house. They wished the Manchu rulers to retire, and allow them to re-establish the Ming dynasty. Their proclamation read: 'Our Heavenly Prince has received the Divine Commission to exterminate the Manchoos – to exterminate them utterly, men, women and children – to exterminate all idolaters generally, and to possess the Empire as its True Sovereign. It and everything in it is his, its mountains and rivers, its broad lands and public treasuries; you, and all that you have, your family, males and females from yourself to your youngest child, and your property from your patrimonial estates to the bracelet on your infant's arm. We command the services of all, and we take everything. All who resist us are rebels and idolatrous demons, and we kill them without sparing; but whoever acknowledges our Heavenly Prince and exerts himself in our service shall have full reward – due honour and station in the armies and Court of the Heavenly Dynasty.'

In March, 1853, they approached Nanking and, incredible as it may seem, took the city with no difficulty whatever. Mr. Meadows, a most philosophical British Civil servant then in China, attributes the 'irrationally abject conduct' of the Manchu garrison to a belief that 'they knew heaven was going to punish them.' They fought like tigers in 1842 when the Outer Barbarians attacked Chinkiang, but before the Chinese Insurgents of 1853 they 'merely threw themselves on the ground

before the Leaders and piteously implored for mercy with cries of "Spare my life, Prince! – Spare my life, Prince!" Their cries were in vain. The Insurgents had sworn to exterminate the Manchus and told Mr. Meadows: "We killed them all," – the recollection bringing back into their faces the dark shade of unsparing sternness they must have borne when the appalling execution was going on – "we killed them all to the infant in arms: we left not a root to sprout from. The bodies were thrown into the Yangtsze." ' Vast Seeding of Perfection then established an extraordinary Court and made Nanking Capital of the Heavenly Dynasty, which was not overthrown for eleven years.

The whole course of the rebellion is of extraordinary interest, especially to Occidentals, whose presence, whose interests, whose attempted, but of necessity unreal, neutrality, complicated the situation to an impossible degree. Whatever might have been the outcome, I think historians of the future will agree that it would have been infinitely better for China if the Heavenly King had accomplished his purpose in 1853, and if the glittering façade which partially concealed Manchu degeneracy had then been torn down.

The city in which for a great part of the time Vast Seeding of Perfection was beleaguered, suffered terribly. Temples and images were destroyed by the God worshippers, but not until 1856 did they decide that the gleaming white tower outside the city wall exercised an evil influence on their fortunes. When this decision had been reached, the Vitreous-Substance of Liquid-Gems Pagoda was blown to pieces with gunpowder, and every brick was carried away. The evil influences, however, remained unaltered. In the following years Imperialist

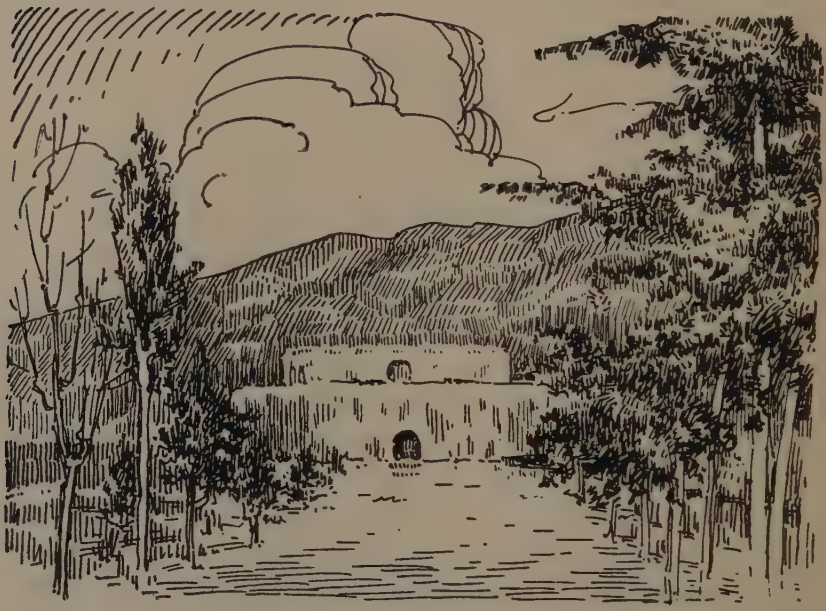
troops pressed closer and closer round the city walls; ammunition ran short; disease and famine were rife, and it is said that cannibalism was quite common. Finally in 1864 Hung Hsiu-ch'üan, seeing the end was inevitable, hanged all his wives and took poison himself in despair. A few weeks later Nanking, stripped of its beauty, its fine buildings but heaps of broken bricks, fell into Manchu hands.

During the next forty-seven years time covered many scars. The Southern Capital was largely rebuilt and was again a beautiful city. Then in 1911 another Revolution broke out. Again the instigators demanded that the Manchus retire, and this time success crowned their arms. Guns mounted on the surrounding hills pounded the city to pieces, and when it fell to the Republicans they massacred the Manchus as mercilessly as the T'ai P'ing had done before them.

I visited Nanking a few weeks after the siege ended, and it presented an extraordinary spectacle. The Manchu quarter was obliterated. Curiously enough a few spirit screens remained intact, but there were no doors to be shielded from evil influences; a few stone Dogs of Fo, Guardians of the Hearth, remained faithfully at their post, but all they guarded were heaps of dust and stone. Such scenes of desolation are after all but the natural concomitants of war, what made the scene so striking was the composition and behaviour of the Republican forces.

Young men in Western uniforms crowded the car-

riages of the city railway; they hurried hither and yon in an excited, joyous, thoroughly un-Oriental manner. And in addition to the young men there were young women; quantities of them. Dressed in the uniforms of hospital nurses, they also hurried about enthusiastically, glorying in their freedom from restraint. I think the majority were Southerners and had in all probability



never visited the classical Capital before, so they were anxious to tread in ancient footsteps and visit historical sites. Naturally the Imperial Mausoleum, where the Ming Emperor Vast Bravery and his consort Spirited Empress lie buried, attracted them greatly. I say 'naturally' because there existed a strong feeling of loyalty to the last purely Chinese dynasty in even the most Republican breast. Furthermore Sun Yat-sen had not yet

arrived to establish the Republic, and there were suggestions, as there had been during the T'ai P'ing rebellion, of a Ming restoration. At all events the Ming tomb was a favourite *rendez-vous* for the Conquerors of Nanking, and there they assembled in hundreds, both men and women.

On the brilliant winter day of which I speak, I too visited the tomb of Vast Bravery, and found solitude on the little hill which is the grave itself. The great plain stretched before me, the city wall hid all depredations, and gradually that extraordinary influence which emanates so strongly from this special ruin, effectually obliterated the living moment. Vast Bravery, whose energy and determination carried him from a position of poverty and servitude to the Dragon Throne itself, and Spirited Empress, who was noted for her wisdom, and for her firm rule in the harem, seemed to float down the slope by my side. And at this precise moment there was a deafening clatter of hoofs accompanied by shouts of masculine laughter, blending with sharp feminine screams of mirth, and there dashed up the stone pathway a marvellous cavalcade. Red Cross nurses astride of donkeys; young officers with red tabs on their collars; boys and girls invading an Empire! – Shade of Spirited Empress! what would your comment be ?

A couple of months later, in February, 1912, the Ming tomb was the scene of a strange ceremony. Sun Yat-sen had been appointed provisional President of the newborn Chinese Republic on New Year's Day of that year. Six weeks later he agreed to resign in favour of Yüan Shih-kai, who had induced the Manchu house to abdicate, and in so doing to specifically direct him, Yüan, to 'organize, with full powers, a provisional Republican

Government, consulting with the Representatives of the Republican Army as to the methods of union, thus assuring peace to the people and tranquillity to the Empire, and forming one great Republic of China by the union, as heretofore, of the five peoples – namely Manchus, Chinese, Mongols, Mohammedans, and Tibetans, together with their territory in its integrity. We and His Majesty the Emperor, thus enabled to live in retirement, free from responsibilities and cares, and passing the time in ease and comfort, shall enjoy without interruption the courteous treatment of the Nation and see with Our own eyes the consummation of an illustrious government, an ideal state in truth to be admired.' Yüan was to be elected on the afternoon of February 15, 'but,' as Mr. Kent writes in *The Passing of the Manchus*, 'the morning was free, and President Sun Yat-sen seized the opportunity to perform a last and picturesque official act before laying down the reins. Paying a ceremonial visit to the tomb of the first Emperor of the Mings, the last purely Chinese Dynasty (A.D. 1368–1644), who had delivered the country from the Mongol domination, and for a few years had had their capital at Nanking, he performed an impressive ceremony, in which was symbolically offered back to their old rulers the country which the Manchus had wrested from them.

'It was a curious proceeding, this representative of Republican institutions discharging rites at the shrine of one of an Imperial race, but it was calculated from the purely Chinese national point of view to make a powerful appeal.'

A few years later I visited the Ming tomb again, and then it lay in perfect solitude. The Republicans with their noise and jubilation had gone, Peking had become the political arena, and Nanking had relapsed into what seemed almost stagnation.

Again it was a brilliant winter day, again the Imperial shades seemed to hover, intangible, over the bare trees and dry brown grasses of the hill-side, and again as I came down the stone pathway my reverie was shattered by clattering hoofs. One of the battered Nanking carriages, drawn by an equally battered pony, drew up at the bridge and from it there stepped a tall well-made man – a foreigner. He came briskly up the path. His step was firm, his eye bright, he was in fact the very embodiment of Western energy, efficiency and force. As we met he lifted his hat from his thick thatch of golden curls and said incisively:

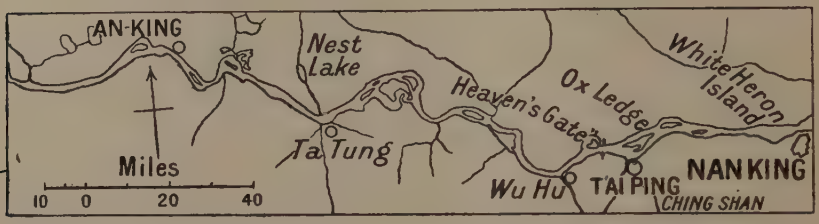
'I beg your pardon. Is this Mr. Mêng's tomb?'

For an instant I stood breathless, and then the futility of explanation overwhelmed me. I slowly nodded and said: 'Yes – this *is* Mr. Mêng's tomb.'

By now the sun had risen as high as 'the head of a helmeted man.' Passengers began to appear on deck and throw coppers to the very cheerful beggars who float about the river in their tubs. A boy on the bank was singing in a high-pitched voice, and I found that the words he sang were those of a famous Nanking folk-song. Mr. Cultivator-of-Bamboos in speaking of this song, said: 'Ah ! if it is sung by a young boy or girl of feeling,

and is accompanied by a stringed instrument, a *shêng* or a flute, it is very beautiful.'

As he sang the signals for departure were given, and we steamed away from the City of the Golden Mound, and all its ghostly inhabitants.



That inveterate wanderer the T'ang dynasty poet, Li T'ai-po, spent years on the lower stretches of the Great River, visiting what were ancient footsteps then and imprinting what are ancient footsteps now. Of the little island in 'the heart's centre of the river,' three *li* West of the Golden Mound district, he writes:

* PASSING THE NIGHT AT THE WHITE HERON ISLAND

At dawn, I left the Red Bird Gate;
At sunset, I came to roost on the White Heron Island.
The image of the moon tumbles along the bright surface of the water.
The Tower above the City Gate is lost in the twinkling light of the stars.
I gaze far off, toward my beloved, the Official of Chin Ling,
And the longing in my heart is like that for the green Jasper Tree.

The Official of Chin Ling referred to, was a certain Tsui The-Honourable, celebrated for his great personal beauty. He is described by Tu Fu, another T'ang poet, as being 'pure and unsullied, distinguished in the extreme, and the absolute antithesis to an ordinary person.' He and Li T'ai-po had both been members at the Bright Emperor's Court, of the brilliant coterie, known as the Eight Immortals of the wine-cup, but having fallen into disfavour were both obliged to leave the Capital. Tsui was given a post at Chin Ling – Golden Mound, but Li T'ai-po had no definite occupation, so climbed mountains, slept at temples, floated on lakes and drank in the beauties of changing seasons – beauties which he has described with extraordinary virility and spirit. The scene of his apocryphal drowning in a drunken effort to embrace the moon's reflection, is near Ox Ledge, which we passed before noon. A more authentic tale describes a moonlight journey from this same ledge which Li T'ai-po and Tsui The-Honourable took together, the poet dressed in his embroidered court robes, laughing, chanting poems, and looking about him as though he ruled the world. Ch'ing Shan (the Spring-green Mountain) where Hsieh Kung, poet of an earlier day, had built a retreat, and where Li T'ai-po expressed a desire to be buried, lies a little to the South, but we could not see it. He wrote a lovely poem called:

* THE RETREAT OF HSIEH KUNG

The sun is setting – has set – on the Spring-green Mountain.
Hsieh Kung's retreat is solitary and still.
No sound of man in the bamboo grove.

The white moon shines in the centre of the unused
garden pool.
All round the ruined summer-house is decaying grass,
Grey mosses choke the abandoned well.
There is only the free, clear wind
Again – again – passing over the stones of the spring.

Ox Ledge is famous in history as well as in literature. It was near here that Vast Bravery crossed the river with his troops, when he was engaged in overthrowing the Mongol and establishing the Ming dynasty. The river runs swiftly and there are many treacherous eddies. It is the portion which Chinese call the Crosswise River. This is what Li T'ai-po has to say about it:

* There are people who say the Crosswise River is good;
I say the Crosswise River is terrible.
The Savage wind blows as if it would overturn the
Heaven's Gate Mountain.
The White Waves are as high as the high rooms in the
Temple of Wa Kuan.

and again:

* The sea tide flowing southward passes Hsün Yang.
From the beginning of things, the Ox Ledge has been
more dangerous than the standing Horse Hill.
Those who wish to cross the Crosswise River
Find evil winds and waves.
The misery of that one stretch of water draws out its
length to ten thousand *li*.

As a matter of fact the powerful tides of the Pacific Ocean do traverse the China Sea and advance up the river for several hundred miles. T'ai P'ing (City-of-Great-Peace) is just above the ledge, and above it again, are the Pillars which form Heaven's Gate. The western face of the East Pillar is very striking and looks as if it were powdered with freshly fallen snow. Again we tread an ancient footstep left by Li T'ai-po.

* THE HEAVEN'S GATE MOUNTAINS

In the far distance, the mountains seem to rise out of the river;
Two peaks, standing opposite each other, make a natural gateway.
The cold colour of the pines is reflected between the river-banks,
Stones divide the current and shiver the wave-flowers to fragments.

Half an hour after steaming through Heaven's Gateway we tied up at Wu Hu (Fertile Pool). It is well named. Grains and cereals of all sorts flow out from the rich country behind its portal, and of all exports the greatest is rice. Thousands and thousands of piculs float down the clear stream which connects Wu Hu with the interior of Anhwei (Peaceful, Beautiful) province. There is dry rice and water-grown rice; rice of the hills and rice of the plains. The Chinese call it 'white jade beads,' and say that it 'benefits the breath, removes anxiety and thirst, warms the viscera, harmonizes the gases of the stomach, and causes the growth of flesh!' The thin rice-water gruel with which they break their fast each morning, is considered to 'benefit the vital principle, strengthen the

will, clarify the hearing and brighten the eye,' but to us rice-water seems a singularly unstimulating beverage.

In China men-who-work-with-their-hands-at-dawn, to use an analysis of the character 'agriculture,' are regarded as being of the utmost importance, ranking next only to scholars in the social scale; and nowhere can their well-tried methods be better studied than on either shore of the Great River. Beyond the reed banks, stretch fertile fields, where blue-coated men and women tend their crops literally 'throughout the period of sun's light.' At dawn the first objects to be clearly distinguished, are human figures in the fields, weeding, weeding, weeding; and when yellow dusk turns to darkness those same figures melt away, still weeding, weeding, weeding.

We steamed away from Fertile Pool in the middle of the afternoon when the sun's rays were just beginning to assume that wonderful slant which glorifies the most unpleasing scene. In the autumn the wild-fowl on this stretch of the river are in myriads. Henry Ellis, who accompanied the embassy under Lord Amherst, dispatched in 1816 by George III to the Emperor of China, writes, 'just after sunset the sky was really darkened with flights of wild geese stretching across the horizon.' I have often observed the same phenomenon, but strange as it may seem in the case of migratory birds, the flocks have been much smaller since the advent of those colossal cold storage and packing plants which Western enterprise has erected at various ports.

We pushed on. 'The river wound so much that its

course nearly went round the compass,' to quote Ellis again. Hills rose from either shore, their grassy banks were studded with groups of trees and temples were perched wherever a glorious view could be obtained. Some distance South of Ta Tung (Great Permeation), lies Chiu Hua Shan (Nine Flowers Mountain), so named by Li T'ai-po who is said to have likened the peaks, which were originally called the Nine Philosophers, to the upturned petals of a lotus flower. Chiu Hua Shan, dedicated to the merciful Ti Tsang, guardian of the Earth Prison, is one of the most famous Buddhist shrines in China. R. F. Johnston in his book on Chinese Buddhism, gives a full and interesting account of the mountain; of the temples which replace those destroyed by the Great Peace rebels; and of the Earth Prison cult.

Abreast of Great Permeation, a few miles North of the river bank lies Nest Lake, famous for the fish with which it teems. Buddhist priests refer to fish in a charming way, as Water-shuttle flowers, and in literature the fish is frequently referred to as a carrier of news from friend to friend, so the figure of a fish is often stamped on envelopes. In fact I use one myself.

I knew that we were passing many ancient footsteps, but darkness came on and obliterated the visible beauties, and this part of the journey is very beautiful indeed.

Ellis' remarks are interesting in that they were written over a century ago and long before Whistler had opened Occidental eyes to the value of Oriental art. Referring to the river between Fertile Pool and the P'o Yang, which I may remark parenthetically is the Abundant Shell-fish Lake, spoken of in the Book of History four thousand odd years ago, he says:

'I have often endeavoured to express the impression

made by beautiful scenery, and have never been able to satisfy myself; indeed, I should be disposed to doubt the possibility of doing so, where there are no moral feelings connected with the scene. We have this day been passing through a beautiful country, the lesser features as yesterday, but the general effect heightened by a nearer approach to the more distant mountains, of an elevation and form imposing and varied. It strikes me that the landscape paintings of different nations would form a good criterion of their notions of picturesque scenery, as the artist will probably select those subjects most generally agreeable: thus Chinese paintings represent precipitous hills, with boats sailing near them, trees of the most vivid autumnal tints, under combinations, that might seem unnatural to European eyes, but which are perfectly correspondent to the banks of the Yang-tse-keang.' A curious passage! He must have been a person of sensibility this Third Commissioner of His Majesty's Embassy. A person of sensibility, struggling with unwonted and unintelligible emotions. Remember he wrote before Constable the 'father of landscape painting' had shown his pictures in England; before Turner was known to the World; while Wordsworth was still Distributor of Stamps for Westmorland; and while Keats and Shelley were mere boys. The possibility of expression unconnected with 'moral feelings' evidently shocked his sense of fitness.

To us, a century later, his attitude of mind is necessarily difficult to grasp, but making all allowance for inevitable ignorance, it is almost impossible to pardon the complacent superiority with which Occidentals set out to establish relations with countries which had no desire whatever for their presence.

Ellis was a highly educated English gentleman worthy to hold a responsible post in an important Embassy and, as we have seen, he was a person of sensibility, yet he could calmly pronounce, after a few short weeks in China, the following dictum: 'I felt most forcibly the deficiency of interest in every thing relating to China, from the whole being unconnected with classical or chivalrous recollections. Here are no temples, once decorated, and still bearing marks of the genius of Phidias and Praxiteles; no sites of forums once filled with the eloquence of Cicero or Demosthenes; no plains once stained with the sacred blood of patriots and heroes; no, it is antiquity without dignity or veneration, and continuous civilization without generosity or refinement.'

ON THE GREAT RIVER

May 20

I was sorry not to see the city of Anking (Peace-and-Blessings), which we passed before daylight. The great seven-storied pagoda is one of the finest I know. A curious legend likens the city itself to a boat, with the pagoda as its mast. I believe that no official of the surname P'êng (a sail), or Chiang (an oar), is ever appointed to a post in Peace-and-Blessings, for fear that the 'boat,' were it fully equipped with means of propulsion, might set off down-river.

Peace-and-Blessings is the Capital of Peaceful-Beautiful Province, but stands very near the boundary of Kiangsi – West-Reach-of-the-River, the province to which Moon's Glory, whose story I have already told,

was moved by her stern parent, and so separated from her lover, the Man-of-Penetration.

When I came on deck at nine o'clock the curious rocky island known as Little Orphan rose sheer before us. It was very beautiful in the soft grey light, and the water was so still that the form of the island lay reflected on the surface. Hundreds of cormorants had assembled about its base and crest; the temples hidden among trees seemed very peaceful, and the Eastern face, as we approached the rock, shone strangely white and pink.

Lovely as it was, I was more interested in P'êng Tsê (Marsh-of-Abundance), a little town on the right bank of the river. It is where T'ao Yüan-ming, or T'ao Whirlpool-of-Intelligence, served for a few short weeks in a minor official position. He was born in the Year of our Lord 365 in a village near Nine Rivers and soon became famous for his learning and talents. He was first appointed Literary Inspector of his native district, and then given the post of Magistrate at Marsh-of-Abundance. He occupied this position barely eighty days, and resigned his seals in preference to bowing humbly before a petty official who arrived on a tour of inspection. His remark upon this occasion, that it was 'not worth while to crook the loins for the sake of five measures of rice' has been admiringly quoted by *literati* ever since. Whirlpool-of-Intelligence then retired to his native village and spent the rest of his life in poverty. It was a poverty illuminated, however, by the arts. He wrote poems and essays; his mastery of the table-lute was complete, and he spent much time in cultivating chrysanthemums. Five willow trees stood by his house and from them he took his hall name, Five Willows Teacher. His poems and essays are still looked upon as

models of literary beauty, and his point of view in regard to life is considered quite ideal. * 'Once More Fields and Gardens,' written when he had definitely severed all connections with official life, is a clear exposition of his philosophy:

Even as a young man
I was out of tune with ordinary pleasures.
It was my nature to love the rooted hills,
The high hills which look upon the four edges of Heaven.
What folly to spend one's life like a dropped leaf
Snared under the dust of streets,
But for thirteen years it was so I lived.

The caged bird longs for the fluttering of high leaves.
The fish in the garden pool languishes for the whirled
    water
Of meeting streams.
So I desired to clear and seed a patch of the wild
    Southern moor.
And always a countryman at heart,
I have come back to the square enclosures of my fields
And to my walled garden with its quiet paths.

Mine is a little property of ten *mou* or so,
A thatched house of eight or nine rooms.
On the North side, the eaves are overhung
With the thick leaves of elm-trees,
And willow-trees break the strong force of the wind.
On the South, in front of the great hall,
Peach-trees and plum-trees spread a net of branches
Before the distant view.
The village is hazy, hazy,
And mist sucks over the open moor.

A dog barks in the sunken lane which runs through the
village.
A cock crows, perched on a clipped mulberry.

There is no dust or clatter
In the courtyard before my house,
My private rooms are quiet,
And calm with the leisure of moonlight through an open
door.

For a long time I lived in a cage;
Now I have returned.
For one must return
To fulfil one's nature.

Hu K'ou (Lake's Mouth) is quite a large city commanding the entrance to Lake-of-Light which stretched to the South-west; an inland sea at the foot of the Lu Mountains. I longed to turn from our course and float across its waters past Shoe Hill, and the river which leads to Ching Tê Chên – Manufactory-Illumined-by-Sun-and-Virtue; such is the name of the mart where the marvellous porcelains of China are made and shipped, but our course led westwards to Kiukiang (Nine Rivers), and we stopped there shortly after noon.

Unless these Notes are to turn into a portly volume, I cannot begin to describe the 'ancient footsteps' in and about Nine Rivers, they are innumerable. Li T'ai-po haunted the Lu Mountains which tower above the city, and once suffered imprisonment within its precincts. Po

Chü-i lived here when banished from office, the town was called Hsün Yang then, and here wrote:

* HEARING THE EARLY ORIOLE

The sun rose while I slept. I had not yet risen
When I heard an Early Oriole above the roof of my house.
Suddenly it was like the Royal Park at dawn,
With birds calling from the branches of the ten-thousand-year trees.
I thought of my time as a Court Official
When I was meticulous with my pencil in the Audience Hall.
At the height of Spring, in occasional moments of leisure,
I would look at the grass and growing things,
And at dawn and dusk I would hear this sound.
Where do I hear it now?
In the lonely solitude of the City of Hsün Yang.
The bird's song is certainly the same,
The change is in the emotions of the man.
If I could only stop thinking that I am at the ends of the Earth,
I wonder, would it be so different from the Palace after all?

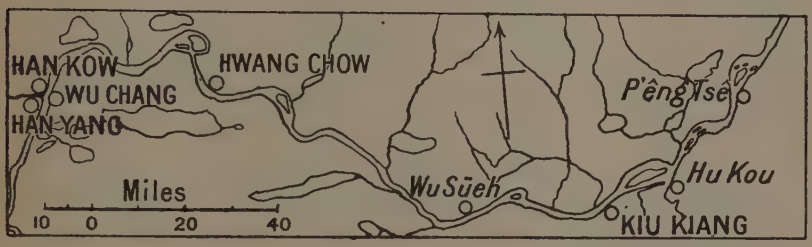
The scenery above Nine Rivers is very fine, no wonder the poets love to describe it. Near Wusüeh (Ravine-of-Bravery) lie the earthly remains of General Yang whose

spirit holds a position in the Ministry of Waters under the Dragon King. The Ministry is divided into two Departments. The Officials of one control salt waters; of the other preside over fresh. Each of the four large rivers in China has a ruler, and General Yang's spirit has been appointed to govern the Yangtze Kiang. He is especially looked upon as protecting the immense rafts, some as large as half an acre in extent, which crawl down-stream, and the men in charge of such rafts pay him special honour.

At sunset we drew near the narrow gorge of the Split Hill and passed through great fleets of winged junks sailing up-river. Su of the Eastern Embankment, a Sung dynasty poet, came here in a boat and, mistaking the site, wrote a long poem on the battle of the Red Wall, a famous event in the annals of the Three Kingdoms, which actually took place, I believe, at Chia Yü another district in Hupeh – North of the river, the province we had now entered.

The battle was between the united forces of the rulers of Shu and Wu, and those of Ts'ao Ts'ao ruler of Wei. Ts'ao Ts'ao was supposed to have eighty-three ten thousands of men and horses, also great ships joined together. He seemed invincible; but Chuko The-Really-Intelligent, to use the style of the famous Chu-Ko Liang, 'called the East wind to his aid,' and as the ships of Ts'ao Ts'ao were driven westward they were met by a murderous flight of flaming fire-arrows. These ignited the ships, which burnt with so great a blaze, that the reddened cliffs have never lost the colour they then took on. We were nearing the Collecting-place of Nine Provinces as Chinese call Hankow. It lies about six hundred miles from the sea at the farthest point navigable for large

ships. We knew that we must tranship on arrival, so did not linger too late in the soft darkness of the summer night—although the reach where the dashing Mongol warrior Kublai Khan crossed the Yangtze with his troops when bent on the Conquest of China, lay not far ahead.



HANKOW

May 21, Grain Fills

Yesterday was cool and grey, but to-day a hot sun, true to its seasonal appointment, shines on the ripening crops. It is most curious to notice how accurately the Chinese have divided their fortnightly calendar. Sun and rain should alternate during the period when Grain Fills, and I suppose they will.

The Three Cities situated at the junction of the Great River and one of its most important affluents the Han, are Hanyang (Sunny-Bank-of-the-Han); Hankow (Mouth-of-the-Han); and Wuch'ang (Courage-and-Glory).

Hankow is of course the modern commercial mart, and is, one imagines, destined for a great future, but when the ancient footsteps which abound in both Hanyang and Wuch'ang were imprinted, it was a mere fishing village. Fishing is still an important industry, and salted fish are shipped in quantities from Hankow to Szechuen.

At Hanyang there is the Pomegranate Flower Terrace where a young wife accused of poisoning her mother-in-law proved her innocence of the crime. As she stood on

the execution ground, when every hope of escape from the penalty imposed seemed dead, her eyes fell upon pomegranate flowers. They were scarlet, colour of hope and joy, of life itself, colour of the dress she, as a young woman, wore. Stepping forward she snapped a twig from the tree and bending over, planted it in the ground, saying as she did so, 'I am guiltless. If my words are not false, may this branch strike roots and grow.' Those on the four sides, to use a Chinese idiom, stood breathless, the executioner with his great axe made no motion, and lo, before their startled eyes the little branch began to grow, and the scarlet blossoms opened wide in the summer sunlight.

Another famous site, that of the Table-lute Terrace, lies on the shore of Moon Lake where, in summer, the water is covered with pink and white lotus flowers. The story connected with it is told by the Chinese in great detail and is constantly referred to. A mere outline is as follows: Before the all-powerful First Emperor wielded China into a homogeneous whole in 221 B.C., while a group of powerful states owned a shadowy allegiance to the rapidly decaying house of Chou, there lived a highly talented official named Po Ya. It so happened that he was once stormbound in his travelling barge by the shore of Moon Lake. Late at night the weather cleared, 'The dark ravine was full of the music of silence, the moon scattered bright shadows through the forest,' and Po Ya, who was a great musician, lighted the incense brazier and prepared to express his appreciation of the scene, on the strings of his table-lute. Before, however, he had completed the first phrase, a string snapped with a sharp and strident sound, the infallible sign that some unauthorized listener is near. The listener turned out to be a wood-

cutter who had sought shelter on the shore. He was a most unusual person especially gifted with a deep comprehension of music. Po Ya touched the strings of his table-lute and the woodcutter instantly interpreted the thoughts which prompted the strains. By midnight the two men had become so intimate, in spite of the differences in their worldly stations, that they performed the 'eight obeisances' by which brotherhood is sworn. At dawn Po Ya was obliged to continue his official journey, but the woodcutter could not be induced to leave his aged parents and accompany his new-made brother into the great world, so the brother promised to return on the fifteenth day of the following Eighth Moon, and meet his humble friend in the very same place. This he did, but the woodcutter was not there to keep the tryst, so Po Ya in order to attract his friend, unwrapped his table-lute from its silk cover and began to pluck the strings. To his surprise the sounds they emitted were soft and sad, they resembled a dirge. And it transpired that a dirge was only too apposite. The woodcutter had died, and lay under a freshly made grave. Po Ya chanted a heart-broken lament in honour of his 'heart's-interpreter,' to the accompaniment of his table-lute. This ended, he took a knife from his girdle and cut the silk strings one by one. His tears fell fast upon the beloved instrument, but lifting it high with both hands as though making a sacrificial offering, he cried, 'The music from my table-lute is ended'; and dashed it to pieces on the tomb at his feet.

There is a famous temple too, in Sunny-Bank of-the-Han, on the High Divided Hill. It was built in memory of a thanksgiving sacrifice which the Great Yü is supposed to have made at this place, when he had completed a part of his marvellous work in draining the Empire. Li T'ai-po came here of course and visited Parrot Island, an ancient pleasure-resort now performing a possibly more useful function as a woodyard!

The name Parrot Island was given because a certain very eccentric individual named Ni The-Transverse, wrote a poem in celebration of a banquet given on the island in the second century A.D. by his patron, who had just received the gift of a parrot; and Li T'ai-po, four hundred years later, wrote a poem which is considered by the Chinese as very exquisite:

* PARROT ISLAND

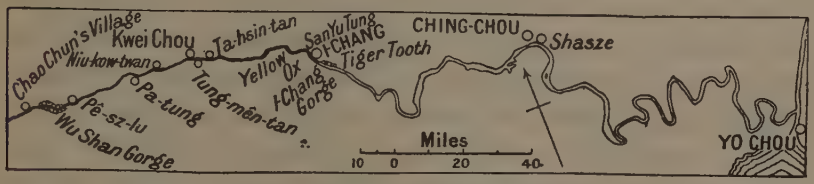
The parrots come, they cross the river waters of Wu.
The island in the river is called Parrot Island.
The parrots are flying West to the Dragon Mountain.
There are sweet grasses on the island, and how green,
green are its trees.

The mists part and one can see the leaves of the spear-orchid, and its scent is warm on the wind,
The water is embroidered and shot with the reflections of the peach-tree blossoms growing on both banks.
Now indeed does the departing official realize the full meaning of his banishment.
The long island, the solitary moon, facing each other in the brightness.

At the time Li T'ai-po refers to, King Sun of Wu made Courage-and-Glory his Capital, and held court there. Doubtless another portly volume would be required to describe all the ancient footsteps left about its walls, but there is one that we cannot ignore. I speak of the Yellow Crane Tower, standing on the very top of a hill overlooking the Great River. The heroes of the Three Kingdoms met there and discussed strategy, and it has been a famous footstep ever since – that is, the site has been, because successive Yellow Crane Towers have suffered dissolution and re-establishment throughout the centuries. I was fortunate in finding a photograph taken by a traveller about 1890, of the beautiful building which stood there then, and from this Miss Douglass has made a sketch. It was burnt some thirty years ago, and its successor is built of brick and concrete in the most execrable style. Brick and concrete, alas, are all too impermeable to destructive agencies. A Chinese gentleman tells me that the last tower was 'very beautiful and of painted wood with bright green roof tiles.' Li T'ai-po and his friends often visited the site and there drank wine and recited poems. He has left us the record of one such occasion.

* AT THE YELLOW CRANE TOWER, TAKING LEAVE OF MÊNG HAO JAN ON HIS DEPARTURE TO KUANG LING

I take leave of my dear old friend at the Yellow Crane Tower.
In the flower-smelling mist of the Third Month he will arrive at Yang Chou.
The single sail is shining far off – it is extinguished in the jade-coloured distance,
I see only the long river flowing to the edge of Heaven.



May 23

As certain parts of the Great River above Hankow are very shallow we have taken for this portion of the journey a steamer of lighter draught, which sailed from Hankow late last night. To-day has been cool, grey, and threatening, nor have there been any especially important ancient footsteps to observe. We passed the actual scene of the battle where Ts'ao Ts'ao's ships were annihilated, and where a red cliff remains to tell the tale, during the hours of darkness.

The fish traps along the shore were very interesting and new to me. It appears that in April when spawn is floating on the water the fishermen go out in their little boats and collect it. They hatch out the tiny fish in these curious traps, and when a sufficient number are ready,

hawk them about the country in jars. The country people buy them in order to stock the ponds and inland waters. We also met some gigantic rafts of bamboos and poles which were being propelled in a strange manner. In addition to the huge sweeps in front, they had a windlass on the after part. A boat in attendance carried a big fan-shaped sea-anchor or water-sail in front of the raft, and plunged it upright into the water. The raft was then drawn up to the water-sail by means of a thick bamboo hawser which was wound round and round the windlass. The attendant boat then lifted the fan-shaped device from the water, hurried forward with it, and plunged it into the river again, and the performance of warping the raft up to it was repeated. This went on *ad infinitum.* Other local curiosities were the perfectly round lime kilns bound with bamboo ropes. They are built in even tiers and the stones between the bands of rope are so placed that the air draws through them. The kilns are filled with fuel which is lighted as they rise, so it smoulders slowly. The bamboo rope is not hurt by the heat and is used for a second kiln, and sometimes a third.

After dark a drizzle began, and when we reached Ch'êng Ling the port for Yochow, it was raining 'as tho' a tub were overturned,' which is the expression used by the Chinese, when we would say 'it is raining in buckets-ful.'

May 24

We are most fortunate. Instead of pushing on from Ch'êng Ling as ships usually do, as the captain received instructions to take on a cargo of rice, we turned from our course and ran up to Yochow (High-Peak Islet) itself, reaching there quite early in the morning. I would

have remained unconscious of our movements had not Number-two Boy, who usually travels with me, hurried into the cabin saying, 'Mississee! *ku chi* (ancient footstep) have got.' I hastily rose and looked through the port-hole directly upon the Yo Yang Lou (Bright Tower of the High-Peak). It is a very famous footstep, and with one of the After-After-Wanderers I hurried ashore.

High-Peak Islet stands at the entrance to the largest lake in China, the far-famed Tung T'ing; it is therefore the water gate to Hunan, South-of-the-Lake Province and the vast region beyond. It is constantly referred to by poets, who are always longing to 'float upon its waters.'

*He is going to the Tung T'ing Lake,
My friend whom I have loved so many years.
The Spring wind startles the willows
And they break into pale leaf.
I go with my friend
As far as the river-bank.
And my mind is full and over-flowing
With the things I did not say.

So runs the poem on a Written Picture, which hangs in my room. As the lower reaches of the Great River are closely associated with Li T'ai-po, so the long stretch between the Tung T'ing Lake and Chungking are especially the property, if one may so express it, of his famous contemporary Tu Fu. High-Peak Islet was where he and his family, after having lived in the gorges for several years, turned South on their way to join relations in Hunan. Tu Fu himself was very ill when they reached this point and died from exposure before they arrived at their goal; nevertheless he

climbed the Bright Tower, then not much more than fifty years old, and wrote the following poem:

In years past I have heard of the Tung T'ing Water,
Now I mount the Bright Tower of the High Peak.
Wu and Ch'u burst open to the East and South,
Heaven and Earth float before me, by day, by night.
From relations and friends not a word;
With my old illness I was in the lonely boat,
There were Horses of Jung to the North of the Barrier Mountains;
Leaning on the railing my tears flow in an unending stream.

The pavilions which compose the Bright Tower are built over the West gate of High-Peak and command a wonderful view. Broad stone steps lead from the river bank to the archway forming the city gate, and directly above this is placed the largest of three pavilions. It faces the setting sun, and is roofed with glittering yellow and green tiles; the green cleverly grouped in the centre of the yellow in the shape of a huge svastika. Small pavilions stand to the North and to the South, and the southern has a glorious roof of true delphinium blue.

Chang Yüeh, a statesman and scholar of the T'ang dynasty who lived A.D. 667–730, built the original Bright Tower, but it has been rebuilt and repaired many times since.

Evidently the fame of the Chang's beautiful building spread quickly, and people from far and wide came to see it. One of these was Lü Tung-pin of the T'ang dynasty who later became immortalized, and is now a most popular member of the famous group called the Eight Immortals. He is supposed to have visited the

Tower three times and to have grieved that no one recognized him. The story told is that Lü Tung-pin was resting at the White Peak Temple in Yochow, when suddenly a little old man came down from the topmost branch of a fir tree and said: 'I am the Pine Tree Elf and seeing you, Teacher, approach, feel that as a host in this place I should come and welcome you.' Lü Tung-pin, rather annoyed at the lack of attention he had received, was pleased with the respect paid him by the Elf and wrote the following quatrain on a near-by wall:

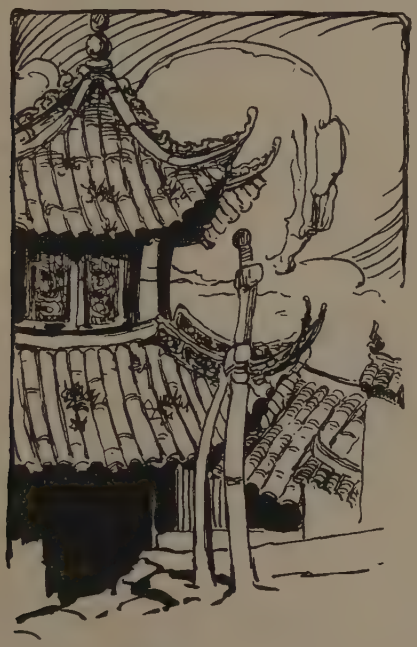
Alone I came, alone I sat,
Nowhere do people of the World recognize me;
There is only the Elf from the old tree
Who understands clearly that an Immortal passes by.

In the second story of the Tower is a shrine to the saint which shows the little Elf in attendance. In the main hall below stands a stone tablet just over six feet in height, well described by Dr. Yetts in the *Burlington Magazine* for September, 1921. He says: 'A rubbing obtained when I visited Yochou in 1909 is here reproduced. The stéle is headed with six characters – *Fu yu ti chun i hsiang* – which literally translated mean "Handed down portrait of the Divine Prince and True Protector." The title here used is one that was conferred on the *hsien* at the beginning of the fourteenth century by the third emperor of the Yüan dynasty. The story told in the inscription surrounding the figure is briefly as follows: In A.D. 1509 the reigning emperor dreamt that Lü Tung-pin appeared to him. Accordingly he ordered that those members of the Hanlin Academy who were competent artists should prepare portraits of the *hsien*. Not one of them having succeeded in obtaining a satisfactory

result, the emperor issued a public proclamation calling for painters of merit to undertake the task. In response there came one day a Taoist priest to the family residence of Han-ch'uan Kung, who held the high office of a Senior Censor. The Taoist asked for a piece of painting silk and then and there completed the required portrait. He saw, however, that, although the work was excellent in other respects, he had made a superfluous stroke of the brush in drawing the right foot. So he gave it to Han-ch'uan, and called for some more silk, on which with masterly speed he executed another portrait more perfect than the last and meet for presentation to the emperor. What was the amazement of Han-ch'uan to observe that it was the artist priest himself that the two pictures portrayed! The emperor, on unrolling the scroll, was filled with delight at the fidelity of the likeness and urged Han-ch'uan to obtain the Taoist's attendance: but no trace of him could be found. The painting given to the Censor was handed down as an heirloom in the family, which, it may be remarked, is a distinguished one that has contributed several great men to the mandarinate of China, including the Viceroy Chang Chih-tung. A tracing of it was obtained by an official named Han Ch'ing-yün, who, when in 1901 appointed to a post in Hunan, undertook the restoration of the Yo-yang Lou. Being an ardent votary of Lü Tung-pin and mindful of the tradition connecting him with the spot, Ch'ing-yün caused a copy of his tracing to be incised on a stone slab and displayed there for the benefit of the public. This is the monument from which our rubbing was obtained.'

Another stéle which is far more artistic, is placed in a pavilion with a lovely turquoise roof South of the main hall. A paraphrase of the inscription upon it reads:

'Erected by a man named Wang of Shaohsing Chê-kiang. He relates: In the Spring of the Chia Tzŭ year of T'ung Chih (A.D. 1864) I had the portrait of the *hsien* cut, and afterwards I was not happy about it, as it was done in the ordinary style showing Lü Tung-pin with a two-edged sword like a military person, and I thought over how one could obtain a real portrait. There was no way.



'Once, when I was slightly ill, I dreamt that a Taoist appeared to me holding in his hand a date, of great size. He came floating on the air. I asked his surname and name; he did not reply. He only picked up two cash which were suspended to his girdle and showed them to me. I wakened but could not understand the meaning of what had taken place. The Official Kuan Wên when

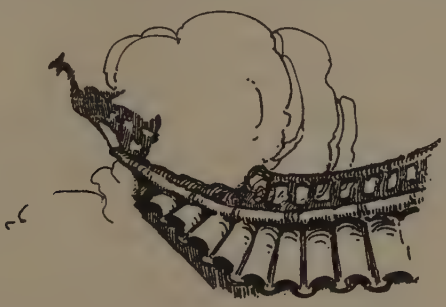
he heard this said – "The name of the visitor is expressed by the cash. In the centre of the cash is an empty square. If the squares are placed one above the other you have the surname of the *hsien*, Lü. If the two are put together you have his name Hui. It carries also the meaning of a reply. The date of great size, is one of those which grow in the land of the Immortals, and is shown as a symbol that the person who holds it is an Immortal." Kuan further said he felt this must be so and begged me to quickly make another picture. Therefore I gathered two or three friends of the same manner of thinking and we completed the affair. I reverently had the picture cut on stone – thus showing to those who come after, the true picture of the *hsien*. I, Wang Chi, write these words.'

Miraculous portraits seem to be a hobby with the sage, as, only this Spring one is supposed to have been obtained from the clouds by means of an Eastman Kodak! This occurrence was reported to the North China *Daily News*, by its Kansu correspondent, and a full account appears in the issue for March 10, 1922.

The architecture of the Bright Tower is strikingly beautiful. I have never seen more lovely and varied doorways, nor more exquisite lattice work; and the roof finials are very fine indeed. The design used is one frequently seen, that of the Love-Pheasant, but instead of using merely a conventionalized head, as is usually done, the whole body of the bird is shown in sharp outline against the sky.

Soldiers, the curse of modern China, were quartered in the different pavilions when we were there, and their store of rice, which was stacked in the Central Hall, hid

more than half the characters of the famous Bright-Tower of the High-Peak Record written A.D. 1044 by Fan Chung-yen a Sung dynasty notability, on one of the occasions when the pavilions were repaired. The Record is carved on wooden panels and forms a sort of screen behind the large tablet of Lü Tung-pin. Fan states that as many famous people have already given the whole history of the Tower, he will confine himself to speculation on what causes joy and what causes sorrow, all in connection with the triumphant view from the Bright-Tower of the High-Peak. The Record is very long and



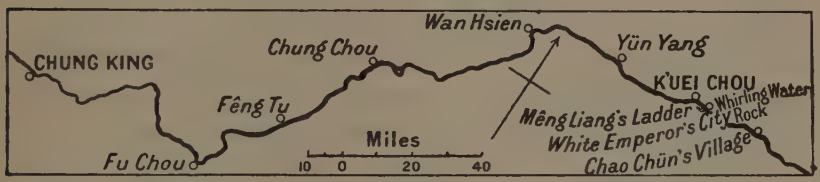
contains some lovely lines. In describing the lake he writes: 'The wide stretch of the Tung T'ing Lake holds far-off hills in its lips, it consumes the Great River. Immense, immense; vast, vast; it lies crosswise, with no edge nor precipice; when the sun rises as through a sea-mist, it is bright and glittering; when the crescent moon shows, it is as though in the World of Shade. Its apparent size is ten thousand times a thousand.' There must have been a torrential downpour while he was there as further on he says: 'For ten days and more, rain drives, drives, for the past month it has not opened out. Wind from the Dark Quarter rages and howls; waves full of sediment dash in the empty ether. The light of sun and star is

obscured; the forms of hills and high peaks are pale and shallow. The boats of travelling merchants do not move; masts are unshipped, oars beaten to fragments. At the vague moment of sunset, and during the six periods when the sun is hidden, the tiger's roar, the gibbon's wail rise high to the storied building.' He does not, however, wish to leave his readers with a dark picture in their minds, so after a few comments on grief describes the lake in fine weather. 'The Spring season; peace of growing grain, of the high sun shining with concentrated brilliance. The smooth skin of the water undulates, no longer startling. In the sky above, in the lake below, is the bright light of Heaven. The colour of pure gems stretches wide, for ten thousand times a hundred *mou*. Sand gulls wheel high in the air; drop, and collect together. Fish with scales like fine brocade, float near the water's surface; dive, and disappear in its depths. On the banks are sweet-scented grasses and leaves of the river spear-orchid. Varied, varied; green, green. And perhaps a mist lengthens in the wide emptiness as the white moon shines over a thousand *li*. Its light floats, glittering like gold. Still are its bright shadows in the jade depths. Fishermen sing, they laugh together. This joy has what bound? It rises high to the storied building.'

Tu Fu's famous poem on the view from the tower is supposed to be hung on the wall beside the Record, but I could not see it. The soldiers knew nothing of it – nor did they care. We had no time to investigate, as strident hoots from the steamer warned us that the rice was loaded, and that we must push off.

The stretch of country between Tung T'ing Lake and Furze Gate which is where the foot-hills of the Tibetan plateau begin, is perfectly flat and no higher than the level of the sea. It may seem monotonous, but as Li T'ai-po says, 'From old days until now, people who can really see with their eyes are few,' and in reality it is one of the most interesting parts of the whole stream. Here the world is in the making.

The Great River, having cut through mountain ranges and swept aside all obstructions in the high country, proceeds to meander through the Hupeh plain in what seems an inconsequent manner. The channel is



ever-changing. So much so that at Sunday Island, which the Chinese call Brought-forth-by-Heaven Island – and which is really no island at all, but a series of shifting flats, – boats have to be stationed continually to mark its vagaries from hour to hour. Although the distance, as the crow flies, between High-Peak Islet and Sunday Island is only forty-eight miles, the ship steamed over a hundred. She seemed to be perpetually going round in circles, and a solitary hill which appeared off our port bow at one moment, in a short time was directly starboard. It is not strange that the explorer, Captain Gill, who compared the maps made by Blakiston in 1862, with those already drawn by the Frenchman d'Anville 'first geographer of the King' a hundred years earlier, found

the greatest differences here. We were exceedingly fortunate in having as our Captain a man who took an immense interest in the fluctuation of the stream, and who kept careful sketches of its changing bed made from his own soundings.

The country is intersected with dykes, built in what is often a vain attempt to stem the frequent floods. It is not surprising that the people appeal also to the denizens of other worlds for help. Just above Sunday Island, on the left bank of the river, is a huge bronze single-horned beast, placed there, I believe, about two centuries ago. It sits firmly on its haunches gazing up-river, and certainly looks quite prepared to swallow any stream in flood; which is what it is supposed to do!

Water-flowers, as the rosettes of foam formed by swirling currents are called by the Chinese, floated past us rapidly on the highly coloured water. In regard to this colour, which in the upper reaches of the river is so extraordinary, I have often been accused of exaggeration. I therefore quote a passage from what is probably the most literal book in the world. I mean the *Yangtze Kiang Pilot*, issued by the British Admiralty in 1914: 'The colour of the water, even in winter, is far from clear, whilst in summer it is tinted with red, brown, yellow, and occasionally purple hues.' It is impossible to describe the effect this coloration makes in the changing lights from sunrise to sunset, it was impressive even in the Yellow Dusk.

ABOVE BROUGHT-FORTH-BY-HEAVEN ISLAND

May 26

Yesterday we spent the whole day winding through the plain which sometimes lay twenty feet below the

river level. The channel was often marked by bamboos on either side, and we obeyed the unwritten law of navigation by which ascending ships hug the steepest bank, and allow those descending to float down the centre of the channel on the breast of the current. Late in the evening we stopped at Shasze (Sand-Market), port for Ching Chou, the Furze City, which lies two miles to the North-west. Sand Market is a very important distributing point and is the place where large vessels, which have made the journey through the Three Chasms, tranship their cargo into boats of lighter draught, for the journey through the plain. Ancient footsteps abound, but are not so important as those at Ching Chou.

Furze City was the Capital of that ancient fief known as Ch'u, the Kingdom of Thorns, one of the feudal states under the Chou dynasty. It must be admitted that the suzerainty exercised by the reigning house was very shadowy indeed; and that, during a long period ending 278 B.C., the country ruled by the Kings of Ch'u assumed a vast extent. Lying as it did on the margin of the restricted China of that day, it embraced many non-Chinese elements, and was affected by many non-Chinese influences. This stimulus of variety may be one of the reasons that poetry as an art separated from music, had its rise in the Kingdom of Thorns. At all events the first Chinese poems we know of, apart from the Odes collected by Confucius three centuries earlier, are the writings of Ch'ü Yüan, a Minister of the Kingdom of Thorns. He was born 332 B.C. and as he was related to the Kings of Ch'u, held office while still quite young. At first he enjoyed the full confidence of the sovereign, but later became involved in Court intrigues and was dismissed from the Capital. He then wrote the long irregular poem

known as 'Falling into Trouble.' For six years he wandered about in exile and then, in despair, drowned himself in the Mi Lo River. This happened on the fifth day of the Fifth Moon. And because he was a loyal and devoted minister, from that day to this, people go out in boats upon the water supposedly searching for his body, which has never been found.

At the time of the Three Kingdoms, Furze City, then known as Chiang Ling, River Sepulchre, was famous as being the prefecture where Liu Pei (Liu The-Prepared) held an official post before he became King of Shu. It was at this time that he married the extremely clever Lady Sun, sister of King Sun Ch'üan of Wu, and, as I have already said, the ceremony is supposed to have taken place on the site of the present Sweet Dew Temple in Chinkiang.

The subsequent adventures of Liu Pei and his bride are dealt with in the highly popular play 'Return to River-Sepulchre,' which never fails to meet with an enthusiastic response from sympathetic audiences. It will be remembered that the Lady Sun was far more interested in the fortunes of her royal brother than she was in those of her remarkable husband, and hurt Liu Pei deeply by bringing in her cortège from Wu, not only able generals, but also a stalwart band of a hundred amazons. This lack of confidence on the part of Lady Sun, who it may be remarked parenthetically was the third wife Liu Pei had married, had a great deal to do with his subsequent actions. The *Flowery, Sunny, History of Kingdoms* states that 'Liu Pei discussed the matter with his wise Minister Chu-ko Liang and then, not liking to be with the Lady Sun, went to the West.' The same volume gives certain data about Liu Pei's other wives.

First came Kan Fu Jên (Lady Sweetness), mother of Contemplation, the worthless son of Liu The-Prepared. She and the child were lost sight of in the trouble which followed the battle of the Long Sloping Bank, which battle is shown in the carving of my Grass Hut. Liu then travelled to the East and in River-of-Abundance Province, met a minor official named Mi who, when he saw that Liu The-Prepared had no wife, and was moreover a 'hero,' offered his sister as a bride. Subsequently the Lady Kan and the Lady Mi seem to have been the best of friends. The marriage with Lady Sun followed next and some years later Liu Pei contracted an alliance with a Lady Wu, sister of a very powerful man who rendered him material assistance in establishing the Kingdom of Shu. When this was accomplished in A.D. 221 the Lady Wu was made Queen, but with the Chinese genius for reasonable compromise, Contemplation, son of Lady Sweetness, was named Heir apparent – so everybody was pleased. Liu The-Prepared is so intimately connected with the Three Chasms towards which we are heading, that I feel justified in making this digression into his matrimonial affairs.

Fifty miles or so West of Sand Market, foot-hills began to appear and suddenly the sheer wall of Tiger's Teeth Gorge cut the foreground – it is the first hint of limitless force. So perpendicular are its cliffs that boats cannot advance by tracking and must ascend by help of oars when there is no wind to help them; but strangely enough a fairly strong wind does as a rule draw from the South-east, from noon to sunset all the year round.

Above the little gorge, which is only two miles long, we steamed into the reach below the city of Ichang (Righteous Prosperity), where we dropped anchor in the middle of the afternoon.

Righteous Prosperity lies at the foot of the Three Chasms and is the point where modern travellers tranship for the up-river journey in especially constructed steamers. Machinery is not my strong point, but I do know that these ships are very powerful indeed, and that they are provided with three rudders in case of emergencies. I also know that steaming through the Yangtze Gorges is no child's play but a serious undertaking. A few Europeans live in Ichang, as it is a Treaty Port, and the Chinese city is large, and so rich that it has been looted many times in the troubled days of latter years. It is the first typically up-river city I have ever seen, and the houses perched on stilts in preparation for the high water of summer are very curious. The thoroughly modern quay abreast of our berth is forty-seven odd feet above the zero of the river gauge, and on a level with the hot-season rise.

Our steamer, the *Mei Rên* (*Beauty and Benevolence*), does not sail until daylight of the twenty-ninth, so we can explore the ancient footsteps of Ichang.

May 28

Yesterday we, the After-After-Three-Wanderers, visited the Three Wanderers Cave. The Chinese guidebook, *Triumphantly Famous Ancient Footsteps Widely Observed* is its full title – I think I shall simply speak of it as the 'Guide' – gives quite a full account of the cave:

'To the N.W. of the city, Ichang, lies the San Yu T'ung (Three Wanderers Cave). The interior is three

chien large. The entrance allows only one person to pass at a time. Inside there are stalactites which extend from the top to the bottom like bamboos. In the time of the T'ang dynasty Po Chü-i, with his younger brother Po Chih-tui and Yüan Chên paid it a visit and all wrote poems about it. During the Sung dynasty Ou Yang-hsiu, Su Tung-po, and his younger brother came and also wrote poems. The Ichang people call the first group Before-Three-Wanderers, and the second, After-Three-Wanderers.'

It was a delightful afternoon, the water in the glen clear and pure, the hillsides jade-green, and the cave itself thrilling. The characters on the entrance arch read 'Hills and Water Clear and Harmonious.' It is enough.

The names of three Europeans, Anglo-Saxons, are written on the ceiling of the cave: J. H. Grayson, T. Liddell, I. Duff, 1849!!! Who were these Three Wanderers and where did they come from in those early days of Western intercourse?

Then we walked over the hill. The sun was low enough to blaze with light and as we watched, a tiny dot suddenly appeared in that vast Gateway to the West, the *Mei Rên*, our boat on her downward journey, slid through before our eyes. By the time we reached the bottom of the hill she had covered the distance in the Gorge and throbbed past, giving us her terrible 'wash.' It was quite unnecessary to adjure our boatman, as we did, to '*hsiao hsin*,' '*hsaio hsin*'!! ('Little heart,' 'little heart'), the Chinese idiom for 'take care.'

To-day, it has been, and is, pouring with rain. A perfect deluge. We are not equipped with sea-boots, oil-skins, and sou'-westers, the only adequate costume with which to face the elements, so remained on board until we could tranship to *Beauty and Benevolence* where we are now installed. Mercifully the heavenly authorities set their tub upright at the moment of transhipment, so the threatened drenching was averted.

AT THE NORTH OF THE THREE CHASMS

May 29

Sailed 4.30 a.m. If any doubts existed as to the seriousness of navigation on the upper reaches of the River of Golden Sand one glance at the faces of those on the bridge of the steamer would dispel them for ever.

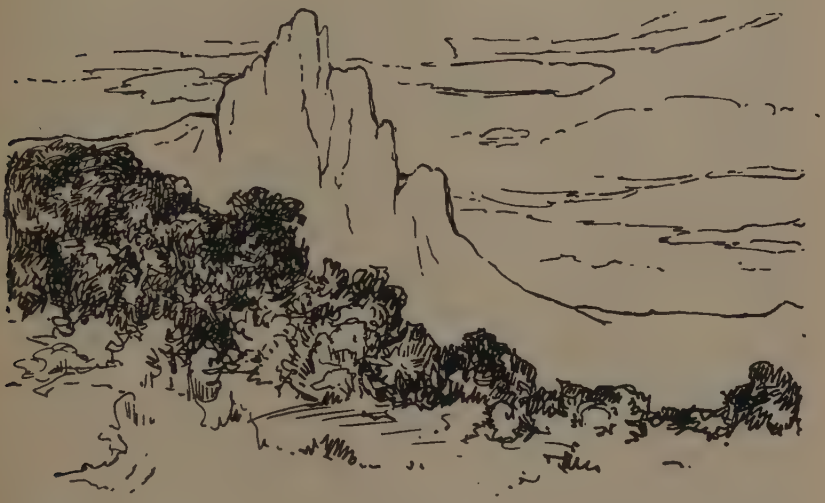
The enormous bulk of the captain filled the centre: at one end, the chief officer, slim and grave – his first journey: on the port side the pilot, his face the colour of Ming ivory, impassive, immobile. He was practically motionless, with the exception of the directions he gave with his right forefinger. In the background three helmsmen.

No one spoke. The only sounds were of the rushing, swirling, eddying water, of the panting engines, or the sharp call of the engine-room bell in answer to a signal from that dark forefinger.

Up, up, through the Ichang Gorge. The light became less grim, mists rose, fell, lifted and slipped behind the peaks; through the Great Gate on and on we throbbed until the Yellow Ox stood above us.

*Three dawns shine upon the Yellow Ox.
Three sunsets – and we go so slowly.
Three dawns – again three sunsets –
And we do not notice that our hair is white as silk.

So wrote Li T'ai-po about twelve centuries ago, even to-day our progress is not rapid.



Soon we reach the Deers' Horn Rocks, the Upper and the Lower. Tu Fu wrote:

When we passed the Deers' Horn Rocks, we were assuredly passing through danger.
When traversing the Wolf's Head it was as though we trod on his dewlap.
How is it possible not to change colour when crossing the evil rapids?
To sleep on the high pillow would show that one was unduly confident, and regarded one's person as but trivial.

Books of poems and histories were all over-turned and
thrown into disorder;
Of things packed in bags – half were wet, and crushed;
On the precipice of life, we looked down giddy and
anxious;
At any instant we might be in a desperate situation.

The Deers' Horns are surely very 'evil' places at certain states of the water, so is the Kung Ling T'an. The official, Pao Chao, of whom I shall speak later, was capsized when passing through this reach. His two sons and some of his suite were drowned and he, a broken-hearted man, retired from public life.

The river narrowed again, the hillsides in their newly washed beauty, were close to us and the cascades caused by the excessive rain, made a most extraordinary effect. Each one was filled to its utmost, and the colours were more astounding than can be described. Deep red, pale red; deep copper, pale copper; straw colour and bright gold; streams of jewels flowing down the rocks.

The passage became narrower and still narrower until we entered the Gorge of the Military Code and Precious Blade, commonly known after its upper exit as Mi T'an. To quote the prosaic *Yangtze Pilot*: 'The Gorge is about one and a half miles in length and a quarter of a mile in breadth. On each side are vertical cliffs rising from 1,200 to 1,500 feet above the river, but inshore to 3,000 feet.'

To us these definite details were as nothing, we knew that the famous San Hsia were near, and waited breathlessly. As we waited there came a really thrilling moment when we met another steamer in that terribly narrow passage of the Fire and Smoke Rocks. For a

tense moment the captain stood with his hand on the signal cord; the pilot implored him to do – I don't know what; he was perfectly still until his mind was made up, then blew two blasts, and we practically stood still below the rocks, while the other ship slid swiftly past. Of this place it is said, 'the water rushing past can be heard several *li*.'

The entrance to Wu Hsia, The Sorceress Gorge, first of the famous 'Three,' was gloomy and awe-inspiring; it began to rain heavily; the soil was ruby red; the trees deep tropical blue-green; the Great River itself kept its unique exquisite shade – that indescribable rosy copper, a gift from the sands of Tibet.

The Gorge takes its name from a very ancient story told by Sung Yü the nephew of Ch'ü Yüan *circa* 300 B.C. The preface to his descriptive poem reads:

Formerly, Prince Hsiang of Ch'u travelled with Sung Yü to the Terrace of the Cloud Dream within view of the High Embankment. Above, there were only filmy clouds, and rocky peaks rose sheer. Suddenly the appearance changed; every moment it altered; it was endlessly transformed. The Prince questioned Yü, saying: 'What is that film of mist?' Yü replied, 'It is called the Cloud of Dawn.' The Prince said, 'What is the Cloud of Dawn?' Yü answered, 'Formerly, the First King (i.e. Huai Wang of Ch'u) journeyed to the High Embankment. He felt weary, and lay down to rest by day. In his dream he saw a woman who said: "The Unworthy One is the lady of the Sorceress Mountain; she is a passer-by on the High Embankment. She has heard that the Prince travels here, and she is willing to place the pillow and spread the sleeping mat." Therefore the King loved her tenderly. When she was about to go and leave him she said: "The

Unworthy One lives on the southern slope of the Sorceress Mountain; high hills, which look to the four quarters, separate us; we can only meet by means of the sunrise clouds and the sunset showers. At every sunrise, at every sunset, I will wait below the Southern Terrace." At dawn, when the sun passed the horizon she was seen according to her words, therefore a temple was established, and called the Cloud of Dawn.'

The King said, 'When the Cloud of Dawn first rises, what is its form?'

Yü replied saying, 'When it first rises, its vigour is like the pine, erect, lofty, a little later it comes nearer, it is brightly illuminated, it is like a beautiful woman who raises the sleeve of her robe to ward off the sun's rays, who gazes thoughtfully into the distance. Suddenly the form changes, and in an instant it is like a chariot with four horses; like a standard with fluttering banners; refreshing like wind; cool as rain. When the wind stops blowing, and the rain clears away, the cloud has no place.'

The King said, 'May Ourself proceed now to see the place?' Yü answered, 'It is possible.' The King asked, 'How shall we go?' Yü replied, 'The place is high and brilliant, from the top one can look far off; the view is wide and all-embracing. When the ten thousand creatures first existed it was linked with Heaven above. Looking down one sees the whirling waters of meeting streams; it is beautiful, unusual and very grand; one cannot estimate or praise it sufficiently.' The King said, 'Try and write a *fu* upon it for us.' Yü acquiesced with great promptness.

In Ichang we had bought a copy of a very interesting Chinese pilot book called *Travelling Boats' Necessity*, compiled by a certain Admiral Ho. He gives the name of every single place on either bank, describes rapids, rocks and eddies with the greatest care, and, in addition, gives quotations from poems and essays, when such are apposite. Pictures accompany the volume, pictures which are quite easy to follow. The mountains are shown from above. The artist might have been seated in an airplane looking down upon the length of the river, with mountains laid back to the right and to the left. It was a most useful book.

The Sorceress Gorge is about twenty-four miles long and varies in width from one hundred and fifty to four hundred yards, and is sometimes as much as sixty fathoms deep. Precipitous cliffs rise in places to the height of a thousand feet, and mountains tower beyond the river edge. The aspect of the two banks differs. The northern shore is abrupt and sterile while the hills to the South are wooded, and have fertile slopes. A short distance from the entrance of the gorge the provinces of Hupeh (North of the Lake), and Szechuen (Four Streams), meet. The dividing line is opposite a point called Cloth-Bag-Mouth, and the first village in Szechuen is Pei Shih (Rock Back), perched on a colossal limestone ledge, below precipitous hills. Not far from here is Ch'ü Yüan's whirlpool, and his house stood North of Tzŭ Kuei Hsien in the hills.

On the left bank of the river the Twelve Peaks rise sheer from their bases. As Tu Fu says, 'The Sorceress Cliffs are piled high in irregular outlines.' Even the names are full of poetry and it is not in the least difficult to imagine the Fairy Lady as floating near their summits.

They are called: Gazing at the Red Glow on the Clouds; The Kingfisher-green Screen; Clouds of Dawn; Pine-trees on the Round-Topped Mountain; Where the Immortals Assemble; Where the Cranes Collect; The Pure Altar; Rising and Ascending; Rising Clouds Pheasant; Flying Love Pheasant; Climbing Dragon; and Spring of the Sages.

The poets of China always visit the Three Chasms if they possibly can and of course Li T'ai-po made the journey, and of course he recorded the fact. One little poem in which he did so was originally inscribed on the wall of the inn where he spent the night:

GOING IN A BOAT FROM EAST PA, PASSING THE CHÜ T'ANG GORGE – CLIMBING THE HIGHEST PEAK OF THE SORCERESS MOUNTAIN. WRITTEN IN THE EVENING ON MY RETURN

The river flows many thousand *li* ;
The moon over the water is round on the fifteenth night ;
Already through the Chü T'ang Gorge –
Subsequently climbing the Sorceress Mountain to its peak.

And later he wrote:

PASSING THE NIGHT BELOW THE SORCERESS MOUNTAIN

Last night below the Sorceress Mountain
Long through my dreams sounded the gibbons' wail,
Peach flowers fly on the green water,

In the Third Month below the Chü T'ang
Wind blows, gone is the rain colour.
It blows South and brushes the Prince of Ch'u.
On the high hill from which four quarters can be seen,
I treasure thoughts of Sung Yü,
Thus visiting ancient sites, tears fall on my garments.

At the upper mouth of the Sorceress Gorge is a conical hill fifteen hundred feet in height, and in the ravine above it is a spot full of romantic interest. It is the village where the lovely daughter of the Wang Clan, known as Chao Chün, or the Bright Concubine, was born and brought up. Her story as given in *Fir-Flower Tablets* is taken from a Chinese book, devoted to the biographies of famous beauties. This tallies with that given in Giles' *Biographical Dictionary*, and also with the entry in the *People's Names Dictionary* published in 1922 by the Commercial Press, Shanghai. Mayers, however, in his *Chinese Readers' Manual*, gives the story as rendered by Sir John Davis in the play, 'The Sorrows of Han,' and then continues: 'The actual historical fact is that, in 33 B.C., the Emperor cemented an alliance with the Khan of the Hiung-nu, by bestowing upon him in marriage, on his visiting the Court, the lady Wang Chiang, called Chao Chün, who on reaching the country of her adoption, became recognized as queen with the title of Ning Hu.'

Poets and painters, generally speaking, refer to the historical version. Li T'ai-po's poem, 'The Honourable Lady Chao,' is in *Fir-Flower Tablets*. The one by Tu Fu, I do not think has been translated before. It reads:

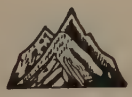
Innumerable hills, a thousand ravines reach to the Furze Gate.
Among these stood the village where the Bright Concubine was born, and grew to womanhood.
She went from the Violet Terrace – far off to the Moving sands of dark Northern Wastes.
In the yellow dusk only her grave mound keeps the green colour.
The painted picture kept recognition from the Spring wind face.
It is vain to expect the jade girdle ornaments of her returned spirit to tinkle in the moonlight night;
For a thousand years the *pi-pa* has brought forth Barbarian's airs.
One can hear clearly in the sound of the phrases, the bitter resentment and loathing of Chao Chün.

The Furze Gate is opposite Ituhien, a city lying below Ichang and guide-books are most definite as to the position of the village where she lived. It lies forty *li* North-east of Kwei-chow at the upper entrance of the Sorceress Gorge.

After she reached her home among the Barbarians – they were well named – Chao Chün wrote a most pathetic letter to the Emperor. It is too long to quote, but in it she protests her undying loyalty and begs the sovereign to care for her family.

This he did. When he discovered Mao Yen Shou's perfidy, he sentenced the painter to death, and confiscated his fortune for the benefit of Chao Chün's family. One may hope that they were comfortable, for the price their daughter paid was appalling!

After the death of her husband she asked the following question of the heir apparent, 'Will you follow the custom of Han, that is, China, or the custom of Hu, the Barbarian tribes?' He replied, 'The custom of Hu.' Whereupon she took poison and died. This terrible custom decreed that a succeeding Khan should marry his father's widow.



Just above Chao Chün's village stands the Bright Terrace where the Fairy Lady is supposed to have met the Prince of Ch'u; and on the other bank is the high plateau where, so the legend goes, she appeared to the great Yü and gave him a book. After studying it he was able to cut through the Gorges. It was probably before he received this tome that Yü tried, without success, to bring the river through the False Gorge. This opens so temptingly before one, that the sudden northerly swing into the Chü T'ang, better known as Fêng Hsiang or Wind Box Gorge, causes a gasp of surprise.

The *Travelling Boats' Necessity* says that it is ninety *li* from the Sorceress Gorge to the Terrifying Embankment and that 'the bad rapids are not only in one place. There is the Black Stone Rapid, the Fan Stone, the Swallow's Beard Water-course, and so on. Great stones are ranged by the bank, standing up like the teeth of a dog. The water cannot run straight, and the boats look like snakes. When the water is high there are whirlpools, and if one tries to prevent the boat from going East – it must go West.'

In 1823 an official of North of the Lake Province

spent more than ten thousand ounces of his own money in cutting away the rocks of the Black Stone and Swallow's Beard Rapids, so they are less dangerous than they were formerly.

The Stretch of the Chü T'ang Gorge, literally Chasm of the Terrifying Embankment, is intensely dramatic. It is difficult to speak of in a few words. So many spirits

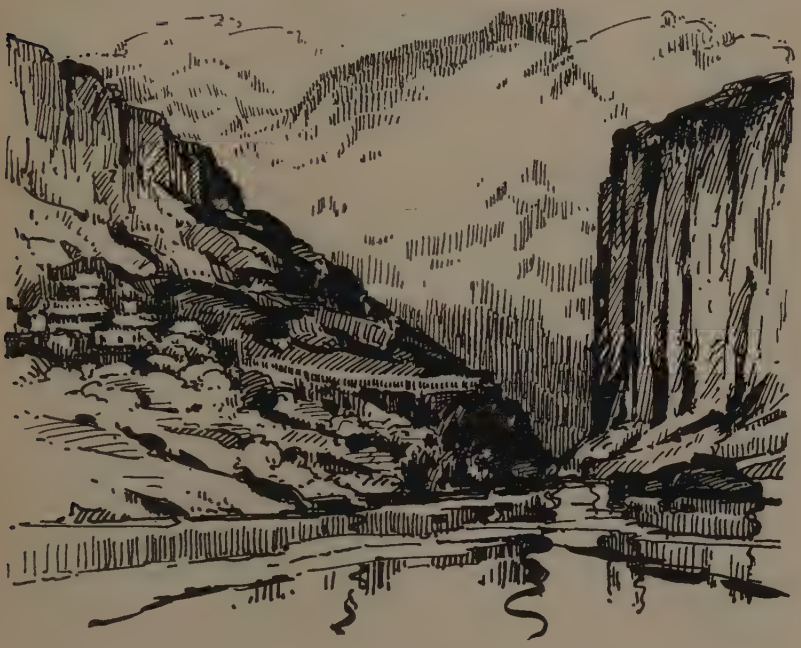
of those who have gone into the Great Beyond must revisit it. From its height the gibbons cry, and as is well known, if their wail is heard three times, men's tears stream.

The Chü T'ang is only four miles in length, but its cliffs rise sheer for seven hundred feet on either bank and it forms a Heaven-made Danger for the protection of Szechuen. It is well called the Water Barrier.

At the upper end Mêng Liang's ladder is pointed out ; it is composed of holes in the rock fourteen inches square and two feet deep, in which this brave general is supposed to have placed posts so that his men could scale the cliff.

Mêng the-Good was a General who, with his brother-at-arms Chiao Tsan, followed Yang Extended-brilliance, a commander-in-chief during the Sung dynasty. The three men were as devoted to each other as if they had been actual brothers, and a famous play called 'Mêng the-Good Steals the Bones' treats of their adventures. The main outlines of the plot run as follows: The father of Yang Extended-brilliance had met his death fighting the Golden Tartars near the present site of Peking, and his body had been placed in a cave. Yang Extended-brilliance whose high position as an Official did not permit him to leave his post, deputed Mêng the-Good to go and recover his father's bones. Chiao Tsan was much disturbed at the idea of Mêng Liang's making this dangerous journey alone, so followed him by stealth. Mêng Liang reached the cave, recovered the bones, and was preparing to start back, when Chiao Tsan, who had also entered the cave, made an exclamation of joy. Startled, and fearing an enemy, Mêng Liang turned, and with one blow of his axe laid Chiao Tsan's head open. When he discovered that he had killed his Younger Brother he no longer desired to live, but realized that the bones he carried must be delivered. At that moment an old man passed by, who spoke the language of the Chinese – not of the hated Tartars. He said that he had followed the father of Extended-brilliance to this far-off frontier, many years ago, and had been left there after his death. 'Do you long for home?' asked Mêng Liang. 'Ah yes,'

replied the man. 'Then go to the Official Residence of the commander-in-chief who will receive you well; do not kneel before him until you have delivered this burden, it is he who should kneel before you.' Then entrusting the old man with the precious bones Mêng the-Good killed himself.



When Yang Extended-brilliance heard the sad story he was overcome with grief, and shortly afterwards he also died.

The reason Mêng Liang was obliged to scale the cliff was that at night, and in times of danger, a chain was stretched across the river and securely fastened. The iron pillars which held it can still be seen and I have heard that the chain itself lies in a cave below the White

Emperor's City which stood on the promontory opposite Mêng Liang's ladder.

The city was built by the redoubtable Kung-sun Shu who, in A.D. 25, tore Szechuen from the Emperor Kuang Wu of Han, and established a Kingdom here. While construction was in progress a white dragon is supposed to have appeared to him from out of a well, so he chose white as his colour and gave his city this name.

In addition to the chain, a man-made protection, there is a remarkable rock placed by Heaven, as though it were a sentinel.

This is the Yen Yü Tui, Whirling Water Rock, called by Europeans for some unexplained reason, the Goose Tail – at low water it towers out of the river bed to a height of ninety-six feet, at least that is the figure given by the *Yangtze Pilot*; poets say two hundred!! At the top of high water it is often covered and then the District Magistrate forbids junks to travel. It is referred to by poets again and again. The boatmen say: When the Yen Yü looks like a horse, the Chü T'ang cannot be descended. When the Yen Yü is like an elephant, the Chü T'ang cannot be ascended!

The Chinese believe that spirits from the World of Shade revisit the scenes of their earthly sojourn; if this be so there are three men whose spirits in special must often return to the Terrifying Embankment. I speak of Tu Fu, who lived for several years in K'uei Chou,[1] the

[1] In the system of transliteration adopted by the Post Office this name is spelt Kweichow, as is the name of a town farther down the

city at the mouth of the gorge, and who wrote five volumes of poems during his sojourn there; of Liu the-Prepared; and of his great Minister Chu-ko Liang. That is of China's greatest poet; of the wise Ruler who was willing to hear good counsel; and of his minister whose name is a synonym for devotion and loyalty. So completely did Liu the-Prepared and Chu-ko Liang act in unison, that shrines to the Officer are always placed beside those to his Master. Of the one on the shores of the Terrifying Embankment Tu Fu wrote:

In the temple which remains, the vermilion and green are old,
On the empty hill grass is long, the trees are thick.
It is as tho' one still heard the words of Chu-ko Liang not to desert the Later Lord.
Not again to lie at his home on the Sunny Bank of the South.

The Later Lord, as Liu Pei's worthless son, Contemplation, son of Lady Sweetness was called, did not merit the marvellous fidelity he was shown.

It will be remembered that Chu-ko Liang was very anxious that Liu Pei should form an alliance with Wu that they might together annihilate Wei. For the only time recorded, Liu Pei refused to acquiesce with his counsellor; who shall say how much he was influenced by wounded vanity and resentment? One knows that the Lady Sun's treatment of him had always rankled in Liu Pei's breast. At all events he insisted upon fighting Wu. The frontiers met at the White Emperor's City

river. The characters are quite different. In order to avoid confusion I have in this case adhered to the Wade transliteration.

and here Chu-ko Liang placed his famous defence, Diagram of Eight Strategies, heaps of stones arranged according to an intricate device of his own. Tu Fu speaks of this footstep which was ancient in his day in 'The Diagram of Eight Strategies':

His meritorious services overcome those of all in the Three Divided Kingdoms,
His fame was completed by the Diagram of Eight Strategies.
The River flows – the stones do not revolve.
The resentment he has left behind is that he failed to swallow Wu.

As a matter of fact, the decisive battle in which Liu Pei was defeated by Lu Hsün, the general in command of Sun Ch'üan's troops, was farther down the river in the present Hupeh, East of Ichang.

When he realized that Lu Hsün's tactics had overcome his own forces, Liu Pei mounted his horse and rode over the hills, and through the ravines, back to the White Emperor's City, arriving there at night. Here he lived for a year in the Palace of Eternal Peace – disappointed, ill, broken in spirit.

It is said that Su Tung-po when travelling up the river anchored his boat below the promontory while he visited the old sites. One night he heard a wailing sound and, borne by the wind, the following phrases came to his ears again and again:

The River flows – the stones do not revolve.
The resentment he has left behind is that he failed to swallow Wu.

'Who is there? Who speaks?' called Su Tung-po.

From the darkness of night came the following reply: 'It is the spirit of the Admirable One' (Tu Fu's fancy name) ; 'I grieve because, ever since I wrote them, people have misunderstood the last lines of my poem on the Diagram of Eight Strategies. Chu-ko Liang only wished to "swallow Wu," so that Shu and Wu together might annihilate Wei! He died unhappy because Wei was still powerful. Alas, that my poem should not be understood. Ai – ai – ai – ' and the voice faded away into the darkness.

Pao Ch'ao, whose sons as I have already said were drowned in the Kung Ling T'an, resigned his official post and went to live in K'uei Chou; while there he placed a beautiful stone tablet in the Palace of Eternal Peace. A short history of the White Emperor's City is cut at the side and the centre shows two Love Pheasants with *wu t'ung* trees and pæonies. A rubbing taken from this very tablet hangs in my Grass Hut. Pao was doubtless thinking of the saying: 'Where there is nothing precious the Love Pheasants do not alight' – and to him, as to us, the treasure contained in the Palace of Eternal Peace is the memory of the scene between Liu the-Prepared and Chu-ko Liang in the second month of Spring, when the water had hardly risen from its winter level. Liu Pei knew that death was near – it came indeed, in the Fourth Moon, when the copper flood had half submerged the Whirling Water Rock; and so sent for his minister. Chu-ko Liang hurried from Chêngtu to receive his dying master's instructions. The Ruler knew that his son Contemplation was worthless, and he well realized the greatness of the man before him, then but forty-three years old in the very flower of his age. He felt that Chu-ko Liang had best take the throne, but the

Minister, his voice choked with tears, declared that he could only serve descendants of the Han dynasty, and then uttered the words for which he has been famous ever since: 'My body shall toil; I will suffer and exert myself to the last extremity. Only after Death has come, shall this have an end.'

The Palace of Eternal Peace stands among trees on the western slope of the White City, its green roofs glistened in the evening light. We could not, of course, visit it so I do not know what its present condition may be. In Tu Fu's time it was dilapidated, but was cared for by people in the villages near by. He says:

The Lord of Shu, when keeping watch on Wu, had his
Residence in the Three Chasms.
In the year he rose to high hills on the wings of the
Love Pheasant, he was at the Palace of Eternal
Peace.

In the pines and firs of the old temple, water cranes nest,
The times in the year are the sixth month and the twelfth
when the venerable old men of the village come
here.

The Son of Heaven does nothing so ordinary as 'to die,' he is carried aloft by a Love Pheasant or a beautiful dragon. Tu Fu spent two years on the shore of the Terrifying Embankment and leaves a very complete record of his thoughts and impressions at that time. He was ill, miserable over the troubled state of the country, unhappy at the separation from his home and relations –

out of sympathy with the Szechuenese whom he regarded as only semi-educated, nevertheless he rejoiced in the marvellous scenery. Again and again he says: 'The manners and customs of the land are bad. The view – is triumphant!'

He gives many most interesting details in regard to these bad customs: women gathered firewood, and their fathers did not exercise sufficient care in arranging marriages; boys ceased their studies with the Confucian Analects which is the first of the Classical Books children read, and then began to tie up parcels for the river merchants. He tells us, too, how water was led from the hills to the city of K'uei Chou :

To the West of the White Emperor's City ten thousand
bamboos coil and turn,
Their tubes are connected to lead water – throats are not
dry.

He also speaks of salt wells, which are uncovered at low water; and of the fish and so on, things he sees; but above all he writes of the view. And it is a very wonderful view. To the North that curious sharp peak called the Red Cuirass rises nearly five thousand feet, to the South the foreground is cut sharply by the cliff of Mêng Liang's ladder, and the middle distance is filled with the gleaming Salt Mountain – Tu Fu gazed at it at all hours.

IN THE DIM LIGHT OF THE STILL CONCEALED SUN, SEEING THE SALT MOUNTAIN FROM THE WHITE EMPEROR'S CITY

Stepping slowly, carrying in my hand my old man's
pigeon staff,
Looking at the hills, I throw back my white head.

The Kingfisher colour is deep – it opens the sheer-cut
wall.
The far-off red is knotted with the flying pavilion,
The sun comes up as I gaze at the bright river.
The soft warmth dispels the stranger's grief.

Again he says:

The light in the high building is divided far from the sun,
The shadow of the chasm enters deep into the River.

Ill, and homesick he was tortured with 'discontented thoughts at being on the Edge of the Empire,' yet when the moment of his departure actually came he found it hard to leave, and says, 'when the boat was loosed, I stood alone, sighing.'

It has taken us from dawn till dusk in this powerful steamer, to make our way from Ichang; junks take weeks against the current, but when the high water is in flood they slide down-river with incredible swiftness. Li T'ai-po has left the following record: I cannot vouch for its correctness, and one must not forget that Tu Fu remarked, 'The poems of Po are unequalled; his thoughts are never categorical but fly high in the wind'; and it is a long way from the Terrifying Embankment to Chiang Ling the present-day Sand Market. However, some people with whom I have discussed the matter, think that the distance may possibly be covered between dawn and dark of a summer's day, provided the river is in freshet.

LEAVING THE WHITE EMPEROR'S CITY AT DAWN

At sunrise from the White Emperor's City into the five-coloured clouds of the Chasms
A thousand *li* to Chiang Ling, in a day it is covered.
From either bank the gibbons cry – the sound does not cease;
The light boat has already passed ten thousand lines of hills.

It is a matter of undying regret to me that we have never heard even *one* wail from a gibbon, much less three, but I believe these creatures still exist.

Not until well after five did we drop anchor at K'uei Chou (City of the One-legged Monster), at the upper mouth of the Three Chasms. It was the meeting point of Shu and Wu during the short but exciting period of the Three Kingdoms, and is often referred to in literature as the Barrier City. Fish-tail boats lay along the deep foreshore and the South Gate towered at the top of the bank.

The guide-book had signalled, to use the French idiom, several ancient footsteps in K'uei Chou, among others the Hall of Ten Worthies which was supposed to contain Sung paintings purporting to be portraits of ten famous men. We hurried ashore in search of so important a footstep. The entire population was much interested but very vague indeed as to the existence of Hall or paintings. We followed, however, a willing guide who conducted us directly up the Moon Tooth Street, and stopped outside a very charming building. It proved to

be the Ancestral Hall of the Chou Clan. One of the sons of the house, a courteous person of about forty, came to the doorway and spoke with us. 'You wish to see the Hall of Ten Worthies, the Shih Hsien T'ang? I do not know. I am a very young man and my father has not told me about it.' *Why* portraits of Tu Fu, Ch'ü Yüan, Chu-ko Liang, and so on should undermine the morals of a man, be he ever so young, we did not stop to inquire, but hastened down the hill in the fast vanishing daylight. This time we were led through the old prefectural offices, a wonderful collection of buildings. We visited Hall after Hall and finally reached a round monument at the top of a hill, which monument covers a well – and in this well Liu Pei's wife, I do not know which one, drowned herself in despair at his death. Lovely trees shade it, and it is a most interesting spot but not the Hall of Ten Worthies. We looked blankly at one another when a cheerful man in a Szechuenese turban of brilliant blue stepped forward from the crowd accompanying us, and said that he knew where we wanted to go. Down the hill we went at his heels, through the Halls again, out into the street; up the hill straight to the North Wall; and veering East continued for quite a long way under magnificent trees. Finally our turbaned guide turned sharply through a doorway and came to a halt beside a charming pavilion which stood in the centre of a stone-lined pool of water. He had misunderstood our words, and thought that we had asked for the Shih T'ang (stone pool), instead of Shih Hsien T'ang (Hall of Ten Worthies). Ah me, the vagaries of the Chinese language!! The sounds it is true do not differ, but the characters are 'of two kinds.' As a matter of fact, we were most fortunate to have thus

stumbled on one of the most important footsteps in the One-legged Monster City. The little pool stood in the enclosure where Tu Fu had lived for a certain time, during the years he spent at the mouth of the Three Chasms; and it is where, doubtless, he wrote many of the poems his countrymen admire so much.

On our hurried way along the North Wall we had passed a very beautiful temple to Yo Fei, the Sung hero whom I have created Patron Saint of my Grass Hut. Coming back we entered, and mourned that so fine a structure should be allowed to fall into decay.

The streets of K'uei Chou are narrow and dark, but we had fascinating peeps into enchanting interiors as on our way back to the ship we slid down the hill on the slippery stone pavements. Broken blue and white porcelain mosaic is used a great deal on the house fronts and has a lovely effect. High up in the town is a large stone tablet which marks the spot reached by the terrible flood of 1870. It is impossible to calculate how many feet above its normal height the river must have risen, but it was a long and steep descent from the tablet to the little boat in which we dropped down-stream to our stalwart ship, *Beauty and Benevolence*.

May 30

Although it was cold and rainy when we sailed at half after five this morning, by the time we reached Yün Yang (Clouded Sun City), lying directly below towering peaks, the weather was clearing and the barometer had taken an upward trend.

The place, as one passes it, is very picturesque. I noticed a beautiful Palace of the Patron Saint of Literature, and also a fine Hall of Longevity with lovely green

and yellow tiles. Opposite the town is one of the most beautiful buildings on the river. It is a memorial temple to the famous Chang Fei, a hero of the Three Kingdoms period, whose bones are supposed to rest there. With Liu the-Prepared, and Kuan Yü, he formed the Peach Garden League, whereby the three men became blood brothers and swore to fight, to live, and to die together, and they certainly were the most devoted friends. Chang Fei was a man of impetuous and uncontrolled nature. The popular story is that when he heard of Kuan Yü's tragic end he ordered that all the troops under his command should immediately, within the space of a night, put on mourning. Incensed at his unreasonable request the tailors set upon him with their scissors and killed him, and, so the story says, that is the reason why tailors ever since have been obliged to use scissors with rounded points; which they do. The cold light of historical accuracy shows, however, that two officers who were displeased with his arrogance murdered him. At all events his shrine, which replaces one swept away by the flood of 1870, is very lovely, and the great characters on its façade, 'Upon the river the wind is pure,' are a fitting motto for the place. Many poems have been chanted in its praise. Chên, Candle-of-Literature, wrote:

In the district of Peaceful Clouds is the temple of the
renowned Marquis.
Ancient trees hang from the lofty peak bathed in smoke
rising from offerings at the grave.
Rumour says his skull and head bones lie buried here.
We can know that his liver and gall still grieve and
mourn.

The five viscera are looked upon by the Chinese as being the seat of all emotions, and the terms liver and gall are used to express high-spirited courage and feeling.

Another writer relates how, when the sun had disappeared in the long grass at the horizon, he climbed the grey rocky bank to the place where the bones of Chang Fei are locked. In speaking of the bones he uses an adjective which means filled with spiritual vitality. He also suggests that it is the hour when the spirit of the hero should arrive at the village, carrying a bowl as priests do, when they wander from house to house begging for food.

Not far above Clouded Sun City we reached the New Dragon Rapid which has only existed since 1896 when, after forty days of incessant rain, a bad landslip occurred on the left bank of the river. At this season the Dragon is comparatively harmless, but at low water he is appallingly fierce and special pilots assist boats to circumvent his vagaries.

We are very fortunate indeed. As a rule, steamers only stop for an hour or so at Wan Hsien (Ten Thousands District), then push on to Fu Chou where they anchor for the night; but the Captain of *Beauty and Benevolence* has orders to remain at Wan Hsien until to-morrow daylight, so we have been able to see one or two of the many ancient footsteps.

Ten Thousands District is intimately connected with Li T'ai-po, who studied here in his youth and whose memory is still very green. The precipice where he

spent much time reading, writing, and playing hedged-in-checkers, is high above the town. We toiled to the very summit. Number-two Boy remarked patiently this evening, 'We have traversed four thousand steps of stairs.' I did not doubt his word. An entry in the Chinese guide-book reads:

'T'ai-po Precipice lies five *li* West of Wan Hsien on the West Hill. Li T'ai-po studied here, so it was given his name. From the time of Sung, the Officials who have been appointed to the place have repaired and beautified it. In honour of the poet, half-way down the hill they made a square pool into which they led a mountain stream. The view from here is the most beautiful in the prefecture.'

It is true. In a deep niche in the cliffs which tower above Wan Hsien the poet sits in effigy, freshly gilt, looking with a quizzical smile down the bend of the copper-coloured river. An attendant on either hand stands ready to serve him with wine, one youth holds a flagon, the other a wine cup. Li T'ai-po himself might be pondering over his lines:

* 'Only those in the midst of it can fully comprehend
the joys of wine
I do not proclaim them to the sober.'

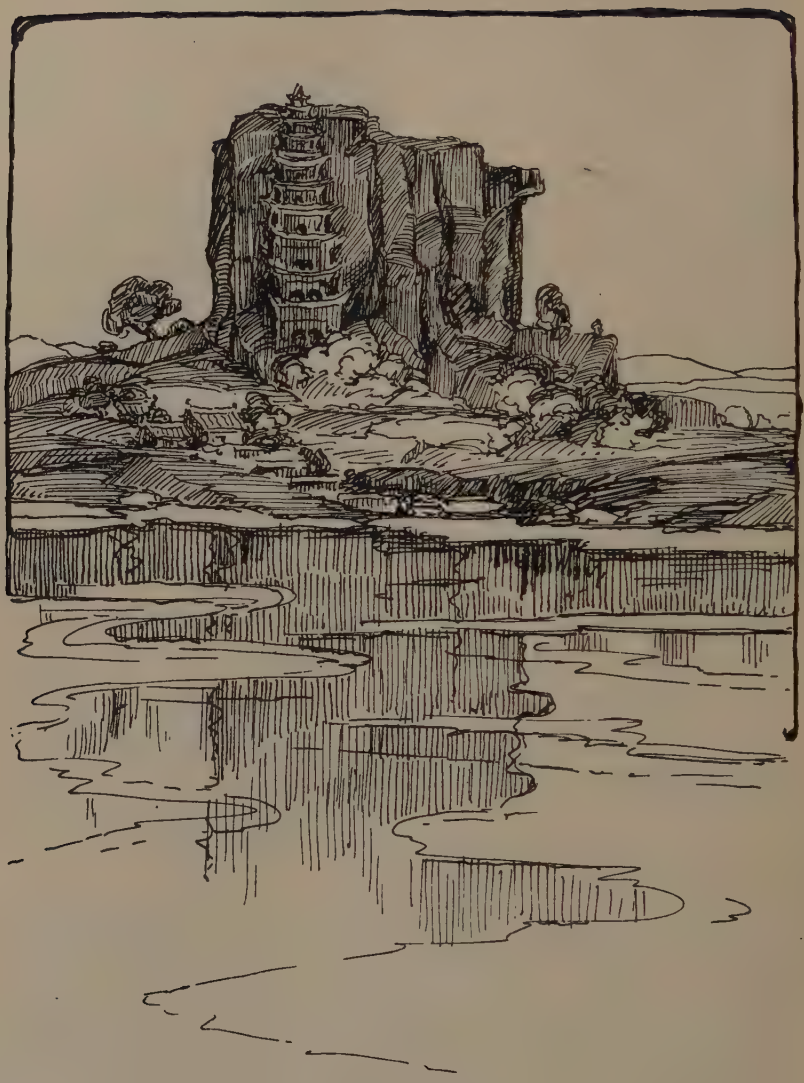
Wan Hsien is beautifully situated on either bank of a small river, which is almost dry at low water. At least the *Yangtze Pilot* says it is; now it is running swiftly. Across the stream the famous bridge of Ten Thousand Prefectures throws its single span in a line of perfect harmony, and below this fine specimen of man's handiwork, Nature has placed a natural bridge in the shape of

a wide flat stone known as the T'ien Shêng Chiao (Bridge Produced by Heaven), *under* which the water forces its way. The authors of the *Yangtze Pilot* became strangely confused in regard to this whole matter – their entry reads: 'A small river, the T'ien Shêng Chiao, almost dry in winter divides the walled city from the extensive suburbs to the southward of it. . . . The T'ien Shêng Chiao is spanned by a semicircular bridge, with no visible abutments, the single bow arch being surmounted by a covered pavilion. *The freshets coming down the Yangtze and the T'ien Shêng Chiao raise the height of the river so much that it is said sometimes to overflow the bridge.*' The italics are mine. It is obvious that they have mistaken the name of the bridge for the name of a river, and that the bridge covered at high water is the one Produced by Heaven, not the lofty span farther upstream. There are many other ancient footsteps at Wan Hsien, and some day I may visit them all.

May 31

The bad weather has gone. Dawn came early, so by half-past four this morning we were able to push on upriver. The lights were exquisite and a soft haze added depth to the view which was no longer overpowering. We had left the Chasms far behind, and hilly slopes took the place of precipices.

Four or five hours after leaving Wan Hsien we came to the amazing pile called Shih Pao Chai (Stony Precious Castle). The great rock rises perpendicularly from a platform which, itself, is no mean height. The whole pile stands about three hundred feet above the river and is surmounted by a Buddhist monastery, which they tell me has suffered greatly during the last few years of



fighting. A charming legend, analogous to our tale of the goose with the golden egg, is told of Shih Pao Chai.

It seems that at some date, unspecified, a miraculous stream of rice from a crevice in the cliff supplied the priests with sufficient food for their daily needs. In the dead of night an avaricious soul sought to increase the supply by the simple means of enlarging the hole through which it came. But little imagination is required to guess the result – rice ceased to flow.

By middle day we reached the woody uncultivated island where Chung Chou (City of Loyalty) used to stand. A dark tale of parricide, which I was unable to unravel, is connected with the change of site. The present city stands four miles above, as the crow flies, and nearly double the distance by the meandering water-way. Opposite the City of Loyalty is a temple to the Great Yü, who, as I have already said, is supposed to have carved the Three Chasms from out the mountain ranges and so let the Great River run into the Eastern Sea. Tu Fu visited it on his way down-river and wrote:

The temple of Yü in the empty hills,
Autumn winds, slanting shadows of the setting sun,
A neglected court where hang oranges and pumeloes,
An ancient building with painted dragons and snakes,
Cloud vapours create a wall in the void,
There is the sound of water passing over white sand.

The day became more and more brilliant, the water shone with a deeper and more marvellous colour as each hour went by, and when we arrived at Fêng Tu in the middle of the afternoon the world seemed dipped in gold.

Fêng Tu (Abundant Capital) is one of the most famous places in China, because it is supposed to be the principal entrance to the World of Shade, where spirits of the dead sojourn. In the temple on top of the hill which rises from the river bank, is a sort of well-head said to lead directly to the palace of King Yen-lo, sovereign of the dark regions. A passport for the journey thither can be bought for quite a trivial sum. A story told me in regard to Fêng Tu is rather amusing. My informant said that it had been customary for every Official, when taking up his post in the district, to descend the curious aperture, which by the by remains unexplained, and pay his respects to the ruler below.

'Only those Officials who were perfectly sincere and upright could return' – the story-teller paused for a moment then added: 'It was found necessary to close the well-head.'

Before reaching Fu Chou, where we were to tie up for the night, I noticed a most extraordinary effect in the colour of the river. Pools of jade-green and bluish water seemed to be mixed with the copper and red to which our eyes had become accustomed. I found that this is no unusual phenomenon. The Crow River which joins the main stream at Fu Chou, brings down its pellucid burden with such impetus that the waters do not merge for quite a long time. This Crow River must be very curious. The turns are so abrupt and the rapids so swift that in descending the current it is necessary to use

specially constructed boats with twisted sterns. They are very peculiar in appearance and look as if the after deck of an ordinary Chinese junk had been given a sharp turn upwards, so that the stern deck had become perpendicular. This straight-faced deck has rungs to enable a man to climb up, if he need do so. The boats have no rudders, but are steered by a colossal sweep which is worked from a bridge in the middle of the vessel. Salt, travelling from the province of Four Streams to the South-west, is carried by this turbulent water-way.

We came to anchor far above the city limits at the hour of Yellow Dusk.

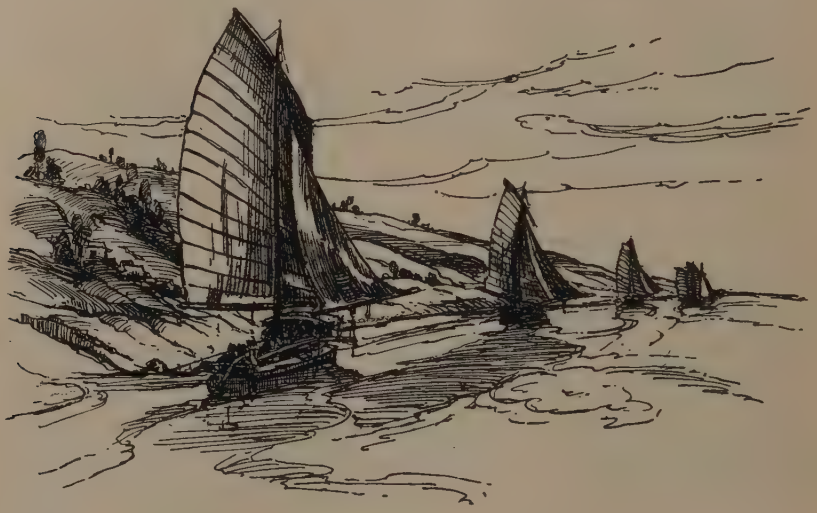
June 1

Again it was a glorious morning and again we started 'in the level brightness of dawn.' The distance between Fu Chou and Chungking is not so very great, and the stream runs, generally speaking, between gentle slopes.

We passed several large flotillas of junks being drawn up-river by gangs of trackers, men harnessed to a great bamboo hawser which leads from the mast head. Sails were set, both mainsails and spinnakers, and billowed full with a strong southerly wind, and immense sweeps jutted out from the bows of the boats. At high-water season comparatively few junks travel, so we have seen but little of the marvellous manipulation of which trackers are capable. Tu Fu describes the boatmen of the Chasms in a poem called 'Very Able.'

The men of the Chasms regard death lightly.
Few are within the gates of Official residences, many are on the water.
The wealthy, possessed of money, embark on great vessels,

The poor and humble seize their livelihood in tiny boats.
Little boys, in their learning, stop at the Lun Yü;
Larger youths tie bundles, pack luggage, and follow
travelling merchants;
They attend to the sails, the inclined rudder, as it enters
the waves and billows;



Avoiding whirlpools, carried on by the rushing water, no
danger delays them.
Just now what strikes the eye is surely a proof,
The Terrifying Embankment is boundless to the sky –
the Tiger's Beard is raging,
The old men of K'uei Chou are very able in surmounting
these dangers.

Years ago Mr. E. H. Parker in speaking of a Szechuen river said: 'It is only navigable in the not insignificant sense, that boats can go up and down!' The same remark might almost be applied to the Great River itself: here

also matter has been subjugated to mind, and for centuries boats have breasted the seemingly unpassable rapids on the upward journey, and whirled down-stream

at the top of high water when the river is a boiling torrent.

During the winter when rapids rage is the time to see and appreciate the trackers, and this, of course, was denied to us. We realized that we were having but a cursory glance at the great water-way in one of its many aspects, and felt that we were 'looking at flowers from a galloping horse.' However, the flowers were exquisite!

The sun was directly overhead when we reached Chungking. The name means Important Blessings – the characters might also be translated as Hearty Congratulations. Whether or not their choice had anything to do with gratitude on safe arrival at a journey's end, I do not know. In any case the city, standing on a rocky promon-

tory between the Great River and a very important tributary called the Chia Ling, is a most extraordinary place. Seventeen gates pierce the crenellated walls, and flights of stone steps rise over a hundred feet from the foreshore to the gates which face the rivers. As the entire water supply of the city must be carried up these steps, and as an immense amount of cargo must also go up and down, the traffic can be better imagined than

described. I really felt as though every human being in the province of Four Rivers must have come to meet us! –and yet we had left a few behind us by the way.

The delay at Wan Hsien curtailed our stay here. We had only a few hours on shore this afternoon and are to sail at dawn to-morrow. In a way I do not mind. Chungking is the threshold to a new world; and even a week does not suffice to absorb the characteristics of another planet. Some day, perhaps, I shall pass up to the West over that steep stony road where we stood this afternoon watching travellers start for Chêngtu, for the Tibetan Border or the Frontier States; but to-day I am content to carry away a dim, confused impression of towering walls, stony winding roads, high peaks, immense banyan trees, and so *many*, MANY people.

One incident, however, stands out clearly against this confused background. As we walked in the Garden of Righteousness high on the hill, we met an old man carrying a table-lute. As is customary in China, he greeted us courteously, and we conversed. He said that an official had invited him to the evening meal and that later they would have music in the garden. I expressed my delight in such music and he offered to play for us, but said that we must find a suitable place to sit and listen. He led the way around the brow of a little hill to a deep cave in the hillside, in which were placed a stone table and garden seats. Drawing his table-lute from its soft green and gold brocade cover, he placed it on the table and played a soft and plaintive air. I think that it must have

been of hills and water; possibly he thought of those which lay before us in the golden sunset light. After a little while, the music ceased, and the musician took his leave with all the elaborate phrases cultivated people use – but we remained in that strange cave looking down upon the glittering plain until the slanting shadows warned us that our ascent of the Great River was over and that we must go.

WILD GOOSE HAPPINESS HOUSE,
ON THE YELLOW REACH, ABOVE THE SEA

Grain Fills

At home again. We have travelled two thousand and seven hundred miles; to the gateway of Central Asia and back.

The journey down-river is so quickly accomplished that an ever-changing pageant is the only impression remaining in my mind.

Whereas in stemming the current, *Beauty and Benevolence*, though she throbbed and shivered, had often hardly moved, in steaming with the flood, her engines hardly seemed to turn over, and yet we slid past hills and ravines, cliffs and low shingle banks, in a miraculous fashion.

In a turn of the palm-of-one's-hand, we passed from Chungking to Ten Thousand Districts. Night overtook us there, so we anchored, but as soon as the sun began slowly to mount in the East we opened boat, to use a Chinese idiom for starting. The Red Cuirass towering above the One-legged Monster City was touched by level rays as we approached, and the river below shone with the marvellous tinge of a newly opened *pyrus iaponica*.

Just above the Sorceress Gorge we ran through Leaping Stones Rapid of which it is said that it runs with such force that pebbles spring from one bank to the other.

LEAPING STONES RAPID

Before the Fairy Lady's Peak the river water is smooth and flat.
Suddenly the dangerous whirlpool startles the traveller's heart.
As the boat slides past the cruel Tiger's Beard
Man seems to be standing on the back of the immense sea turtle, or the long water lizard of the gruff voice.
The birds' pathway on the lonely precipice is but a hair's breadth in width,
A gibbon wails, alas that it should be heard for the third time.

In the Sorceress Gorge itself the waters 'rush with incredible speed to the sea, and they never turn and come back again.' We rushed, breathlessly, on their bosom, until our brains reeled, and we were utterly weary in mind and body.

And so it is that I am very glad to sit quietly at this peaceful season when the ears of grain are ripening, with Yo Fei beside me in the shade of our own camphor tree. As I look up at its glistening leaves and net of infinitesi-

mal flowers, I reflect that it is as beautiful as any tree we have seen on the whole journey. And while the sky is bright with afterglow, I revisit in memory the ancient footsteps in which the After-After-Wanderers have stepped.

The Chinese Idea of a Garden

IN THE GRASS HUT BY THE YELLOW REACH
DURING THE PERIOD OF EXCITED INSECTS

WHAT IS THE CHINESE IDEA OF A GARDEN? THIS IS A QUESTION I have been asked, and, as is always the case with Chinese subjects, I have found that the research required to give an answer has been considerable. It has, however, proved a very interesting study, and at this moment of the year when, as always in early March, not only insects but plants and trees are 'excited,' has seemed very appropriate. Mr. Cultivator-of-Bamboos has entered into the subject with enthusiasm; it naturally appeals to him deeply.

In the first place it was necessary to consider Chinese philosophy. This may seem a strange statement, but it is true, and it would be equally true were I speaking of Chinese painting, poetry, or indeed of Chinese life in general. In the chapter on the Purple Forbidden City I have treated the subject at some length and have illustrated it by a diagram.

In the centre of the upper circle is shown Shang Ti, the Creator – the Supreme or Heavenly Emperor; in the centre of the lower circle appears the *ch'i* or Vital Essence – the all-powerful 'breath' of Shang Ti by means of which the Ultimate Principle is put into motion. This produces two Secondary Essences, the famous Yin and Yang, or Negative and Positive Essences in Nature, from which all living things spring.

The Yin or Negative Essence corresponds to the feminine elements, to weakness, to darkness, and its symbols are the Earth and water.

The Yang or Positive Essence corresponds to the masculine elements; to strength, and to light, its symbols are Heaven and the sun.

The figure at the bottom of the chart is the conventional representation of these two Essences which it is very important to keep in mind.

In this philosophy man holds no position as Lord of the Universe. Although he is the most important and highest of the Ten Thousand Things, as the creations of Nature are called, he is still considered but one of them, and finds his greatest joy in communion with, and contemplation of, the other manifestations of the

Universe, which he may be said to look upon as his 'brothers.'

Secondly, folk-lore, especially as regards that curious belief in the Western Paradise and the Islands of the Immortals, had to be taken into consideration. The Western Paradise is supposed to be situated among the K'un Lun Mountains of Central Asia and the islands are thought to lie off the Eastern Coast of Northern China; both places are inhabited, according to Chinese folk-lore, with beings of supernatural origin and others who, though once mere mortals, have attained immortality by living a life of contemplation among the hills.

When the process is complete they are transported to Paradise by a dragon or a crane, there to pick the fairy grasses and live for ever in beautiful surroundings. Li T'ai-po writes in

* PARTING FROM YANG, A HILL MAN WHO IS RETURNING TO THE HIGH MOUNTAIN:

There is one place which is an everlasting home to me:
The Jade Woman Peak on the High Southern Mountain.
Often, a wide, flat moonlight
Hangs upon the pines of the whirling Eastern stream.
You are going to pick the fairy grasses
And the shooting purple flower of the *ch'ang p'u.*
After a year, perhaps, you will come to see me
Riding down from the green-blue Heaven on a white dragon.

We considered also the life led by a member of the Chinese aristocracy in pre-revolutionary days. The only aristocracy which has ever existed in China, excepting members of the Imperial Clan, was an aristocracy of brains. The Official Class was recruited from among those who had passed the literary examinations, open to all men in the Empire, outside members of a few proscribed classes as actors, barbers, and so on. Moreover, after a man had passed the second examination, that of Promoted Man, he automatically became an Official and although he might have to wait for office, his rank was such that people looked up to him; he was able to teach and perform various ceremonies the payment for which enabled him to pass through the day, the Chinese idiom for making a living.

After he had held office, and attained wealth and rank, he would establish a *chia* or family home which would be very very full of people, as many of his less fortunate relations, to say nothing of daughters-in-law and grandchildren, would assemble under his roof to live on his bounty. For a man who had passed years in literary study in order to pass the examinations, years in which he had been steeped in poetry and the Classics, the inevitable bustle of a *chia* must have been very tiring, and of course the post of an Official was in itself no sinecure. Moreover, he had probably mastered the seven Fine Arts, which are: calligraphy, painting, playing the table-lute, playing hedged-in-checkers, writing poems, drinking wine, and cultivating flowers, and thoroughly to enjoy these arts it was essential for him to have peace, quiet, congenial companions, and beautiful surroundings. Therefore, the ideal residence of an educated man was, and I may say is, a country place – high up in the

hills, where he and his friends can retire and let their hearts – which are of course regarded as the seat of thought – beat in unison with the rhythmical pulse of Nature herself.

*A DESULTORY VISIT TO THE FÊNG HSIEN TEMPLE AT THE DRAGON'S GATE

BY TU FU

I had already wandered away from the People's Temple,
But I was obliged to sleep within the temple precincts.
The dark ravine was full of the music of silence,
The moon scattered bright shadows through the forest.
The Great Gate against the sky seemed to impinge upon
the paths of the planets.
Sleeping among the clouds, my upper garments, my
lower garments, were cold.
Wishing to wake, I heard the sunrise bell
Commanding men to come forth and examine themselves in meditation.

A realization of this point of view, universal in China, assisted me in giving an answer to the question with which I started. The Chinese idea of a garden is that it shall represent as closely as possible the innumerable natural scenes so dear to the heart of a scholar; that it shall reproduce as nearly as possible the site of his mountain retreat. Naturally the periods when an Official could leave behind him the cares of the world and retire to the actual wild were rare; moreover, leaving him himself out of the question, the women of China were debarred by the social system in vogue, from ever enjoying the

experience of an actual sojourn in desolate places, therefore one may say that the planning of a Chinese garden was a case of *literally* bringing the mountain to Mahomet! Gardens were planned for various reasons and not the least frequent was to give pleasure to some woman, a mother or a lovely favourite, as of course the tastes of educated women were the same as those of men.

In discussing the planning of gardens, Mr. Cultivator-of-Bamboos said: 'You ask, why should one make a garden? Perhaps the place one lives in is bustling and noisy, and one's heart is therefore not "open" ' (the Chinese idiom for being at peace). 'When a man is born he has three great needs: food, clothes, and a dwelling place. Now food and clothes should be varied and the dwelling place should not be monotonous. Man likes variety. Even the uncultivated man goes to the hills, though he does not always appreciate them, but the cultivated man of refined tastes does appreciate them.'

This point is brought out by Li T'ai-po in the poem:

*REPLY TO AN UNREFINED PERSON ENCOUNTERED IN THE HILLS

He asks why I perch in the green jade hills.
I smile and do not answer. My heart is comfortable and at peace.
Fallen peach flowers spread out widely, widely, over the water.
It is another sky and earth, not the world of man.

After quoting the poem, my teacher continued: 'It is not important that a man should be rich to make a garden, although of course it takes money, but he *must* be cultivated and refined. He longs to bring the hills to

himself so that he can have a natural view, the only way he can do this is to have a garden – this is his great reason. If the site chosen be flat and uninteresting, the garden will be as if cut from wood; to give interest one should be able to see far, and for this reason one must have hills. There is no garden without hills. One must also have water. High hills, from which the rain runs

down, always have streams on their sides and round their bases, these also must be represented in the garden. One can tell by the nature of the hills made, by the naturalness or artificiality of the streams, whether a man's learning be great or small. Of course gardens can be placed on any site, but the cultivated man will go to the uncrowded part of the city, near the wall, so that when he climbs his hills he may be able to see far out into the

country – so that he may forget that he is surrounded by houses.'

Many historic gardens have existed in China, and a point worthy of notice is, that a couple of hundred years before the Christian era, the Emperor Wu of Han created an immense pleasaunce called the Shang Lin, or Royal Park, where he desired to spend happy days and hours. However, public opinion, always so powerful in China, frowned upon this monopolization of arable land and he was obliged to give up his park and allow the farmers to put it under cultivation again. This incident is an example of the fact that the Chinese have never permitted an individual, no matter how high his rank, to absorb too much ground for his private use. Gardens, though full of hills, lakes, valleys and vistas, in reality occupy a comparatively small space, and extensive private pleasure grounds, with large lawns, wide herbaceous borders, and elaborate parterres such as are common in the West, would not be tolerated for a moment. A Chinese has always been obliged to confine his garden within a small space and has never been allowed to seriously interfere with the most important business of life – that is agriculture. In this connection it may be recalled that according to the Chinese division, the four Classes of Society are: first, Scholars; second, Agriculturists; third, Labourers; fourth, Traders. Soldiers, sailors and other classes whom we honour, are not considered as worthy of mention in the Social System.

Many cities in Mid-China are famous for their gardens. Nanking, Soochow and Hangchow are all noted in this respect.

Shanghai, too, possesses the lovely remains of a renowned garden, and this was the one I studied with the greatest care; as every city in China is described in an historical Record, Mr. Cultivator-of-Bamboos and I sought in the *Shanghai Record* for details in regard to the Yü Yüan or Garden of Ease. We found that it had belonged to a certain Pan Ên who built it to give his mother pleasure. The *Record* states, 'Within are pavilions, terraces, pools, and rocks; it is very beautiful and no other garden within the district can compare with it.'

The *Record* then quotes from Pan Ên's own words, as follows: 'To the West of my house there lay originally vegetable gardens, fields and trees. In the Chi Wei year of the Chia Ching period of the Ming dynasty A.D. 1559 my period of office as an Official of the Board of Rites at Peking having ended, and being at leisure for a space, I collected a few rocks and called upon workmen to place them as I wished. I dug a pool, built a pavilion and planted bamboos.' These last are of prime importance in a garden. The famous poet Su Tung-po said, 'If there are no bamboos then the people are uncultivated, untutored.' The four things mentioned – rocks, pools, pavilions and bamboos – may be considered as the pillars of a garden upon which everything else rests. The *Record* continues: 'For twenty years I continued to build the garden. I sat a sit – I thought a thought – I rested a rest – it was still not very good. In the Ting Ch'ou year of the Wan Li period A.D. 1577, when I returned from Szechuen where I had held the office of Provincial Treasurer, I gave my entire heart to the affair. I thought only

of the garden. I increased the size of the ground adding fifteen plots of land. I made seventeen pools. Furthermore I bought many fields and devoted the entire revenue from these to beautifying the garden. My first reason for doing this was to give my mother pleasure. I also invited my friends to come to banquets, when we made poems and passed happy hours – the garden became daily more beautiful. To the East I placed several two-storied buildings in order to cut off the noise and bustle of the city, and in the centre of the three divisions I made a doorway over which a board was placed upon which the characters Yü Yüan (Garden of Ease) were written. Entering the gate, taking a few steps to the West there was again a gate; on this was written Chien Chia (Beauty Penetrates Gradually), twenty paces more to the West and one turned to the North. At this place there was a small *pai fang* (an Arch), on which were inscribed the four characters Jên Ching Hu T'ien (Man's Place is in the Immortals' Heaven). Passing under the arch one reached a curved stone bridge and after crossing this one found a wall in front of one; an inscription, written in the great seal style, was sunk in the wall; it read, Within the Domain Great Joy. Following the wall to the East one reached a Hall called the Jade Glory and in front of this stood a marvellous rock, a most curious example of Nature's handiwork. It had been known and remarked since the time of the Emperor Hui Tsung of Sung, and should by rights have been sent to him, as it was considered the finest in the Empire. The name of the rock was Exquisitely Carved Jade-Stone, and the Hall took its title from the rock.'

Ten years ago this rock was still in its place, now it has vanished; however, a wonderful and famous stone

stands in the tiny courtyard where gold-fish are bred, and is known as the Star of Literature Stone, because of a fancied resemblance to the figure of the Patron Saint of Learning. The part of the city where this may be seen,

a short distance South-west of the present enclosure, was once included in the Garden of Ease.

To quote the *Record* again: 'Behind this Hall stood a house on the water's edge; it had a red railing over which one leant and threw flour cakes to the fishes in the pool

below, therefore the house was called the Joy of Fishes Summerhouse.'

Here follow various minor details in regard to buildings, and the *Record* continues: 'Stepping thirty paces to the West there was another gate called Treading Towards Good Fortune Gate, on either side of which were fine rocks. Within was a pavilion twice as wide as deep, it had a floor paved with stone, and great rocks rose on either side of it which were higher than the pavilion itself, so that looking down it was as if one looked from a precipice; from afar the pavilion was completely hidden and one thought that one was looking at a mountain. In front lay a large pool traversed by a stone passage-way, while all around stones and trees rose up. Opposite this pool was a fine Hall of five *chien*, called Joy and Longevity Hall. It was beautifully carved and ornamented, while on either side were buildings containing four *chai* – that is rooms for study. These *chai* were each called by one of Pan Ên's numerous fancy names. In the middle of the pool rose a large island surmounted by a pavilion, while to the South of the island, groves of bamboos were planted.' These are of course always supposed to suggest the various virtues of which they are symbols, inalterability being the first and most important. Pan Ên then gives a very elaborate description of various buildings where books and paintings were kept; of fine rocks from the famous district of Wu Kan in Chêkiang; of a pavilion named in allusion to one of the Eight Immortals, and continues: 'Below this pavilion was a spot named Detain the Springtime Cave and at the South was a long grape arbour. Following this arbour one passed to the West and crossing a small bridge reached a hillock covered with bamboos. Passing this

again one arrived at a group of more than a hundred plum trees; as these stood on a sloping bank the path ran below them, and to the East of the path stood a shrine to Kuan Ti, Patron Saint of Courage. To the East the road was now high, now low, at times it coiled and turned, at times it ran level and true; there were pools and caves, ravines and stone bridges, indeed it is impossible for me to describe and record all the points of interest that were to be seen. In a word, everything was of interest.

'On the hillside was a little shrine to the Spirit of the Hills, and above this stood a pavilion surrounded with sharp stone peaks. Here one was glad to rest and look across to the Hall of Joy and Longevity which stood opposite. After leaving the pavilion one entered a cave and the only way of egress was to climb up the side of the rock; when one stepped out there stood a temple to Kuan Yin – the Goddess of Mercy.

'This was at the highest point of the southern hills and as one came out of the temple one looked down upon the pool, the houses and pavilions seemed at times as if hidden in a mist. The noise of the city seemed far off and divided from one. Here were five *chien* where Buddhist priests could sit in meditation; those who came to this place were of a very high order. The descent was on the North-east, the path turned and turned; finally crossing a zigzag bridge of forty paces, one reached the large pavilion at Treading Towards Good Fortune Gate already referred to. This was the view to the South of the Joy and Longevity Hall. To the West stood a house of three *chien* in which were placed the tablets to my ancestors, and behind lay a square pool, full of lotus flowers. Around the building ran a low wall along which were planted ten thousand high bamboos, so the house

stood as if in a grove. In front of it ran a stream from East to West debouching in a pool large enough to use boats upon. To the East of Joy and Longevity Hall was another house where precious works of art were stored, and behind this again stood a two-storied building where I often lived, so here the kitchen was placed. To the East was the pavilion where my son lived and he often came to see me. Although I should not say it myself, others have compared my garden to the famous retreat of the poet Wang Wei.'

A persistent local tradition relates that the fame of Pan's garden reached the ears of the Emperor, who strongly disapproved that a subject should indulge in such magnificence, and that Pan found it advisable to make the whole place over to the public, who used it as the Temple of City Walls and City Moats; but the *Record* does not hint at such a thing. On the contrary, it says that Pan Ên's dwelling-house, which stood on the site now occupied by the Roman Catholic Cathedral, covered a *li* of ground, and that when Pan was eighty years old he built a Hall, naming it the Hall of the Four Old Ones. Three of the Old Ones referred to being his brothers who were each over seventy, and the fourth himself. The *Record* further says that in the twenty-fifth year of Ch'ien Lung, A.D. 1761, the Shanghai people bought Pan Ên's garden from those who came after him, repaired it with public funds and called it the Western Garden. Further, that at the time it was bought it consisted of seventy-seven *mou* of ground, just under thirteen acres, and that the stones and hills were all as they had been in the time of Pan Ên. This Western Garden was placed in charge of the Bean Merchants' Guild. Continuing, it says that in the third year of Hsien Fêng, A.D. 1854,

the T'ai P'ing rebels pillaged the city and that in the tenth year, A.D. 1861, 'foreign houses were built for the Western soldiers to live in, that the rock hills of the garden were pulled to pieces in order to fill up the ponds and make the ground for these houses to stand on.' It closes the account of the Garden of Ease with the words 'Since then at what places stood hills – at what places lay pools – cannot be known.'

As a pendant to his account the author of the *Record* quotes a poem written soon after the glory of the Garden of Ease had passed.

As in the turn of an eye, how often have the many glories altered?
Light on the lake, colour of the hills, these are as before.
Scent from the open-work gauze, from the fine silks of courtesans among flowers, has departed.
Dreams are cold; gone are the days of songs, of music from the *shêng* played in boats under the moon.
The painted pavilion now lets in the sunset-hour rain; a filigree hairpin lies forgotten on the floor.
Broken is the bridge, faded are the willows, they brush the autumn mist.
The wanderer must not sigh in vain over glories now ruined and abandoned;
The Garden of the Golden Valley, famous in former years, is in even more grievous state.

On Chung Yang, Ninth Day of the Ninth Month, the Western Garden presents an extraordinary appearance.

It is thrown open to the public free of charge, and is thronged with men, women and children of every age and estate who spend the whole day climbing the rock hills, and wandering along the winding paths. The curious belief that to ascend a height on this special day will ensure good health through the ensuing year, had its rise in the following incident. During the later Han dynasty there lived in Ju-nan a certain Huan Ching. He was given the following warning by Fei Ch'ang-fang, who said: 'On the Ninth of the Ninth Month a calamity will come upon Ju-nan – You must take a bag, and fill it with a certain plant, this you must hang upon your arm, then go with your family to the top of a mountain and drink Chrysanthemum Wine. Thus danger can be escaped.'

Huan Ching did as he was bid, and when he returned home at nightfall found all his poultry and animals dead. 'These you see,' said Fei Ch'ang-fang, 'have served as your substitutes.' From that day to this the custom has been universally observed. In addition to climbing a hill, the masses consider it desirable to eat crabs and look at yellow chrysanthemums.

In contradistinction to this Western Garden there is the Eastern or Inner Garden in the Shanghai City made in the forty-eighth year of K'ang Hsi, A.D. 1710, which is in charge of the Bankers' Guild. This has been newly repaired and is in perfect condition. It is indeed a gem.

Another garden which must have been lovely in its day lay to the South of the City, but before the time that

the *Record* was compiled it had been turned into what was known in China as a Shu Yüan, that is a Literary Establishment where poor scholars of the Flowering Talent or first degree, could come to local examinations held twice in the month, when money prizes were given for the best essay. These competitions helped them to support themselves while studying for the second degree. In this garden, now ruined, stood a stone boat built on the same idea as the famous marble boat at the Summer Palace in Peking. The mention of this brought us to the Gardens of Rulers.

Throughout the history of China her Emperors and Empresses have found one of their great temptations in the laying out of magnificent pleasure grounds, and it is said that the late Empress-Dowager spent the sum intended for the creation of a Navy in the erection of the wonderful buildings at the present Summer Palace, while of course her predecessors spent fabulous sums on the wonderful Yüan-Ming-Yüan (Round Bright Garden), built in the French style. This was completely levelled by the Allied Troops in 1860 as an act of retribution.

Having discussed gardens in a general manner, we proceeded to discuss in certain detail the furnishings or adjuncts most desirable. As far as flowers are concerned, certain definite places are prepared for certain definite flowers. The flowering trees are carefully placed; the pæonies have their *t'ai* or terraces; the lotus blooms their

pools, while the chrysanthemums and epidendrums are as a rule grown in pots, and are most carefully cultivated.

As far as I can discover, no books on gardens as such exist, and this is not difficult to understand, as the garden is simply the fruit of vivid imagination; but there are many treatises in Chinese on the growing of flowers.

Early in the eleventh century, soon after William the Conqueror invaded Britain, a certain Liu Ming wrote a work on chrysanthemums, dividing these flowers into thirty-five varieties; and a writer of the Yüan dynasty, which flourished about the time of Edward I, divided the *moutan* pæony into thirty-nine classes.

The *lan hua*, that exquisitely scented little epidendrum, has also received much attention as have the various species of the pyrus. Certain flowers are planted in *t'ai* or raised beds surrounded by walls, and this method seems to me one of the few features which might be imported into Western gardens, without fear of presenting an anachronism.

Flower Shows, or rather flower competitions, are popular and are now open to the public, though doubtless they had their origin, as ours probably did, in private competitions among friends.

Most important are shows of dwarf plum trees, *lan hua*, chrysanthemum, *moutan* pæony and melons, but azaleas are also occasionally shown.

Lan hua are divided into two main classes, spring blooming and autumn blooming, while subdivisions are innumerable. The great interest lies in the strangely varied petals of this tiny flower. In competitions, prizes are given for novelties. Each year at the shows held in the Shanghai City the pre-eminent plant is raised on a

high stand in the centre of the hall. It may be one that has won this honour for several years, but if not the vanquished winners of the years before are placed beside it. Something new is always sought for – as when flowers with white hearts triumphed over red; when in their turn yellow hearts took the place of white; and when 'lotus-petals' and then 'bean-petals' first appeared.

In the *lan hua* season those who love the flowers send many *li* along the water-ways to meet the boats of *lan hua* gatherers coming from the hills, and often buy a whole boatload in the hope of discovering a novelty.

Chrysanthemums are given very charming and refined names. The yellow button, similar to the wild form, is called Heaven full of Stars; the white quill, Goose-feathers Tube; the yellow quill, Carrot-threads; the large ragged mauve, Drunk-with-Wine-made-from-Peaches-of-the-Immortals; the big single white with a yellow centre, Jade Saucer Gold Cup; the varieties with very fine petals, Pine Needles, or Dragon's Beard; red ground and white dots, Maple Leaves and Reed Flowers; white streaked with red, Snow on the Ground-Rouge, the idea suggested being either that of a young girl admiring the snow, or the journey of the lovely Wang Chao Chün to the snowy wastes of Central Asia.

The *moutan* pæony is looked upon as the flower of the Yang principle – that of light, strength and masculinity, and is the King of flowers. Its very name, *mou* meaning male, and *tan* vermilion, suggests the qualities attributed to the blossom: qualities which have caused it to be chosen as a symbol for good fortune. In fact, it is often referred to as the *fu kuei*, i.e. happiness and wealth, or the Lo Yang Hua – flower of Lo Yang, because it is supposed to have originally come from that city. Ou

Yang-hsiu, a famous Sung poet, wrote the Lo Yang Moutan *Chi* or *Record.*

As the petals do not vary, the names chosen depend on colour, thus the deep red blossoms are known as Ink, the white as Jade, and the cream as Bright Moutan. The Ink and a variety with a yellow mark at the petal edge known as Golden-border Moutan are the most highly prized, while the ordinary pink variety has no special name.

Azalea shows are more modern, and so are enchanting shows of Buddha's hand citrons, and melons. These gourds and citrons are arranged in certain prescribed manners. For Guest Halls they are piled on plates, three below and one on top; but for the study single specimens are placed in valuable bowls on fine white sand or rice. The citrons are especially valued for their scent, and the gourds for their wonderful variety of colours.

The furnishings of a garden apart from the plants and trees, the rocks and pools, provided by nature but transplanted by man, are very varied, the most important being writings and paintings which embellish the different buildings and walls. One of the most interesting features are what are known as the *hua ch'iang* or ornamented walls. These are of two main sorts. Those with openings made in fantastic shapes through which a peep of something beyond is gained, and those with very carefully prepared surfaces on which guests can paint a picture or write a poem. These last are, of course, solid, and in addition to the writings and paintings referred to, often have stone tablets with famous inscriptions let into

them. Groups of clay figures representing historical scenes are also popular, but these cannot be relied on as far as accuracy of detail is concerned; one often sees a hero in the dress of the Chou dynasty in battle with an opponent who wears that of, shall one say, the T'ang? The masons, not being educated men, follow their own fancy and as long as they make figures full of life the owner is satisfied. The Chinese have a saying 'Ornament

has no defined order; if it provides distraction – that is sufficient.' All this ornament is, of course, very expensive; even in the old days the decoration over a gateway might easily cost three thousand ounces of silver, and to-day quite a small garden must cost several times ten thousand.

Dragon walls are very popular and give the effect that the garden is running up-hill and down-dale. The addition of a head and tail is probably rather modern, and is certainly greatly used at present. In the Garden of Ease

there are two single dragons, and one very fine pair, which, meeting over a doorway, support the flaming pearl between them. In the Inner Garden is a very well-modelled head, and this dragon seems about to swallow the *ch'an* or three-legged toad which lives in the moon. The absolute meaning of the symbolism of this group is obscure;[1] various theories are put forward, but there seems nothing conclusive. In reference to the toad legend, poets often speak of the moon as the *ch'an*.

*LOOKING AT THE MOON AFTER RAIN

The heavy clouds are broken and blowing,
And once more I can see the wide common stretching
beyond the four sides of the city.
Open the door. Half of the Moon-toad is already up.
The glimmer of it is like smooth hoar-frost spreading
over ten thousand *li*.
The river is a flat, shining chain.
The moon, rising, is a white eye to the hills;
After it has risen, it is the bright heart of the sea.
Because I love it – so – round as a fan,
I hum songs until the dawn.

[1] One version of this symbolism is as follows: The frog is the symbol of the Earth Tiger; a snake often represents the Heaven Dragon; the two are supposed to struggle in conflict. The snake swallows the frog, but must disgorge it; or it encircles and tries to press it to death, in this case the frog swells out and resists; therefore the fight is unending. The idea is that neither Heaven nor Earth can conquer the other. Again the Chinese love of counter-balance.

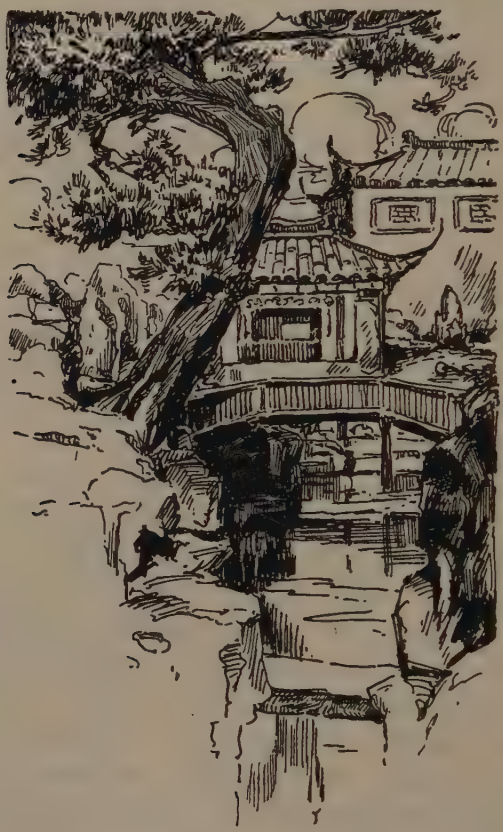
While we use the word garden for pleasure grounds of all sorts, the Chinese differentiate. A *hua yüan*, or flower garden, must have a wall and be an important place; but what we would call a cottage garden, they call *hua p'u*, a place where flowers are spread out.

Probably the most famous and vivid description of a Chinese Garden is the one contained in that popular novel *Hung Lou Mêng*, or *Dream of the Red Chamber*. This tale, written in one hundred and twenty chapters, deals with the history of a wealthy family named Chia, Pao-yü, or Precious Jade, a talented son of the house being the hero. A daughter, Yüan Ch'un, becomes a *fei*, or Imperial Consort, only second in rank to the Empress. In accordance with the Rites, it is necessary that, upon her appointment to this exalted position, she shall pay a visit to her parents, and it is in honour of this visit that the Garden is enlarged and newly decorated. The story which gives a marvellous insight into Chinese domestic life, was delightfully translated by the late H. B. Joly, of H.B.M. Consular Service, and published by Kelly and Walsh, Ltd., in 1892. As Mr. Joly has preserved the idiom of Chinese colloquial speech in a remarkable manner I have availed myself of his very faithful rendering of the text, except in the matter of antithetical phrases and poems. These I have translated myself.

After recounting the reception announcing the promotion of the daughter, and describing the emotion of her parents, the tale continues: 'From this day the masons and workmen of every trade were collected to the full number; and the articles of gold, silver, copper, and pewter, as well as the earth, timber, tiles, and bricks, were brought over, and carried in, in incessant supplies. . . .

'The two residences of Ning and Jung were, in those

days, it is true, divided by a small stream, which served as a boundary line, and there was no communication between them; but this narrow passage was also a private property, and not by any means a Government water-



way, so that they could easily be connected, and as in the garden of Concentrated Fragrance there was already a stream of running water, there was no further need now of going to the trouble of bringing another in. The rockeries and trees were not sufficient, but a part of an

old garden belonging to the Jung mansion existed, so that the bamboos, trees, and rockeries in that compound, as well as the arbours, railings and such other things could all be very well removed to the front; and by these means these two grounds could, by being thrown into one, conduce to the saving of considerable capital and labour; it devolved entirely upon a certain old Hu, a man of note, styled Son of the Hills and Wilds, to deliberate upon one thing after another, and to initiate its construction. . . .

'Various members of the family were deputed to allot the sites, to set things in order (and look after), the heaping up of rockeries, the digging of ponds, the construction of two-storied buildings, the erection of Halls, the plantation of bamboos, and the cultivation of flowers; everything connected with the scenery devolving, on the other hand, upon the Son of the Hills and Wilds to make provision for, and after leaving Court, he would devote such leisure moments as he had, to going everywhere to look at the most important spots, and consult with the family, after which he troubled his mind no more with anything.

'Time went on and finally those in charge of the work were able to send the following message to Chia Chêng, head of the family: "It only remains for you, Sir, to see the various parts of the garden, and should there possibly be anything which is not proper, steps will be taken at once to effect the alterations, so that the tablets and scrolls may conveniently be written."

'Chia Chêng pondered for a while. "These tablets and scrolls present, however, a difficult task. According to the Rites, we should, in order to obviate any shortcomings, request the Imperial Consort to deign and compose

them; but if the Honourable Lady does not gaze upon the scenery with her own eyes, it will also be difficult for her to conceive its nature and indite upon it! And were we to wait until the arrival of Her Highness, to request her to honour the grounds with a visit, before she composes the inscriptions, such a wide landscape, with so many pavilions and arbours, will, without one character in the way of a motto, albeit abounding with flowers, willows, rockeries, and stream, nevertheless, in no way be able to show off its points of beauty to advantage."

'It was proposed that the various members of the family should visit the garden and that the young Pao-yü should write temporary scrolls. This plan met with general approval and they proceeded to the garden gate. The Head of the House said: "See that the garden gate is closed for a time, we will see the outside and then go in."

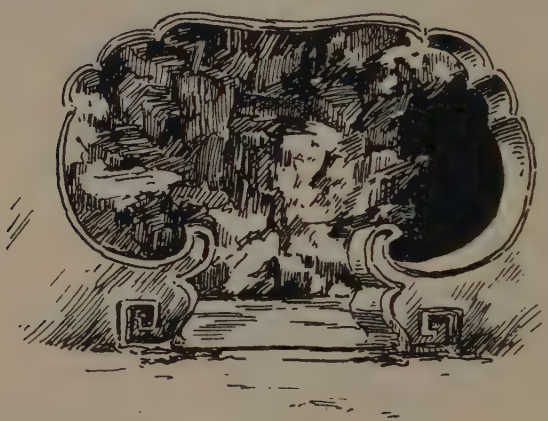
'Chia Chêng first looked straight ahead of him towards the gate and espied on the same side as the main entrance a suite of five apartments. Above, the cylindrical tiles resembled the backs of mud-eels. The doors, railings, windows, and frames were all finely carved with designs of the new fashion, and were not painted in vermilion nor in bright colours. The whole extent of the walls was of polished bricks of uniform colour; below, the white marble on the terrace and steps was engraved with Western foreign designs and when he came to look to the right and left, everything was white as snow. At the foot of the white-washed walls, tiger-skin pebbles were, without regard to pattern, promiscuously inserted in the earth in such a way as of their ownselves to form streaks. Nothing fell in with the custom of gaudiness and display so much in vogue, so that he naturally felt full of delight,

and when he forthwith asked that the gate should be thrown open, all that met their eyes was a long stretch of hills, *which shut in the view in front of them.*

'"What a fine hill, what a pretty hill," exclaimed all the companions with one voice.

'"Were it not for this one hill," Chia Chêng explained, "whatever scenery is contained in it would clearly strike the eyes, as soon as one entered into the garden, and what pleasure would that have been?"

'"Quite so," rejoined all of them, "but without large hills



and ravines in one's breast (liberal capacities) how could one attain such imagination." Then, casting a glance in front of them they perceived white rugged rocks looking either like goblins, or resembling savage beasts, lying cross-ways or in horizontal or upright positions, on the surface of which grew moss and lichen with mottled hues, or parasitic plants which screened off the light; while slightly visible wound, among the rocks, a narrow path-way like the intestines of a sheep.'

The progress of the family through the garden is then described in great detail, and various discussions in regard

to suitable mottoes are recorded. His uncles admired those suggested by Pao-yü, but his father was severe in judgment, saying, ' "You should laugh at him, that is all, but we can by and by choose some device."

'Thus speaking he entered a cave, where he perceived beautiful trees with thick foliage, quaint flowers in lustrous bloom, while a line of limpid stream emanated out of a deep recess among the flowers and trees, and oozed down through the crevice of a rock. Progressing several steps farther in, they gradually faced the Northern side where a stretch of level ground extended far and wide, on each side of which soared lofty buildings, intruding themselves into the skies, whose carved rafters and engraved balustrades nestled entirely among the depressions of the hills and the tops of the trees.'

A pavilion stood on the bridge, and in this pavilion the whole party sat down for a while before continuing the inspection of the garden. Pao-yü chose several acceptable characters for various tablets and also composed the following pair of antithetical phrases, seven words to each:

'The willows on the winding causeway, and three green bamboo boat-poles exchange their kingfisher colour –
The flowers on the opposite banks, though divided, are of one scent.'

Upon hearing these lines Chia Chêng, his father, gave a faint smile, as he nodded his head, whilst the whole party were again effusive in their praise. 'They then crossed the pond, contemplating with close attention each elevation, each stone, each flower, each tree. Suddenly

they caught sight in front of them a line of white wall with numbers of beautiful cottages: speedily the whole company penetrated inside, perceiving as soon as they had entered the gate, a zigzag arcade, on the farthest extremity of which stood a diminutive cottage. Everything in the interior in the shape of beds, teapoys, chairs, and tables was made to harmonize with the space available. Beyond a small door they found a back court with lofty pear trees in blossom, and banana trees. At the foot of the wall became visible an aperture where there was a spring for which a channel had been opened. Winding round the steps, it skirted the buildings until it reached the front court, where it coiled and curved flowing out under the bamboos.

' "This spot," observed Chia Chêng, full of smiles, "is indeed pleasant and could one, on a moonlight night, sit under the window and study, one would not spend a whole lifetime in vain!" '

Again the party sat down and discussed the suitability of various inscriptions, and again Pao-yü was appealed to.

' "They all seem to me unsuitable," he answered, "this is the first spot Her Highness will honour on her way, and there should be inscribed, so that it should be appropriate, something commending her Sacred Majesty; all the characters suggested are too stiff, would not the four characters Yu Fêng Lai I (The Crested Love-pheasant comes, it is fitting and correct) be better?" With clamorous unanimity the whole party shouted "Excellent!!" Even Chia Chêng nodded his head.' Another pair of antithetical phrases was then demanded of Pao-yü and he recited:

'Tea from the rare tripod-cauldron is consumed, but the dark smoke still rises;
Chess by the quiet window is ended, but the fingers are still cold from holding the stone pieces.'

The various furnishings required were then discussed and Chia Lien produced a paper pocket-book containing a list, which he kept inside the top of his boot. He read out, '"Of the hundred and twenty curtains of stiff spotted silk embroidered with dragons in relief, and of the curtains large and small, eighty were got yesterday, so forty

are still to come. Besides these there are two hundred red woollen portieres; two hundred of Hsiang Fei bamboo; two hundred door screens of rattan with gold streaks, and of red lacquered bamboo; two hundred of black lacquered rattan . . .

'As he spoke, they proceeded outwards, but suddenly they perceived a hill extending obliquely in such a way as to intercept the passage; and as they wound round the curve of the hill faintly came to view a line of yellow mud walls the whole length of which was covered with paddy stalks for the sake of protection, and there were several hundreds of apricot trees in bloom, which presented the appearance of being fire, spurted from the mouth or russet clouds, rising in the air. Inside this enclosure stood several thatched cottages. Outside grew, on the other hand, mulberry trees, elms, mallows, and silkworm oaks, whose tender shoots and new twigs, of every hue, were allowed to bend and to intertwine in such a way as to form two rows of a green fence. Beyond this fence and below the white mound, was a well, by the side of which stood a well-sweep, windlass and such-like articles; the ground being divided into parcels, and apportioned into fields, which with the fine vegetables and cabbages in flower, presented, at the first glance, the effect of being illimitable.

' "This is," said Chia Chêng, chuckling, "the place really imbued with a certain amount of the right principle; and laid out though it has been by human labour, yet when it strikes my eyes, it so moves my heart, that it cannot help rousing in me the wish to return to my native place and become a farmer." '

The party sat down and of course discussed mottoes, but decided that the poets of times gone by had already

written everything possible on such a scene, so decided to call it quite simply The Apricot Blossom Village. Chia Chêng added: ' "This reminds me that although the place is perfect in every respect, there's still one thing wanting in the shape of a wine-board, you had better have one made to-morrow on the very same pattern as those used outside in villages, it needn't be anything gaudy, but hung above the top of a tree by means of bamboos. There is no necessity," he went on to explain, "to keep any other birds in here, but only to rear a few geese, ducks, fowl, and such-like: they will be in perfect keeping with the place." '

This having been decided, the party went on, and 'winding past a mound, they penetrated among flowers, and wending their steps by the willows, they touched the rocks and lingered by the stream. Passing under a trellis with yellow roses, they went into an arbour with white roses, they crossed by the pavilion with pæonies, and walked through the garden where the white pæony grew, and entering the court with cinnamon roses, they reached the island of bananas. As they meandered and zigzagged, suddenly they heard the sound of water, as it came out of a stone cave, from the top of which climbing plants drooped downwards, while at its bottom floated the fallen flowers.

'Chia Chêng said: "There are to be four boats in all from which to pick the lotus, and one for sitting in, but they have not as yet been completed." Therefore the party walked, holding on to creepers, and supporting themselves by the trees, when they saw a still larger quantity of fallen leaves on the surface of the water and the stream itself, still more limpid, gently and idly meandering on its course. By the bank of the pond were

two rows of weeping willows, which intermingling with peach and apricot trees, screened the heavens from view, and kept off the rays of the sun from this spot, which was in real truth devoid of even a grain of dust.'

The description continues at great length, and then the story proceeds to the day when her Imperial Majesty arrived.

'Having forthwith carried her inside the gate, the eunuchs dispersed; and only the maids-of-honour and ladies-in-waiting ushered Yüan Ch'un out of the chair, when what mainly attracted her eye in the park was the brilliant lustre of the flowered lamps of every colour, all of which were made of gauze or damask, and were beautiful in texture, while on the upper side was a flat lantern with the inscription in four characters: "Regarded by His Majesty's benevolence and permeated by his benefits."

'Yüan Ch'un entered the apartment and effected the necessary changes in her toilette; after which, she again came out, and, mounting her chair, made her entry into the garden, when she perceived the smoke of incense whirling and twirling, and the reflection of the flowers confusing the eyes. Far and wide, the rays of lights, shed by the lanterns, intermingled their brilliancy, while, from time to time, fine strains of music sounded with clamorous din. But it would be impossible to express adequately the perfect harmony in the aspect of this scene, and the grandeur of affluence and splendour.

'The Imperial Consort of the Chia family, we must now observe, upon catching sight, from the interior of her chair, of the picture presented within the confines of this garden, shook her head and heaved a sigh. "What

lavish extravagance! What excessive waste!" she soliloquized.

'But of a sudden was again seen a eunuch who, on his knees, invited her to get into a boat; and the Chia consort descended from the chair and stepped into the craft, when the expanse of a limpid stream met her gaze, whose grandeur resembled that of the dragon in its listless course. The stone bannisters, on each side, were one mass of air-tight lanterns, of every colour, made of crystal or glass, which threw out a light like the lustre of silver or brightness of snow.

'The willow, almond and the whole lot of trees, on the upper side, were, it is true, without blossom and leaves, but pongee and damask silks, paper and lustring had been employed, together with rice-paper, to make flowers which had been affixed on the branches. Upon each tree were suspended thousands of lanterns; and what is more, the lotus and aquatic plants, the ducks and waterfowl in the pond had all, in like manner, been devised out of conches and clams, plumes and feathers. The various lanterns, above and below, vied in refulgence. In real truth, it was a crystal region, a world of pearls and precious stones. On board the boat were also every kind of lantern representing such designs as are used on flower-pots, pearl-laden portieres, embroidered curtains, oars of cinnamon wood, and paddles of magnolia, which need not of course be minutely described.'

Yüan Ch'un noticed various inscriptions, but was anxious to see her parents, and, when she came to them, burst into tears. In fact every one wept.

' "Having in days gone by," she urged, "been sent to that place where no human being can be seen, I have to-day after extreme difficulty returned home; and now

that you ladies and I have been re-united, instead of chatting or laughing we contrariwise give way to incessant tears! But shortly, I shall be gone, and who knows when we shall be able again to even see each other?"

' "The families of farmers," she further went on to say to her father, "feed on salted cabbage, and clothe in cotton material; but they readily enjoy the happiness of the relationships established by heaven! We, however, relatives though we now be of one bone and flesh, are, with all our affluence and honours, living apart from each other, and deriving no happiness whatsoever!" '

Finally, controlling their emotion the family proceeded to inspect the grounds, which the Imperial Consort named 'Garden of the Broad Vista.' Various poems written by Pao-yü and others were submitted to the lady who, while she admired them all, considered the following, being complimentary to the Emperor, whose virtue had brought about prosperity and peace, as the most beautiful:

The 'Apricot Blossom Flag' beckons me to drink,
I look far-off and see hills with hamlets on their sides –
On the pool covered with red-fruited calthrope and green
water-plants, geese are floating.
The mulberry trees and elms furnish beams where
swallows build.
For fifty *mou* the land stretches before me – leek-green,
the colour of spring.
For ten *li* the scent from ripening rice-fields impregnates
the air.
It is a prosperous Age! There is no hunger, no want –
Why then be thus urgent with the weaving of cloth, and
the ploughing of fields?

The reading of poems was followed by a theatrical performance, and presentation of gifts; then –

'Eunuchs respectfully announced: "It is already a quarter to three, and may it please your Majesty to turn back your Imperial Chariot"; whereupon, much against her will, the Chia Consort's eyes brimmed over, and she once more gave vent to tears. Forcing herself, however, again to put on a smile, she clasped old Lady Chia's and Madame Wang's hands, and could not bring herself to let them go; while she repeatedly impressed upon their minds that there was no need to give way to any solicitude, and that they should take good care of their healths; that the grace of the present Emperor was so vast, that once a month he would grant permission for them to enter the Palace and pay her a visit. "It is easy enough for us to see each other," she said, "and why should we indulge in any excess of grief? But when His Majesty in his Heavenly Generosity allows me another time to return home, you shouldn't go in for such pomp and extravagance."

'Dowager Lady Chia and the other inmates had already cried to such an extent that sobs choked their throats and they could with difficulty give utterance to speech. But though the Chia Consort could not reconcile herself to the separation, the usages in vogue in the Imperial Household could not be disregarded or infringed, so that she had no alternative but to stifle the anguish of her heart, to mount her chariot, and take her departure.'

Descriptions of Chinese gardens, and their histories, are practically innumerable; I found myself bewildered with their multiplicity. The pleasure grounds of the Hu clan, within the walls of Nanking, are delightful. They

lie near the South gate and only a stone's throw from the site of the Terrace of the Silver-Crested-Love-pheasant which Li T'ai-po ascended and celebrated in verse some eleven centuries ago. I have quoted his poem in the chapter on The Literary Background of the Great River.

There is a charming terrace in the Hu garden, and a lake; also a shrine, many pavilions, and well-piled rocks; and one of the most exquisite walls that I have ever seen. Apertures in the shape of butterflies pierce it, and the whole design is most unusual.

The most famous natural rocks in China are to be found in the Shih Tzŭ Lin (Lion Forest), at Soochow; a garden which is happily being restored in the most magnificent manner. The rocks are very remarkable and were originally placed in position by the artist Ni Tsan

who lived A.D. 1301–1374. Shy, nervous, a recluse by disposition, he lived his life aloof from the world, and the Chinese consider his studies of plants and especially of bare trees, incomparable. He is supposed to have actually placed in position the Lion Forest Rocks, and to have planned the arrangement of those in another famous Soochow garden, now called the Fu Yüan or Returned Garden. Its original beauties are very fully described in a lovely book called *An Old Chinese Garden*, published by the Chung Hua Book Co., illustrated by exquisite reproductions of views painted by Wên Chêng-ming, a noted Chinese artist. The subsequent history is not touched upon in the volume I refer to, but is given in a record by the famous writer Shên Tê-ch'ien who inscribed it in the twelfth year of the Ch'ien Ling period, A.D. 1747. This record, cut on stone, is placed in the Returned Garden itself. A paraphrase which I have made reads:

'In Soochow between the Ch'i Mên and the Liu Mên there is a famous garden. It is named Fu (Returned), because Chiang, the Ssŭ-ma, repaired and restored the site of an earlier pleasaunce. This was called Cho Chêng Yüan (Unsuccessful in Government Garden), and had been founded in the Ming time by Wang, a Censor who had retired from office. It then fell into the hands of a certain Chêng, and later became, successively the property of two Military Officials, Wang and Yen.

'In the garden were lofty two-storied pavilions with ornamented beams, high hills, great pools, many rare flowers, and fine trees. There were songs and posturing dances. It was the first in Soochow. For a hundred years it had been a deserted waste; in the grass which had grown thick and long, foxes and rabbits had made

their holes. When Chiang the Ssŭ-ma acquired the place, he did not desire songs, dances, and dissipation, but only that the fame of the garden should not be allowed to lapse, so he discussed with his friends the steps to be taken. They inspected the ground. Where there was high land they added soil making a hill; where the ground was low they dug it out and created a pool. There was a Hall where guests assembled; looking far off one saw summer-houses and high buildings; for study there were quiet enclosures; and for sleep, peaceful rooms. Walking round and back, up the hills and down, one passed covered passages, pavilions, summer-houses, moon terraces, high places, water, and little hamlets. To think over and accomplish all this took many years. In Mou Wu, A.D. 1738, and Kêng Shên, A.D. 1740, I went to see the garden – in describing it I would say that although it contained so much, it was in no way over-decorated but was, on the contrary, very restrained; that although the furnishings were not of the most expensive, they were in no sense ordinary, but were very fine.

'The first time I visited the garden I did not see it completely as I was obliged to leave for Peking, therefore I could only have an idea of its beauties, but in the Spring of Ting Mao, A.D. 1747, I begged leave of absence, came to the South, and again strolled in the garden.

'It seemed as though the hills were higher; it seemed as though the pools were deeper; and as though the peaks were more numerous. The clouds of Heaven were reflected from the surface of the water. The houses had not really altered, but it seemed as if the buildings were higher. Indeed, it was even more beautiful than before. The place was the old place, but the crooked paths, the

curves of the pools all seemed increased and added to. It was as if my eyes saw it for the first time.

'High boughs of trees, pressing against each other, prevented the sun's rays from penetrating; low boughs wrote characters on the mirrored surface of the water. A marvellous stone was well placed. In front of the Great Hall stood rows of rare flowers. I did not know their names.

'The lord of the garden prepared wine, and bade his guests drink; they chanted songs, they chatted, and rejoiced. Their pleasure was very refined, and not in the least coarse. Birds flew, fish swam, and were most interesting; it was like the days of old when neither fish nor bird feared man. Although one had not left the city mart, one seemed to have reached the hills and forests. My eyes and heart were refreshed even more than on the first visit.

'I counted on my fingers, it was four or five years since the garden had been restored and the former ancient beauties had returned. Therefore we named the garden Fu (Returned)!'

Shên Tê-ch'ien, a delightful old gentleman who attained the ripe age of ninety-seven, and who for years enjoyed the friendship of Ch'ien Lung, then refers by name to many famous gardens and concludes his record as follows:

'Chiang the Ssŭ-ma did not wish to inscribe his name as having restored the place, feeling that if he did so, the memory of those who had created it, might possibly be wiped out. Indeed, the depth of his heart could not be compared with that of an ordinary person. Moreover, in restoring the garden he did not only think of bringing back the physical beauties. His Great-great-grandfather

had been a high military official, of great literary ability. His way of living and his purity had brought forth a high degree of virtue and he incessantly cultivated his good qualities. During his life the light of his fame was great, and his name was known to high and low. In naming the garden Returned, Chiang thought of bringing back the qualities of his forbear. At the same time he took for himself the fancy name – "Eulogize-Him-Who-Went-Before." '

During the Period of Pure Brightness

The After-After-Wanderers are here from the North and yesterday we visited the Returned Garden, in the heart of Soochow City. Yo Fei went with us as I believe in enlarging his already considerable mental capacity.

We left the Soochow Railway Station and followed the wide Canal which forms the northern moat, ferried across to the Gate of the Extremity and walked down the street of endless industries; then turned sharply into a square courtyard which seemed completely filled by a giant wistaria. The age of that tree no man could tell with certainty, but the huge moss-grown trunk, coiling in dragon waves, might well have struck its roots a millennium ago. The courtyard, however, is no longer a part of the Fu Yüan; to reach the Returned Garden, one must proceed down a narrow passage or alley-way, which runs between towering walls. The garden is much smaller than it was in the days of its perfection and is sadly neglected now, but in the clear metallic light of a spring day is very beautiful, and thoroughly typical

of a garden as described by a young Chinese girl who was struggling through the mazes of English Composition under the guidance of a friend of mine. This is what she wrote. 'A Chinese garden is what? There have many definitions can be said out. In one word it is the large assembly of many fine sceneries, such as lakes, mountains, bridges, birds sing, golden fishes, wild animals, ancient ruins, and so forth, with spectacular arbours built very adequately' – and so it is.

The object of its planning is to keep ever in man's heart a realization of his oneness with the Yin and Yang, and the great T'ai Chi, the Spirit of the Creator through which all things have their being.

Symbolism of the Purple Forbidden City

WILD-GOOSE HAPPINESS HOUSE
HOAR-FROST FALLS

My companion after-after-wanderers have taken what is, I believe, a very fascinating house in Peking, and I am to go and visit them during the period of Great

Snow. My previous visits to the Northern Capital were all made before the Purple Forbidden City was opened to visitors, so I am looking forward with keen interest to entering its once sacred precincts. And as it is dull to look always at mere externals, be they never so beautiful, I have been trying to unravel the tangled skein of symbolism which binds the collection of isolated buildings forming the Imperial City, into a coherent entity; an entity which I know expresses the national conception of authority.

This has been no easy task. Volumes and volumes have been written about Peking; the bibliography in European languages alone on this subject is quite considerable, yet in not one of all the well-known books, did I find a hint that such symbolism existed. Perhaps this is quite natural. When most of the books I refer to were written, the Purple City was absolutely 'forbidden'; no unauthorized footstep could be imprinted within its gates; and except for a comparatively short time during the Boxer rising, this has been the case until quite lately. During the brief period I mention, when in 1900 the Allied troops entered Peking, and the Son of Heaven took refuge in Sianfu, the deserted halls and courtyards were first seen by profane eyes; and then it was that the Japanese, realizing the importance of what was laid bare, took a wonderful series of photographs, showing an immense number of the buildings and the decorative details of the Purple Forbidden City. These were subsequently published and form a most valuable record, although the plates are numbered in a perfectly haphazard manner and the text which accompanies them is of negligible importance. This Japanese publication formed the background of my study. Mr. Cultivator-

of-Bamboos and I arranged the pictures in a sequence, which showed the gates and halls in proper order as they lead from the southern to the northern entrances of the city. We took note of arrangement, of decorations, and fortunately took special note of inscriptions. I say fortunately as when in 1900 the Court fled hastily to the West, everything was left in place; so the photographs are complete; but when after the Republic was set up in 1911, the ceremonial halls were thrown open to visitors, the thrones were removed and also the horizontal boards bearing inscriptions, which had previously hung over them. Furthermore in 1900 the private apartments were photographed in detail, but now of course as they are used by the young Emperor and the remains of his Court, they are not open to inspection. The photographs, as I say, formed a background to my study of the Purple Forbidden City, but the foreground had to be supplied from many sources; and in order to understand the symbolism in the most rudimentary manner, four important manifestations of Chinese culture had to be kept constantly in mind.

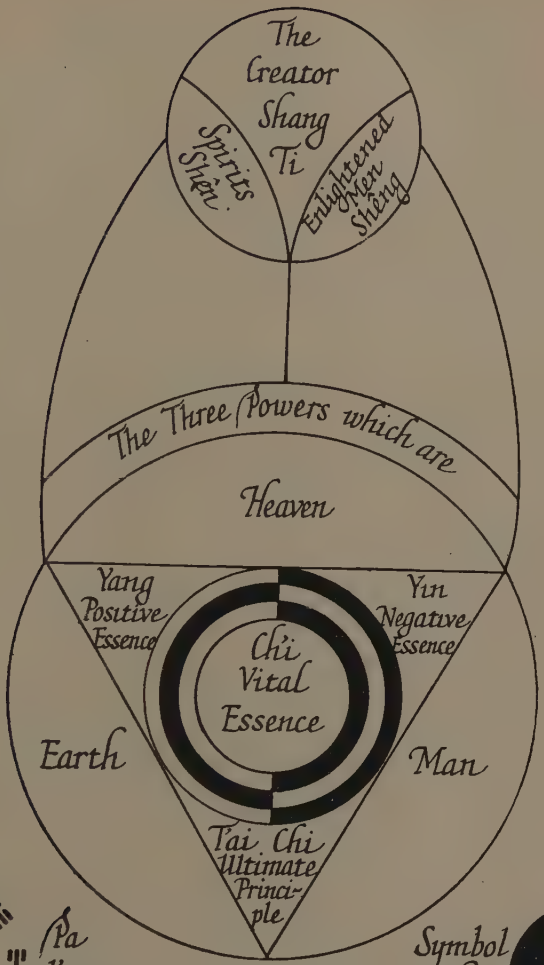
I refer to Chinese Philosophy; to the Chinese conception of Sovereignty; to the cult of the Worship of Heaven; and to the extraordinary Educational System by means of which the social structure of China was raised.

The philosophy, in the crystallized form which it assumed during the Sung dynasty when Chu Hsi and his brother scholars devoted themselves to its study, is discussed at length by Père Amiot, a learned Jesuit, who

makes his exposition clear by means of an excellent diagram which I cannot do better than reproduce. It is drawn from the famous drawing which appears carved on stone at Chu Hsi's tomb. His words, however, I will not quote, as to my mind the most illuminating interpretation of Chinese philosophy, in a European language, is that given by Mr. Meadows in the *Chinese and Their Rebellions*. I cannot possibly do as well myself, so give his version in a condensed form:

'All nature, animate and inanimate – the Universe in the widest or proper sense of the word – is based on, and subsists by an ultimate Entity, the specific or proper name of which is T'ai Chi. This term rendered literally means the Grand Extreme; and it is intended to express the extreme point to which man's speculations on the nature of existence have been able to reach. As this Grand Extreme, which I have just called an Entity, is absolutely immaterial and as it operates in the process by which the material universe is produced in an invariable way, yet without intelligence and without will, it may be viewed as a Law – as the fixed Order in which all the multifold and varied phenomena of the Universe take place. I shall therefore call the T'ai Chi the Ultimate Principle.

'The Ultimate Principle has operated from eternity, and now ceaselessly works, by a dynamical process in virtue of which animate and inanimate nature has existed from all eternity. This process is represented as pulsative, as a succession of active-expansive, and passive-intensive states; which succession, as already indicated, never had a beginning. The Ultimate Principle, in its "active-expansive" operation, constitutes and produces the Yang or Positive Essence; in its "passive-intensive"



Pa Kua or Eight Trigrams

Creation

Symbol of Yin and Yang

operation constitutes and produces the Yin or Negative Essence.

'The Positive Essence is said to transform, the Negative Essence is said to unite. By the action thus indicated they produce the five elements of the material world: water, fire, wood, metal and earth. By which the reader must not understand the visible, palpable things so named, but five essences, one possessed by each, and constituting it what it is, as distinguished from the others.

'At the same time that the Five Elements are produced, the Four Seasons come into existence. By the Four Seasons must be understood not merely four divisions of the time of the year, but four special though secondary principles, or rather four specialized forms of the Ultimate Principle each of which has a certain predominance in nature during one of the periods called Spring, Summer, Autumn, Winter.

'A transcendental union and coagulation now takes place, of the Ultimate Principle, the Two Essences, and the Five Elements.

'The Positive Essence becomes the Masculine Power, the Negative Essence becomes the Feminine Power – conceived in which character the former constitutes the Heavenly mode or principle, the latter constitutes the Earthly mode or principle.

'By mutual reaction, the two produce all things in the visible, palpable world; and the double work of evolution and dissolution goes on without end.

'In the course of the process of universal production, man is constituted of the finer portions of the elements at work, and is the most intelligent of all things; the unintelligent, zoological world being included in the term things. It is at this stage that the mental, as different

from the material world, manifests itself in the form of a distinct existence. As we believe that mind and matter have the same common origin in the incomprehensible workings of the Author of existence, so the Chinese believe that mind and matter have the same common origin in the transcendent operations of the Ultimate Principle, the T'ai Chi.

'Man's Hsing or Nature, as allotted to him in the course of these operations, is perfectly good. Its qualities as exhibited in active relation to the world are classified under five heads, as the Five Virtues:[1]

'Jên:

'Love towards mankind and a desire to promote their prosperity and happiness; benevolence, charity, brotherly love, humanity. The character *jên* is probbably the most important in the classics, it expresses at all events the fundamental virtue of Confucianism as we have come to call Chinese philosophy. The composition of the ideograph is very illuminating – it is made up of "man" and "his double" or two. Brotherly love cannot exist without an object for the affection.

'I (pronounced E):

'The rule of self-dignity and self-respect; right, equity, uprightness, high moral feeling; that which is proper and right *per se*.

'Li:

'Decorum, courtesy, observance of worship. Manners, used in the same sense as in the Wyekamist motto "Manners maketh man." The composition of the character shows a sacrificial vase, and divine influences coming down to earth.

[1] The analyses of characters in the following list have been inserted by me, Mr. Meadows gives only the dictionary renderings. – F. A.

'Chih:

'Knowledge, wisdom, sagacity, enlightenment. The character is composed of white and a phonetic which means "the science which renders it possible to pronounce on a subject with the precision of an arrow reaching its target."

'Hsin:

'Sincerity, truthfulness, integrity. The ideograph is a combination of man and words; it suggests the current saying "a man's words are true; if they cannot be believed they are not man's words."

'As in the region of ontology and cosmogony the Two Essences and the Five Elements are the sources of all things; so – man having been constituted as a separate existence – in the region of psychology and sociology the Two Essences and the Five Virtues are the sources of all affairs. Mental and material existences originate in the Two Essences and the Ultimate Principle which is their root; and in all things and all acts the Ultimate Principle operates as the Two Essences.'

Having thus set forth the main principles involved, Mr. Meadows proceeds to expound the 'Theory of the basic idea of the Classics and hence of Chinese Philosophy.' He believes that the key to the right understanding of the Chinese Sacred Books with their established annotations, as comprehending a theory of all mental and material existence, lies in the perception of the fact that fourteen terms constantly used in th

Classics really mean one and the same thing, that is the Ultimate Principle of his exposition.

'The differences among those words,' he says, 'are purely of a nominal kind; the words themselves are, all of them, names for the Ultimate Principle as it is conceived either in operation at various stages of the evolution of the Universe; or as more specially forming the root of, and working in some division or subdivision of the Universe; in no case do they, as philosophical terms, mean anything distinct from, or less than, the Ultimate Principle.'

I have arranged these terms, which comprise both single ideographs and ideographs used in combination, in a table which I have found most useful. I give first the transliterations of the characters according to the Wade System; then the translations from Morrison's dictionary which is the one Mr. Meadows must have used, and from Giles' dictionary which is the most modern we have; fourth, the analysis of the characters from Père Wieger's digest of the ancient Chinese Dictionary, *Shuo Wên* (Speech and Writing); and lastly Mr. Meadows' interpretation of the terms:

TERM ONE. T'AI CHI.

Morrison: That which existed previously to the division of Heaven and Earth; or the present system of the Universe.

Giles: The 'Absolute' of Confucian cosmogony, as explained by Chu Fu Tzŭ.

Wieger: Man between Heaven and Earth striving with all his faculties, mouth and hand, in the struggle for existence – extreme. Preceded by *t'ai* – great.

Meadows: T'ai Chi is the name used when the Ulti-

mate Principle is regarded with reference to its quality as the ultimate or extreme originating point of the Universe.

TERM TWO. HSING.

Morrison: The nature, principles or properties communicated by Heaven; innate qualities; what is born in man, or with man; the nature or properties of the things. The natural constitution, ability, disposition, or temper of man.

Giles: Nature, natural disposition, temper, faculty.

Wieger: Heart; a growing plant.

Meadows: In the process of universal production the Universal Principle is often represented as a 'Flowing forth' in order to constitute men or things; as an influx into humanity it is *jên hsing*, the nature of man. The nature of man is therefore perfectly good, for it is identical with the will of Heaven, that is to say, with the fixed course of the one ultimate principle of the Universe.

hsing being used of the nature of the things as well as that of man, it follows that inanimate nature, is to the Chinese mind, as perfect as it is considered by us when spoken of as 'fresh from the hands of its maker.'

TERM THREE. HSIN.

Morrison: The heart; the affections; the mind; the intentions; the origin.

Giles: Physical heart, first among the five viscera, and is the seat of the mind. Hence thought, intelligence, and so on. Also the moral heart or nature.

Wieger: A picture of a heart.

Meadows: Man's *hsin* or mind is nothing but his *hsing*,

or nature, conceived as it exists in him at a somewhat later stage of the evolutionary process.

TERM FOUR. TAO.

Morrison: A way, a principle. The principle from which Heaven, Earth, Man and all nature emanates. Principle in action (see *li*). Correct virtuous principle and course of action. Order and Good principle in a government and country. To speak, to direct.

Giles: Road, path. Hence *the* road 'par excellence,' the right way, true path.

Wieger: Head; to walk.

Meadows: Tao is the term which marks the Ultimate Principle as the fixed Way or course of the Universe.

TERM FIVE. LI.

Morrison: To rule; the principles in matter, in bodies, in the universe and in man by which they are regulated; right principles; reason in man; the principle of order by which the Universe is regulated. Also denoted a 'principle of organization'; the internal and essential form of Europeans. Sometimes spoken of as a kind of Soul of the Universe. The Heavens and Earth and all animate and inanimate creatures are but one *li* or principle; and as to human beings every one has an individual and distinct *li*. The universal *li* is compared to the water of the ocean out of which each person takes a part, some more, some less, still all belong to the water of the ocean which is supreme.

Giles: Abstract right; eternal fitness of things; principle.

Meadows: *li* is the Ultimate Principle as the rule or fixed order of the Universe.

TERM SIX. TAO LI.

Morrison: Right principles, a natural sense of fitness, reason, reasonable.

Giles: Right principle, doctrine, reason, argument.

Meadows: One of the commonest, and probably the original signification of *tao* is path or way. Though it appears to have been employed as our word 'way' is employed when we speak of the 'ways,' i.e. manner of acting of men, and afterwards of heaven. It then began to be and is now used in language still more philosophical, to denote the way of development of the Universe – the manner of the action of the Ultimate Principle in the evolutionary process. The transition from this to the meaning of absolute truth, is easily seen. . . . Hence *tao* especially in conjunction with *li*, one of the other names of the Ultimate Principle, as *tao li* means Reason.

TERM SEVEN. TÊ.

Morrison: Virtue commonly in a good sense. Power, force, benevolence, virtuous instructions.

Giles: That which one does naturally, spontaneously, without being able to help it, conduct, behaviour, principles exemplified in action, energy, power, moral excellence, virtue, kindness.

Wieger: Heart; direct (ten eyes which can see the slightest deviation should such exist), also the figure for a step.

Meadows: *tê* denotes the Ultimate Principle as an inherent power or virtue of that Universe which, in reality, is produced by it. Hence when *tê* is used

to express a quality of man, it, as identical with the Ultimate Principle inherent in him, necessarily means perfect goodness or virtue as opposed to vice.

TERM EIGHT. TI.

Morrison: The Appellation of one who judges the world or of one who rules over Nations; celestial virtue. Shang Ti the highest Sovereign, the Supreme Ruler; Heaven or the God of Heaven.

Giles: God, the Supreme Ruler of the Universe.

Wieger: The one who governs; a figure representing a man in the trailing robes of ceremonial.

Meadows: The name *ti* or Shang Ti expresses still more strongly than T'ien Li, T'ien Ming, or T'ien Tao the ruling, rewarding-harmony and punishing-violation characteristic of the Ultimate Principle. Both *t'ien* and *ti*, but more especially *ti*, may be said to personify the fixed course of Nature.

TERM NINE. T'IEN.

Morrison: The highest, that which is resident above. To rule and keep in subjection the creatures below. Heaven used for the material heavens, the sky and for a Supreme and Intelligent Power which views human actions and thoughts, and which rewards and punishes individuals or nations, but which seems to want personality. There is a great variety of expression and confusion of ideas with the word.

Giles: Material heavens; according to *Shuo Wên* 'the one great thing' now known to be an anthropomorphic picture of the Deity; the sky; Heaven, as a power which unites with earth to produce all living things; the pateræther of the Romans; nature the eternal principle of right. The Supreme Ruler of

the Universe; God as a personal omnipotent, omniscient, and omnipresent Being, beyond the ken of man, and ranked above Shang Ti, in the Filial Piety Classic.

Wieger: The One greatness over Man.

Meadows: t'ien may be said to personify the fixed course of Nature. When T'ien is used in its sense of sky or visible blue heavens, the *ti* is described as its *hsin* or Mind.

TERM TEN. MING.

Morrison: Fate. The destiny of individuals in this life. The life of human beings. A command.

Giles: The Will of God; a decree; an order; Fate; Destiny.

Wieger: A mouth and an order.

Meadows: See *t'ien* in conjunction with *ming*.

TERM ELEVEN. T'IEN LI.

Morrison: Heavenly principles; the moral sense; Providence.

Giles: Eternal principles; Divine justice; Natural sense of Justice.

Meadows: T'ien Li means the rule or regulated order of Heaven.

TERM TWELVE. T'IEN TAO.

Morrison: The Ways of Heavens; Providence.

Giles: The Way of God.

Meadows: The Way of Heaven.

TERM THIRTEEN. T'IEN MING.

Morrison: The Decree or Will of Heaven.

Giles: The Will of God. The appointment of Heaven.

Meadows: T'ien Li and T'ien Tao are both synonymous with T'ien Ming. That is the fixed order of action or course of the Ultimate Principle.

TERM FOURTEEN. CH'ÊNG.

Morrison: Without guile; sincerity; truth.

Giles: Guileless; sincere.

Wieger: Words; perfect; complete.

Meadows: *ch'êng* is used of the Ultimate Principle when it constitutes the nature or mind of the Holy Man; a superlative being sometimes added to indicate unmistakably its completest realization. In the Imperial *Essence of Philosophy* where Chu Hsi's annotations are found, we read the following: 'ch'êng is the fundamental characteristic of the Holy Man. . . . ch'êng is the name of the perfectly real and naturally right; it is the true, fixed order (li) which nature received from Heaven. All men get it; and that which makes the Holy Man holy is nothing else but merely his complete personal realization of it. . . . ch'êng is what is called T'ai Chi. . . . Holy is merely ch'êng. He who possesses ch'êng entirely comprises within himself the spontaneousness of all true principles; with perfect sense – without thought or effort – he keeps undeviatingly to the Way of the Universe. That which makes the Holy Man holy is nothing but his complete personal realization of the real order of the universe; it is what is called T'ai Chi. ch'êng is the radical nature of the true order of Heaven.

My personal opinion is that the Chinese thought is

expressed more exactly if the word 'enlightened' be substituted for 'holy' throughout Mr. Meadows' exposition.

In Père Amiot's diagram all the Elements referred to are shown, but his interpretation differs slightly from Mr. Meadows' in that he places the Creator of all things, Shang Ti the Above Lord, in a circle above the rest; and in the centre of the lower group, places the ch'i, that is the vital force or breath of the Creator which starts everything in motion. Mr. Meadows would merge the Above Lord and the Ultimate Principle, and in fact the Chinese do look upon them as one and the same, but I think the philosophical system is more clearly understood if we place the Creator in a circle apart and show that it is by his force that the Universe has sprung into being. The Above Lord is constantly referred to by the poets as the 'Builder of All Things.' The word *ch'i* is difficult to translate. It is 'fume or vapour ascending from heat acting on moisture; steam, exhalation; ether, the aerial fluid; breath, air; the vital force or fluid, the primordial aura, nervous matter or the stamina of a being; spirit, courage, temper, feelings of men or animals; aspect, air, influence, attraction; a convenient and mobile term in Chinese philosophy for explaining and denoting whatever is supposed to be the source or primary agent in producing and modifying motion, as if it were animated air; it is more material than *li* and *tao* (terms five and four), more external than *hsin* (term three) and is restrained by the form which confines it, so that it can be said "the vital fluid has limits; matter or substance is

opposed to it, as spirit is to the body it animates." ' I have given this long abstract from Williams' dictionary as a sort of apologia for my own shortcomings as a translator: ch'i is the 'most ethereal and least material shape of matter conceivable.'

It will be noticed that the lower part of the circle devoted to the Creator is divided into two halves; in one of these halves appear shên (Spirits); in the other, shêng (Holy or Enlightened Men). This is a very interesting point. The Chinese believe that human beings are ranged in different classes as they are more or less imbued with the spirit of the Creator. Mencius speaks very clearly on the subject, as is recorded in his conversation with a certain Hao-shêng who questioned him, saying: 'What sort of a man is Yo-chêng?'

MENCIUS: 'He is a good man; a man whose words are sincere.'

HAO-SHÊNG: 'What is meant by "good," what is meant by "sincere"? '

MENCIUS: 'He whom one loves and admires is said to be good.

'He who depends upon the virtue in himself is said to be sincere.

'He who is nourished and filled with truth is said to command reverence.

'He who is filled with truth, whose glory shines as though illuminated by a flaming torch, is said to be great.

'He who is great, and also transforms others

by his influence, is said to be Enlightened, a Sage or a man whose words are perfect and complete (see ch'êng, term fourteen).

'He who is Enlightened, but one whose greatness we cannot fully realize or know, is said to be filled with spiritual influences, which reveal to man all things transcendent.'

The human manifestation of this philosophy, if one may thus express it, is supposed to be the Son of Heaven, the Ruler of 'All-Below-the-Sky'; an Enlightened Man who in his own person unites the Three Powers, that is, Heaven, Earth and Man. The character *wang*, by which he was originally known, is according to one interpretation composed of three horizontal strokes representing the Three Powers, and a perpendicular line which runs through the central stroke and connects it with those above and below. It is obvious that no ordinary being can fill this great office, therefore the Rulers were originally chosen by their predecessor (who himself was supposed to hold office by the Decree of Heaven) for their outstanding integrity and intelligence which manifested the perfect working of the Ultimate Principle within them.

We are not clearly instructed as to how the semi-legendary Emperor Yao, who ascended the throne 2357 B.C., was chosen, but his successors have held office in strict accordance with this rule ever since. For a very clear exposition of the principle we must turn again to

Mencius, who discussed the matter with one of his disciples, a certain Ten-Thousand Essays.

Ten-Thousand Essays spoke, saying, 'Shun received All-Below-the-Sky from Yao; is this not so?'

Mencius replied, 'Not so; the Son of Heaven cannot give All-Below-the-Sky to any man.'

Ten-Thousand Essays then asked, 'But, nevertheless, Shun obtained All-Below-the-Sky. Through whom did it come?'

'It came from Heaven,' said Mencius.

Ten-Thousand Essays, still not satisfied, inquired further: 'You say it came from Heaven; did Heaven carefully inculcate and specifically enjoin its decree of appointment?'

'Not so,' said Mencius, 'Heaven did not utter words; it used his actions, and his conduct of affairs to make apparent the divine influences from above; that is all.'

Ten-Thousand Essays, still unconvinced, asked: 'It used his actions, and his conduct of affairs to make apparent the divine influences from above; how was that?'

Mencius was obliged to enter into further details: 'The Son of Heaven can lead forward a man and present him to Heaven, but he is unable to cause Heaven to give him All-Below-the-Sky; a feudal prince can lead forward a man, and present him to the Son of Heaven, but he is unable to cause the Son of Heaven to create him a prince of the realm; a high official can lead forward a man and present him to the feudal prince, but he is unable to cause the feudal prince to make that man a high official. Yao led forward Shun and presented him to Heaven, and Heaven approved him; proclaimed him to the people, and the people accepted him. Therefore I said, Heaven

did not utter words; it used his actions, and his conduct of affairs to make apparent the divine influences from above – that is all.'

Ten-Thousand Essays, who was evidently a person with great pertinacity of purpose, pressed the Master, saying: 'Dare I ask in what manner it was that Yao led Shun forward and presented him to Heaven, and Heaven approved him; proclaimed him to the people, and the people accepted him?'

Mencius was in no way daunted and answered every point in full: 'It created him Lord over the presenting of slaughtered victims which causes the influences from on high to descend; the Hundred Spirits rejoiced in, and accepted the sacrifice – thus Heaven approved him; it created him Lord over the conduct of affairs, and affairs were all administered; those of the hundred surnames were at peace, thus the people accepted him. Heaven conferred it, therefore I say, the Son of Heaven cannot give All-Below-the-Sky to any man.

'Shun assisted Yao for twice ten and eight years; no human being would have been able to act thus, his doing so was from Heaven.

'Yao died – that is, the great mountain fell. When the three years of mourning were brought to a close, Shun avoided the son of Yao and went to the South of the southern river. The feudal princes of All-Below-the-Sky when they assembled at dawn, to look North towards the Emperor's throne, did not go to the son of Yao but to Shun. Those who demanded justice and strove for right did not go to the son of Yao, but to Shun. Bards and singers did not chant and sing of the son of Yao, they chanted ballads and sang songs of Shun. Therefore I said Heaven appointed him.

'Now after these things he went to the Central State, and trod upon the throne of the Son of Heaven. Had he dwelt in the palace of Yao, and exercised compulsion upon the son of Yao, he would have usurped the throne, and not have received it from Heaven.

'In the Great Announcement it is said, "Heaven sees as my people see, Heaven hears as my people hear." '

It will be remembered that when the Republic was established in China in 1911, the rulers of the Manchu dynasty directed Yüan Shih-k'ai to organize the new form of government; they, as it were, presented him to Heaven, and withdrew into retirement themselves. Who knows whether if Yüan had obeyed their behest, and withstood the temptation of usurping authority for himself, the course of Chinese history might not have been very different?

One point that has led to endless difficulties in the relations between China and Occidental States, is that, as a logical concomitant of their philosophical system, the Chinese have always held that the Son of Heaven ruled the World. He was not referred to as the Emperor of China but as the one who ruled All-Below-the-Sky; therefore they persisted in regarding the friendly embassies by which European nations attempted to establish intercourse between West and East as tribute-bearing commissions, such as they had been accustomed to receive from the remote tribes on the confines of the Empire, and consistently treated these embassies as such. The premise

of the Chinese was perfectly reasonable – if the grounds of their argument could be admitted.

A great deal can be said about this premise when dealing with the history of China eighteen hundred years after the birth of our Lord, but we are now concerned with what happened two millenniums before that event.

Yao, we have seen, chose Shun as his successor, and Shun chose Yü the great engineer who drained the Empire; and among his other works is supposed to have cut through the Three Chasms; and Yü, although he chose a certain Yih, was succeeded by his own son Ch'i. Mencius explains to Ten-Thousand Essays just how this happened; how although the Great Yü did present his Minister to Heaven the people would not accept him, and clamoured for 'the son of our prince.' The philosopher points out again that both Heaven and the people must signify their acceptance of a Sovereign. It was in this fortuitous manner that the Hsia dynasty, which held the throne from 2205–1766 B.C., came to be founded, and the hereditary principle, then introduced, persisted until the overthrow of the Dragon Throne in 1911. No right of primogeniture has, however, been connected with this principle; frequently in fact the Chinese Rulers, in appointing a successor, have passed over their sons, and chosen some more suitable member of the Imperial Clan. Frequently too, the Ruler, feeling the burden of responsibility too heavy to bear, has abdicated in favour of the man he has appointed his heir.

As Mencius points out, Heaven does not utter words, and an heir presented to Heaven does not necessarily prove a success; it was simply in the prosperity and peace of All-Below-the-Sky, that proof of an Emperor's fitness to rule could be found. Famine, disorder and misery were taken as evidence of the Ruler's incapacity – as evidence of Heaven's displeasure; and if the offending monarch did not abdicate, it was the duty of some public-spirited subject to raise the standard of revolt and found a new dynasty. From this it is clearly seen that the divine right of Kings had no place in the Chinese theory of sovereignty, but that the people's right to rebellion was distinctly recognized as a feature to be considered by those responsible for the government of the country. The first successful rebellion chronicled in Chinese history occurred in 1766 B.C. It was organized to overthrow the then effete Hsia dynasty, and was led by a man of remarkable character generally referred to as Ch'êng T'ang (Successful-in-Repelling-Injustice). After the campaign was over he made a great announcement thus recorded in the Classic of Writings:

'The King, he who combines in his own person Heaven, Earth and Man, returned from subduing Hsia and arrived at Po, where he made an announcement to the ten thousand regions.

'The King spoke saying: "Ho! all ye of the ten thousand regions, listen and clearly understand the words, We the one Man, utter.

' "Only the Sovereign Lord Above, has let fall upon the people below, a sense of what is right, so that they may by nature constantly persist in rectitude. Only the Lord of Earth can, however, prevail upon them to peace-

fully persevere in the way of action that is adopted after wise counsel.

'"The King of Hsia did violence to, and wiped out that rectitude which springs from the heart; he used intimidation, his brutal tyranny like the claws of a fierce tiger spread wide among ye of the hundred surnames in the ten thousand regions. Ye of the hundred surnames in the ten thousand regions, enmeshed in adversity and hurtful calamities, could not endure the bitter wormwood and poison. Standing together as one man, you declared to the divinities above and to the spirits of earth below, that you had not failed in duty. The Way of Heaven is to requite virtue with prosperity and licentiousness with woe. It sent down upon Hsia the fire and flood of disaster to make manifest its crimes.

'"Therefore We the little child charged with the decree of Heaven, brilliant as the light of sun and moon, yet intimidating and awe inspiring, did not dare to remit punishment. We dared use the black ox, and dared make a clear announcement to the divine Sovereign of the high Heavens, begging leave to deal with the ruler of Hsia as a criminal. We then sought for the chief of Enlightened Men, to unite his strength with Ours, in order to request from all of you the decree to rule. Verily, high Heaven assists the people below. The man netted in crime is dismissed from office, he has gone forth like a dog. The appointment of Heaven is without error; precious blossoms may be plucked from grasses, plants and trees; verily the million people prosper.

'"It is given to Us the one man, to give harmony and tranquillity to your states and households; and now We know not whether We may not offend and do wrong towards the powers above and below; Our heart fears;

We tremble, as a man standing on the edge of a precipice; are apprehensive, as if We should fall from a height into the whirled waters of meeting streams.

' "All those States which I am creating must not follow the denying of the reverent offerings of flesh, silk and rice, they must not recklessly indulge in licentiousness. Each should observe his own statutes, and thus be honoured with the favour of Heaven.

' "If ye have virtues, We will not dare to conceal them; and the faults upon Our person We shall not dare to treat with levity, they shall be examined in harmony with the mind of the Above Ruler.

' "If ye of the ten thousand regions are caught in the net of guilt, it shall be upon Us the one Man. If We the one man are caught in the net of guilt, it will not rest upon ye of the ten thousand regions.

' "Ah! Hear! that we may together prevail upon and secure a season of sincerity, that shall endure also until the end." '

The ideal sovereign described so clearly by the ancient writers, was truly a man apart, and his principal function was, to act as an intermediary between Hao T'ien Shang Ti (Vast Heaven the Above Ruler) and humanity. The cult of the worship of Heaven was in his hands. It was his duty to make periodical reports of his stewardship to the Above Ruler from whom he held the order to govern the *world*, and this he did after a night of prayer and

fasting, at an altar open to the sky, placed to the South of his Imperial residence. He was also bound to perform various sacrifices such as those to the Sovereign of Grain and the Spirits of the Border Altars. The Record of Rites gives most minute directions as to what the Son of Heaven shall do and how he shall perform his obligations. It is difficult to conceive of a more responsible position than that filled by the One Man, and any shortcoming on his part was supposed to result directly in

misery to his people. I know of no document in Chinese literature which expresses his accepted point of view more clearly than the despairing cry of King Hsüan who reigned 826–781 B.C., when his Kingdom had been suffering for a number of years from a terrible drought. It is written in the Classic of Poetry:

THE CLOUDY RIVER

Immense that Cloudy River;
Revolving bright as sun and fire in the Heaven;
The King; he who unites in his person Heaven, Earth and Man spoke – Wu Hu, Alas!!
What crime have the men of to-day committed?
Heaven sends down from above death, disorder, confusion.
The grains and cereals, the vegetables and green foods are not ripe – again and again, many times does this happen!
There is no spirit to whom I have not lifted up sacrifice;
No victim I have treasured and so kept back;
My stone sceptres and round badges of rank have come to an end;
How! why! am I not heard?

The drought is already too extreme.
The heated air strikes man's body with overwhelming concentrated fierceness.
I have not ceased to offer the pure sacrifices.
From the Border Altars back to the Ancestral Altars I have advanced.
To Heaven, to Earth, I have lifted the sacrifices on stands, and have, after the ceremony, buried them in the Earth.

There is no Spirit I have not honoured.
Even Hou Chi, Sovereign of Grain, would not have been competent.
Shang Ti does not send his spirit down upon us to listen to our prayers.
This destruction and waste, this loathing for the Earth below and all the people on it.
I desire to bear this myself, on my own body – the result of my fault!

The drought is already too extreme.
For its serious consequences I cannot be excused.
Terrified – terrified –; I feel in peril – I feel in peril!
As when one hears the clap of thunder, and the roll of thunder.
That which will remain of the black-haired people of Chou,
There will not be so much as half a man.
Vast as Heaven the Above Ruler!
Even I will not be spared.
How should I not fear greatly!!
The Sacrifices to our early Ancestors – will be exinguished.

The drought is already too extreme.
Its serious consequences cannot be avoided;
Scorching, scorching; blazing hot – blazing hot.
No dwelling place is left to me.
The great Decree of Heaven, by which I live and reign, is nearly at an end.
There is none to look up to – there is none to regard.
The many great officials, the virtuous men of the past,
In its serious consequences give me no help;

Father, Mother, my Early Ancestors
How can your hearts be at peace – how are you willing
to endure my sufferings?

The drought is already too extreme!
Scoured, scoured the hills, dried the streams;
The Demon of Drought exercised his ravages and his
oppression.
Like fire burning in the heart – like fire burning in the
hedges –
My lonely heart is as dried by the heat of summer;
Sorrow in my burning heart is like the clouds of steam
rising from fire;
The many virtuous men of the past!
Its serious consequences they do not hear or under-
stand!
Vast as Heaven the Above Ruler!
Be willing to enable me to retire!

The drought is already too extreme.
I strive in vain – I fear the passing days.
How, why, should I endure this severe affliction?
Unhappily I cannot learn its reason.
I offered the early sacrifices for good crops, in due time,
and with deep respect and awe;
Not one of the earth spirits of the four quarters did I
neglect.
Vast as Heaven the Above Ruler!
Thou dost not even consider my behaviour.
I have been respectful and reverent to the spirits whose
intelligence is brilliant as the sun and moon com-
bined –
They ought not to visit on me their hate and fury.

The drought is already too extreme!
Order is dispersed, no laws remain in force.
Reduced to extremities are the great officials.
As if smitten with a chronic illness and wounded with
weapons is my Chief Minister,
My Master of Horse – my Commander of the Guards –
He who superintends my food, my attendants both to
the right and to the left
Not one among them has failed to try and help the people.
Not one among them has ceased trying because of a
feeling of disability.
I throw back my head, I gaze at vast Heaven with rever-
ence –
I speak, saying, 'Why must I bear such grief?'

I throw back my head – I gaze at Vast Heaven with
reverence.
The stars are sparkling brightly.
My Officers, the great men of my country,
You have reverently approached Heaven, and have kept
nothing back.
The Great Decree of Heaven by which I live and reign,
is nearly at an end – Death is approaching!
Do not abandon that which you have so far accomplished –
Your prayers and sacrifices are not for me alone –
But to keep calamity from all the people and those who
rule them.
I throw back my head, I gaze at Vast Heaven with
reverence –
When may I, of grace, be given Peace?

Obviously a Ruler who is supposed to live in such intimate relations with the other world, who must keep himself attuned to this intercourse by prayer and fasting, must not be worried with details of administration. Therefore it was considered essential that he should be surrounded by wise statesmen who could assist him in the task of government. The post of chief adviser or Minister was especially important, and Chinese Rulers have expended infinite pains in seeking out from among all ranks of the people their most able subjects in order that the post might be adequately filled.

In 1325 B.C. Wu Ting (Bravery Perfected) came to the throne, and caused consternation to his entourage by his hesitation, even after the required mourning for his predecessor was over, in taking up the burden of rule. The record of this occurrence appears in the Classic of Writings among the books of Shang:

'The sorrow and anxiety of the King dragged its slow length along. Until the season of sacrifice passed three times, he dwelt in the dark hut of lamentation hiding his high light.

'When the wailing for the dead was over he still did not utter words. The assembled Ministers were perplexed, they pointed out the right way of action to the Ruler, saying, "Attend, listen! of the Enlightened One it is said that his sagacity is brilliant as the light of the sun and moon. He whose sagacity is thus brilliant as the light of the sun and moon, should verily be a pattern to all men. The Son of Heaven is lord of the ten thousand regions, the hundred officers lift their hands in veneration, receiving from him the seals of office. The words of the Ruler as they fall from his lips are a command. If he does not

utter words, the officials below are as entangled in a net, they know not what are their orders, nor for whom to provide."

'He who in his person unites the Three Powers, then spoke with his writing brush, and informed them, saying: "As it is ours to secure what is right for the Four Quarters, We are fearful that Our virtue is not adequate to do so. For this reason We have not uttered words. While reverently, with heart and mind, meditating in the dark privacy upon the way of action, Our eyes saw confusedly, as in sleep, the Ruler on High. He conferred upon Us an enlightened adviser, one neither obstinate nor yielding, who spoke on Our behalf."

'He then described to them the appearance of this person, and by means of an image, caused search to be made for him in All-Below-the-Sky. Yüeh, a builder, in the uncultivated districts by the Crag of Fu was found to be the man.

'He who in his person unites the Three Powers, raised Yüeh to be his adviser, his minister of the right and of the left, and charged him, saying:

' "When the sun rises through the mist of dawn, and when the crescent moon is on the horizon, hand up the silken tributes of thy admonition and instruction, that they may continually revolve and aid Our heart to follow the line of truth. Suppose Us a weapon of steel; – We will use thee as a whetstone. Suppose Us as crossing a vast and mighty water-course; – We will use thee as a boat and the oars thereof. Suppose Us as enduring a season of drought; – We will regard thee as a continuous and copious rain.

' "When thy mind is as the clear sky after rain, Our mind will be as saturated with the fertilizing moisture of

a shower that has passed. Imagine thyself a drug which, if it do not dull the patient's vision and render him confused and dizzy, does not cause his disorder to fly from him. Suppose Us as one walking barefoot, who if he do not see the ground, must wound and injure his feet. Furthermore, with thy associates, do not, not be of one mind to assist thy Sovereign. In this manner enable Us to conform with the way of early Kings. To tread in the footsteps of Our High Ancestor, and to give vigour and peace to the million people.

' "Ah! Attend! Respect this command of Ours. Ponder on its complete fulfilment."

'Yüeh replied to the King, saying: "As wood by the use of a builder's line stretched taut, becomes straight, so the Sovereign who acts in accordance with remonstrance becomes Enlightened. If the Sovereign attains to being Enlightened, his officers, without being charged, anticipate his orders.

' "Who dares not repose in such excellent charge as that of your Majesty?" '

Although Yüeh was a builder, and Shun was taken from his plough to fill the high position of Minister to Yao, it was not to be expected that the Ruler could depend on finding an able assistant in every field; so gradually a system of education was built up by which men of ability, irrespective of rank, were fitted to hold government offices. Their ability was tested by a series of competitive examinations, which automatically gave them an executive position, if they but proved themselves

worthy from a scholarly point of view. Scholarship, which comprised a thorough knowledge of the ancient books and therefore a complete grasp of the principles underlying the theory of government, has in this manner become in China the most highly valuable of all attributes. Scholarship provided the road to success and all that success connotes. Therefore the people strove earnestly to obtain this precious possession for their sons. Every assistance was given by the authorities, as it was considered absolutely essential that the Ruler should have at his disposition the services of every available competent man.

The Officials, whom poets often refer to as the 'horses' of the Emperor, were supposed to carry the whole burden of administration, and the Emperor himself was supposed to be the channel through which Heavenly influences were transmitted to earthly undertakings; and as his officials were responsible to him for the control of the districts to which they were appointed, so he was responsible to Vast-Heaven-Above-Ruler for the direction of All-Below-the-Sky. This distinct delegation of, and acceptance of, authority, is one of the most striking characteristics of the Chinese social system, and permeates the structure to its very roots.

Nor were his assistants supposed to admire and approve all suggestions from the Son of Heaven – by no means; they were supposed to be his most severe critics and to express their criticism plainly. This was especially the case in regard to the Board of Censors, a remarkable body of men chosen from among the highest scholars of the Empire. They were called, among other names, 'ears and eyes officers,' and their duty was not only to report to the throne details regarding the government and wel-

fare of the people, but also to censure the Sovereign himself for anything they might consider blameworthy in his conduct or rule. The poet Tu Fu held the post of Censor for a short time, but unfortunately, the Emperor he served was no ideal Son of Heaven, and when Tu Fu proffered criticism and advice lost his temper in a thoroughly human fashion. It must be admitted that the poet was singularly tactless in his method of procedure. He forced his way at night to the 'dragon bed' itself, and expressed his opinion very forcibly to his royal master. This impetuous action cost Tu Fu his post, but his devotion to the Sovereign never wavered for an instant. However, when troubles and rebellions followed each other incessantly he did plaintively express his conception of the ideal Emperor as one who ruled: 'With hands folded on his breast, receiving the silken tribute of admonition and reproof.'

This conception is not original with Tu Fu; it is an accepted axiom that the Emperor shall rule by the force of Wu Wei, words which may be expressed as Non-action. I shall have more to say about them in connection with one of the palace halls.

The intimate connection between the earthly sovereign and the Creator of the Universe cannot be too strongly insisted upon. The Above Ruler is supposed to occupy a circumpolar constellation composed of fifteen stars, which is called the Purple Protected Enclosure; and his representative on earth inhabits an enclosure known as the Purple Forbidden City. Monseigneur Favier in his

work on Peking states that the Forbidden City is called purple because mortar of that colour was used in the construction of its walls, and this statement has often been repeated by subsequent writers. I am, however, able to find no evidence that it is correct. It is true that purple earth is supposed to have been used in building the Great Wall, which lies North of the Capital, and some confusion may have arisen between the two. At all events the Celestial Palace near the North Star is the prototype of the Imperial Palace where the Son of Heaven passed his days in magnificent retirement from the World.

Nor does the simile stop here. In the names of seven hundred and fifty-nine asterisms of the Chinese celestial sphere, the nomenclature of officials and offices of the terrestrial court are reproduced, headed by that of Heaven's Emperor, Great Ruler which is applied to the polar star. The French astronomer, Biot, remarks: 'Without doubt the creation of these analogies sprang from superstitious ideas. In any case, can one not believe that the legislators, wishing to give to their government the most efficacious conditions of stability, strove to connect the rites with Heaven itself as the most conspicuous example of immutability.' The subject is treated at great length by Schlegel in a most fascinating book called *Uranographie Chinoise*; he further presents an interesting argument to prove that the much discussed 'flaming pearl' used in decoration in connection with the dragon, is in reality the sun, and that the dragon after his winter's sleep belches it forth. Some authorities agree with him, but Vissière, who has devoted an entire volume to the study of the beneficent saurian supposed by the Chinese to control the elements, after a brave attempt to prove that the aforesaid 'pearl' represents the *moon* ends his

argument with the words: 'Therefore after having given the above facts, the reader may take them into consideration. I feel obliged to say "non liquet." '

Personally I think that Schlegel is right, but whether the dragon and the sun are thus intimately connected or not, it is an indubitable fact that the Emperor is figuratively spoken of as the 'sun,' and that his emblem is the dragon – in any one of his many forms. Besides the infinite variety of actual dragons it must not be forgotten that the great beast who is considered most eclectic in its affections, had nine sons who did not perfectly resemble him – that is they were not dragons – *pur sang*. Each is possessed of some great talent, possibly derived from their mother's family and each appears in the decoration of the Forbidden City. Descriptions of these sons vary slightly, but a generally accepted list is as follows:

Pei Hsi, Robust and of Extraordinary Strength, a creature resembling a turtle, which is able to, and likes to, bear great weights. It carries stone slabs which bear inscriptions.

Ch'ih Wên, Hornless Dragon of the Edge, a sort of dragon which likes to gaze and look out, so is placed on the ridges of roofs.

P'u Lao, Strong Creature of the Reed Beds, a creature which loves to growl and make noises, therefore it is used as a handle to great bells.

P'i Han, Fierce Black Feline, a creature which likes to use his energy and active strength. It is placed over prison doors, being very fierce.

T'ao T'ieh, Covetous Creature which-eats-till-Exhausted, a creature which is very gluttonous. It loves food and therefore is put on various vessels, as cover, handle, etc., as a warning against gluttony.

Pa Sha, Hoarse Voice, a creature which loves water. It is put on the railing of bridges.

Ai Chai, Stare-at-and-Punish-too-Severely, a creature which likes to kill. It is therefore used on sword handles and where blades join handles.

Suan Li, Young Lion with Red Eyes, a creature which is fond of smoke and fire, and is used on incense burners.

Chiao T'u, Peppery Creature which surrounds Carefully, a creature which likes to close things, and is therefore used on door handles.

Apart from all these appendages of picturesque romance one feels that the ancient Chinese system of government, in its ideals, resembles far more closely democratic government, than it does any of our monarchial forms, especially as, in addition to the points already mentioned, the Emperor was regarded as the head of a clan and the Father of his people. This fact was noticed by Van Braam, who in 1794–1795 conducted an Embassy from the Dutch East India Company to the Court of Ch'ien Lung; the dedication of his Journal which contains 'an authentic account of the Embassy,' is to His Excellency George Washington, President of the United States, and reads as follows:

'Sir, – Travels among the most ancient people which now inhabits this globe, and which owes its long existence to the system which makes its Chief the Father of the National Family, cannot appear under better auspices than those of the Great Man who was elected, by the universal suffrage of a new nation, to preside at the conquest of liberty, and in the establishment of a government in which everything bespeaks the love of the First Magistrate for the people.

'Permit me then to address the homage of my veneration to the virtues which in your Excellency affords so striking a resemblance between Asia and America. I cannow shew myself more worthy of the title of Citizen of the United States, which is become my adopted Country, than by paying a just tribute to the Chief, whose principles and sentiments are calculated to procure them a duration equal to that of the Chinese Empire.

'I am, with respect, Sir, Your Excellency's most humble and obedient Servant, A. E. Van Braam, Houckgeest.'

The one outstanding difference, of course, between the Chinese ideal and that of the American Republic lies in the fact that in China the Ruler was supposed to be the choice of Heaven, *and* the people; whereas in America he is the choice of the people alone. Van Braam's experiences are most interesting, he was the last European until after the Boxer Days of 1900 to have audience in one of the three great Halls. His descriptions are entertaining, and one of the features which struck him forcibly was the entire absence of militarism about the Court or in the Empire. He says:

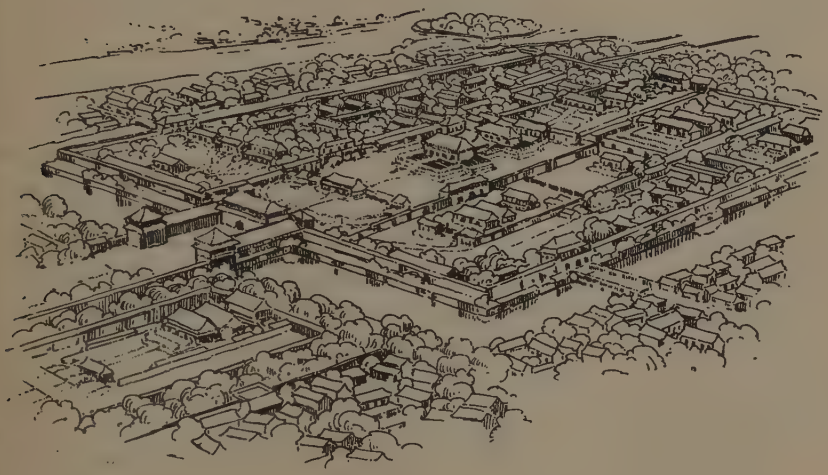
'Neither upon this occasion, nor during any of the

other ceremonies at which the Emperor was present, did I ever see a military guard. There is not even a guard-house at the gates of the Palace, which are entrusted to the sole care of a little Mandarin and a few other individuals appointed for that purpose. Anyone would naturally expect to find a small army in the Imperial Residence, but he will see nothing like it. I can affirm that in all my walks through the city I never met with anything military except a small guard-house, occupied by ten soldiers, under the command of an officer, who falls into the ranks himself as sergeants do in Holland. At the gates of the city there are perhaps, thirty or forty men, commanded by an officer of higher rank.

'I was not a little surprised to see so few troops, after having been assured last year, by one of the persons of the English Embassy (Captain Mackintosh) that the effective army of the Chinese empire amounted to eighteen hundred thousand men. Perhaps it is requisite to go into Tartary to see them; for I sought in vain during my journey to discover a sufficient number to justify my adopting any such estimate. In the cities of the first and second order we found as many as two hundred and fifty soldiers, and in those of the third order seldom more than half the number. This calculation is founded upon the whole garrison turning out under arms in the cities we went through . . . we should hardly suppose at the outside more than eight thousand men.

'This court is then the only one even in Asia where the chief of the nation is not surrounded and protected by a formidable military guard.'

Were an airman to approach Peking from the South his eyes would first be arrested by the wonderful blue roofs and round white marble altar, among the trees of the vast space devoted to the worship of Heaven; and the square white altar to the West where sacrifices were performed to the Earth principle; and as he flew yet farther North he would be dazzled by the gleaming golden tiles of the Imperial City. From the air he would see clearly



the arrangement of the innumerable buildings composing it, which follows a very definite plan. There are two distinct portions of the city, the outer and inner, divided from each other by a wide moat encircling the four sides of an immense quadrangle. This quadrangle was strictly speaking the forbidden part, and as far as the northern halls now occupied by the Boy Emperor are concerned, still is forbidden.

The halls of ceremony are built, one directly behind the other, on a wide paved strip running through the

centre of the square from South to North. A portion of this strip is greatly raised, forming a vast stage on which the three principal halls are placed. To right and left are grouped an infinite number of buildings designed for various purposes. Four gates facing the four cardinal points pierce the walls which rise from the edge of the moat; and each serves a special purpose. The southern half of the Forbidden City was designed for great ceremonials when the Son of Heaven received his officials in state, and the northern half was used for the daily interviews at dawn when ministers in constant communication with His Majesty entered by the North gate.

The approach to the inner city lies through a series of openings in the outer city, leading in a direct line from the busy Ch'ien Mên (Before Gate) in the wall of the Capital itself. The central doorway of the Before Gate, which in Imperial days was kept closed, used to be opened wide upon the rare occasions when the Son of Heaven left his palace and proceeded to perform the sacrifices to Heaven and to Earth at the round altar and the square, in the southern extremity of the South Suburb.

With these facts in mind, Mr. Cultivator-of-Bamboos and I proceeded, in imagination, through the various Halls and Palaces of the Purple Forbidden City. It may be called an apotheosis of, a consecration to, that Ho or Harmony, that co-ordination of thought and action which brings peace and happiness to the world.

The great Chinese dictionary published by the Emperor K'ang Hsi defines the word elaborately; the entry reads: '*ho* is to be in accord with, to harmonize together, it is not hard nor soft, not unyielding nor yielding.' An analysis of the character is even more expressive; *ho* was originally written with the character for the flute or pan-

pipes, beside the figure for growing grain. It would be hard to find similes better to express perfect peace and harmony. Full ears, promise of a plenteous harvest; and sweet sounds, perfectly blended, floating through the air.

The gorgeous colouring of the buildings is symbolical. The walls are red – symbol of the South, the Yang principle – the sun – happiness; while the roofs which cover the residence of the Sovereigns on Earth are of the bright yellow which is the symbol of earth, the Yin principle.

The approach to the enclosure designated as forbidden is through the T'ien An Mên (Gate of Heaven's Peace); this is flanked by two beautifully decorated marble columns known as Hua P'iao (Glory of Virtue Signposts) supposed to guide the Emperor upon the Way he should tread. They are a survival of the Fei Pang Mu – Boards of Criticism and Detraction, instituted by Yao and placed by him and his successors outside the Palace gates, in order that all who wished to do so might write upon them their opinion as to the acts of the Ruler, and their suggestions for improvement in the government. The hua p'iao is also a symbol of the glory which should shine from the Emperor's virtue.

It is a long way from the Gate of Heaven's Peace, to the colossal Wu Mên (Gate of the Sun at its Zenith) which forms the entrance to the inner quadrangle, and the Ruler, who is regarded as the personification of the Yang essence, is the only individual privileged to pass

through its portal. Upon the solemn occasions when it is opened, a bell is sounded as the Son of Heaven passes under the central arch, thus announcing to the people of the Capital the fact that the Imperial sun is actually in the ascendant.

Symbols stand on either side of the entrance. To the

East a white marble Sundial or Jih Kuei. The idea it suggests is that as the sundial is useless when obscured by clouds, so the Imperial sunshine is without effect, if clouds, that is evil Counsellors, are allowed to intervene between the King and his people. It also suggests to the Ruler that he should emulate the sun whose light shines on high and low alike, and is furthermore a constant

reminder to him to follow the immutable way of the Universe. To the West stands a square Grain-Measure of Excellence, a Chia Liang. It is a symbol of the full measure of justice and mercy which should be meted out to every individual in the world, irrespective of his station. The measure should be level to the brim with

benefits for the people. Being four-sided it represents All-Below-the-Sky, it is in fact in the form of the original character for 'country,' which was a simple square. By one of those plays on words to which the Chinese are so attached, these two symbols have become the basis for a saying used by all classes of people. The round dial has come to mean *kuei* (the circle enclosing right conduct), and the measure is *chü* (the square of right action). The

two words used together – *kuei chü* – means absolutely correct behaviour under all circumstances. These symbols are repeated in front of each subdivision of the Forbidden City.

Beyond the Gate of Sun-at-the-Zenith, lies the first courtyard and through its centre, between marble banks which sweep in a perfect curve, flows a watercourse, symbol of the Earthly or Yin essence. Here it is called the Golden Waters River, but in the Western Hills, where its source lies, it is known as the Jade Stream. Five carved white marble bridges are thrown across its limpid waters which reflect the brilliant sky. They correspond not only to the five virtues I have already spoken of, but to many other fives in the numerical category; such as the five happinesses, the five relationships, the five colours, and so on. As only the Sovereign and his personal cortège may pass through the great South gateway, so only he may cross these bridges. Officials of his Court meet him, upon ceremonial occasions, in the space just beyond. Civil officers enter the Forbidden City by the Eastern Glory-of-Virtue Gate in its outer wall, and then come to the inner precincts through United-in-Harmony Door. Military officers use the opposite and less honourable entrance, passing through the Western Glory-of-Virtue Gate and the Glorious-Harmony Door. It must have been a remarkable spectacle when the Son of Heaven met his Courtiers from the right and from the left, in that great white paved courtyard under the shadow of the vast tower of Sun-at-the-Zenith Gate. Facing them

stood the T'ai Ho Mên – Supreme Harmony Gate and two side gates used by officers of the Court. Bronze guardians of the hearth those genial dogs of Fo, mount guard on either side and there are two other symbols which I find very puzzling. The ceiling of Supreme Harmony Gate is beautifully decorated in the design known as pondweed wells, and it is faithfully reproduced in colour in the Japanese plates. Gold dragons form circles on a lovely green background. The Emperor used the Central doorway; Civil officials filed through the Door of Luminous Virtue to the East; and Military officials used the Door of Correct Conduct to the West. In such order the procession swept up steps and down steps, and so into the immense Courtyard of Supreme Harmony which stretches in front of the Supreme Harmony Hall. A Chinese definition of the words T'ai Ho, which I have translated as Supreme Harmony, runs: 'When Yin and Yang meet and unite, the breath of Harmony rises to Heaven.' And again: 'T'ai Ho means to nourish and increase Harmony.' The courtyard in front of Supreme Harmony Hall must be very, very large indeed. Juliet Bredon in her book on Peking says: 'At the official review and celebration of the Allied Victory the Court held more than fifteen thousand troops and guests, and could still have accommodated three times as many people.' Although Miss Bredon gives a most excellent description of the Hall and Courtyard from a physical point of view, she says nothing of their symbolical character; so magnifying glass in hand, Mr. Cultivator-of-Bamboos and I studied the Japanese plates with care.

The Courtyard stands at the southern extremity of the colossal stage on which the three principal halls of ceremony are built. Large gilded bronze vessels are placed at intervals up the sides; these served to light the square space when ceremonies were held after dark, and were filled with oil upon which huge wicks floated and flamed. Across the northern end rising one above the other stretch three terraces; they correspond to the Three Powers, that is Heaven, Earth and Man. When these powers act in perfect union they are supposed to produce those greatest of blessings – peace and plenty. Four flights of steps, two wide and two narrow, lead from terrace to terrace and terminate at the portals of Supreme Harmony Hall. In the very centre, flanked by the narrow flights, lies inclined a magnificent carved marble path, often called the Spirit Stair. Upon occasions of ceremony the Imperial cortège mounted to the hall in a definitely prescribed manner. Civil officers used the outer eastern flight of stairs and Military officers ascended by the outer western. The chair-bearers of the Emperor mounted the narrow flights on either side of the pathway, carrying the palanquin of the ruler between them. In this way the Son of Heaven rose to Supreme Harmony Hall over the symbolic ornamentation of the Spirit Stair.

A variety of dragon motives are used in the decoration of the terraces. The balustrade finials show Ying Lung and Ch'iao Shên writhing among clouds. Ying Lung translated is correct conduct dragon. The Chinese say 'the dragon which has fins is called correct conduct,' and again 'that which is coiled in the mud, then rises and flies to Heaven, is the spirit of the Ying Lung.' The Ch'iao Shên is the spirit of the mountain of that name, it has the head of a dragon and body of a bird – at least so the

Classic of the Hills and Sea says, and *ch'iao* is also the name of the magpie or bird of happiness. The central pathway bears the five-clawed dragon himself, personal emblem of the Ruler. He is shown rising from high waves, which in the words of Li T'ai-po, are 'connected

like a mountain range.' Various figures stand on the terraces; dogs of Fo, protectors of temples, palaces and homes; a crane of longevity who need only flap its wings and rise, to carry the fortunate individual who has 'perfected his immortality' to the joyous realms of the Western Paradise; Pei Hsi – robust and of extraordinary

strength – that son of the dragon who willingly bears weights; and on the upper terrace the great hall of Supreme Harmony flanked by the sundial and the good

measure completely fills the centre. The whole composition forms a homily in marble and bronze, illuminated by the symbolic colours of gold and rose.

The Hall of Ceremony is immense, and has a double roof supported by huge pillars painted in rich colours. The Imperial throne stands on a high dais in its centre and above the throne hangs a horizontal board bearing the inscription: 'By the establishment of high ideals the Ruler will adopt the best law for tranquillity in the State.' Five stairways lead to the gilded Imperial seat, and incense burners on tall graceful stands are placed between the steps. There are incense burners upon the dais, too, and tall perforated gold columns through which fragrant fumes rise high above the Emperor's head. This custom of scenting the air upon ceremonial occasions is often referred to by Chinese poets as: 'Their bodies soaked in Imperial Essences the Officials return,' and as in a poem by Wang Wei, which I shall here paraphrase liberally – a translation appears in *Fir-Flower Tablets*.

Written by Wang Wei, after a poem by Chia, the Secretary, on Attending an Audience at Daybreak in the Great Brilliance Palace:

When the Sun's light is just appearing the Chicken-man – his badge of Office a red head-cloth – proclaims the hour.

At this exact moment the Keeper of the Robes sends in the garment of eider-duck skin, its feathers – king-fisher green – lying in cloud-like curves.

In the Ninth Heaven, centre of all points of the compass, there opens the Ch'ang Ho Gate, first of all entrances to Heaven, as do the gates of the Halls and Palaces here below.

The Ten Thousand countries send representatives, each in the robe and head-dress of his rank, to raise their hands in worship before that cap from which strings of pearls are suspended.

The sun colour has just arrived at the high bright Immortals Palm which caps the metal column.

Sweet-scented smoke envelops the Emperor's robes of ceremony – in the floating mist the dragons seem to writhe – to live.

The Audience ended, I desire to cut the Five-coloured paper upon which to inscribe the words of the Son of Heaven.

I return to my study – my jade ornaments giving out clear sweet sounds – to write beside the Pool of the Crested Love Pheasant.

The Supreme Harmony Hall was used regularly three times each year. Here the Son of Heaven received his Court on the first day of the lunar year when he returned from offering the sacrifices at the Altar of Heaven; at the winter solstice he also gave audience in great state from its high throne; and again on his own birthday the celebrations were held within its walls. In addition to these regular festivals, it was used for any occasion of great rejoicing such as took place when a Son of Heaven assumed office.

The two other Great Halls stand behind it, but great is certainly a misnomer for the Chung Ho Tien – Heart of Harmony Hall – as it is very small indeed; but it was used on the momentous occasions when rites in connection with agriculture were performed. It was there the Son of Heaven made offerings to ancestral and other spirits, at the Season of Clear Brilliance in the Spring; there he inspected implements connected with tilling of the soil; there in fact he made all preparations for the growing season. And in the fall of the year newly harvested grain was brought to the Heart of Harmony Hall to be shown to the Ruler.

The Imperial seat can hardly be called a throne, and it is but slightly raised. Characters are of course hung above it and read:

'Sincerely hold fast the perfect mean.'

The balanced phrases on either side proclaim:

'At all times the Ruler mounts the Chariot drawn by six dragons that he may rise to Heaven; He shuns luxurious ease.

'Spreading abroad and bestowing the five happinesses making clear to the Four Quarters that he is governed by eternal principles.'

The phrase Chariot drawn by six dragons, is an allusion to the vehicle driven by a spirit called Hsi Ho (the Breath of Harmony), in which the sun is supposed to make his daily passage through space, and the five happinesses are: long life, wealth, vigorous strength, love of

virtue only, and a natural or non-violent passing from this world.

Beyond Heart of Harmony Hall, and at the northern extremity of the platform, stands Pao Ho Tien (Protection of Harmony Hall). It has an especially beautiful ceiling of the pondweed-well type, which is considered effective in warding off fire from the inside of a building, as owl-tail fish are supposed to be a guard from danger to the exterior. The throne, although not so richly carved nor so elaborate as the one in the principal hall of ceremony, is very imposing and is placed on a high dais. The screed above it states:

'In the creations of the Emperor are to be found most perfect excellence.'

Protection of Harmony Hall had two chief uses. It was where tributary princes assembled in the Capital were offered a feast on the last day of the twelfth month; and where the candidates who had successfully passed the triennial examinations for the highest literary degrees were received by the Emperor. The Senior Classic and the little band of ten scholars who had proved themselves the most able in the country thus automatically stepped into the ranks of the governing body. Theoretically, and as a rule practically, no favouritism affected the status of these candidates, but as Heaven has not yet permitted perfection to be attained in mortal affairs, it did sometimes creep in. The following reproachful little poem by

Kao The Toad shows that he felt that had he been allowed to do so, he could have blossomed in that spring wind which brings the fertilizing rain, and would not have been nipped as rose mallow buds so often are, by frost. Of course it is possible that The Toad overestimated his own talents.

A POEM FROM ONE BELOW HANDED UP TO THE VICE-PRESIDENT KAO

BY

KAO THE TOAD

In Heaven above the peach trees with double blossoms,
    are planted in the dew,
Beside the Sun the pink apricots are rooted – supported
    by the clouds.
The rose mallow springs beside the chill river of autumn.
It does not feel the East wind of spring. In resentment,
    it does not bloom.

Through the northern gateway of Protection of Harmony Hall a descent of forty-five steps is made from the three terraces, corresponding to the Three Powers, and the Three Great Halls of Ceremony are left behind. The remainder of the Purple Forbidden City, North of this line, is looked upon as the private residence of the Son of Heaven. Here he lives with the ladies of his entourage, and the innumerable attendants who minister to their wants.

A lesser ascent terminates before the Gateway of the Cloudless Heaven, and from the gate a long causeway

leads to the Palace of the Cloudless Heaven. The causeway is raised high above the courtyard, and is beautifully ornamented by Pa Sha (Hoarse Voice), those sons of the dragon who love running water. Their heads are used as gargoyles to carry away any superfluous moisture from the road used by the Son of Heaven in his passage from the Halls of Ceremony to his private apartments.

A sundial and a good measure stand to the East and West of the palace façade and a number of large incense burners are placed at intervals along the single terrace. Gilded bronze oil vessels stand in the court below the hall in order to provide light when it is needed.

The steps and Imperial path leading from the causeway up into the hall, are exquisitely and delicately carved with less boldness of relief than is the case in the enclosure devoted to the fostering of Harmony. The decoration is of course symbolical. One of the symbols for which we had been searching, had, so far, not appeared, but as we studied the carving in front of this palace, which is devoted to the personal use of Heaven's delegate, Mr. Cultivator-of-Bamboos suddenly said in a quiet voice: 'It has come.'

'What has come?' I asked.

'The Ch'ieh Yü, the malevolent animal with the voice of a child. It has a dragon's head, a horse's tail, a tiger's claws. Its body is forty feet long, and it loves to eat men. If the princely Ruler has virtue, if he follows the right way of life, the malevolent animal remains hidden in the World of Shade; if he has not virtue – then it is seen.'

The slanting panel which forms the Imperial path is most elaborate. From a background formed of the hundred flowers, fungi of longevity, and other auspicious symbols, rises the five-clawed dragon – the Emperor's

personal emblem. In the four corners are Fêng Huang which Europeans usually call 'phœnix'; but as these beautiful creatures of Chinese mythology resemble the

phœnix in neither appearance nor attributes, as the Argus pheasant is undoubtedly their prototype, and as they are symbols of friendship and affection, it seems prefer-

able to call them 'love pheasants.' They are the personal emblem of the Imperial Consort and do not appear in the decoration of the halls devoted to public ceremonial. There is a deep octagonal border to the central dragon figure and in it appear deer, symbols of longevity; dragons of correct conduct; and dragon horses, curious creatures who spring from the mating of dragons and mares, and who resemble both parents, they are called Lung Ma.

The nine steps on either side of the Imperial path are lovely. The artist who carved them was possessed of a chisel full of life's movement. Dragon horses cavort on undulating waves on the marble slab below the stairway. Dogs of Fo roll their variegated ball in the centre of the first tread, and the long ribbons which sweep in lovely curves from the ball to the edges of the step, encircle two of those malevolent creatures with the voices of children, who should remain unseen. Ch'i Lin, fabulous animals who portend peace and good fortune appear on the second tread, and love pheasants among clouds on the third. The whole of this four-fold design is repeated on the remaining steps which reach the narrow platform before the palace door.

The Son of Heaven received his officials in the palace of the Cloudless Heaven each day as the sun rose. The Throne is most elaborate and very deeply carved with a heavy design of five-clawed dragons and clouds, it is in fact the Dragon Throne so often spoken of. The board above it reads:

Upright, Noble, Honorable, Clear of Intellect.

Such are supposed to be the attributes of the Ruler. A magnificent five-fold screen stands behind the throne,

and in the centre of each fold a panel is inserted, and on each panel a quotation from the Classics is carved:

The central precept states:

Only Heaven is All-hearing, All-seeing, and perfect in Comprehension;
Only the Perfect Ruler is at all times a Pattern;
Only the absolutely sincere Official reverently follows the Ruler's example.
Only the Virtuous People are obedient and allow their actions to be regulated.

In a word, only by harmonious co-operation can good government be achieved; only when the Son of Heaven follows the Way of Heaven, can and will his officials take him as a pattern; and can and will his people accord with the regulations. The whole theory of Chinese government is contained in the passage, and it has stood the wear and tear of many centuries.

The sentences in the side panels read:

Achievement that is worthy of admiration, springs from perseverance;
Patrimony can be widened only by diligence;
The Emperor is above all creatures;
The Ten Thousand Countries all enjoy peace.
The Princely man is kind and courteous;
He is a model for the Four Quarters;
His knowledge of men shows his discernment;
He is able to conserve the people in peace – this shows his kindness.

I have a photograph of the Baby Emperor taken the year he was chosen to mount the Dragon Throne, and could not resist looking at it when Mr. Cultivator-of-Bamboos and I had finished our translation of the precepts with which he was, and is surrounded. It shows him a quaint small person, aged about four, dressed very simply in padded winter garments which keep his arms outstretched. His little Oriental face is quite impassive, and he is standing correctly as an Emperor should do. His younger brother, a mere infant, who was photographed with him, is folded into a blackwood arm-chair, and looks thoroughly uncomfortable – but resigned as Eastern babies do.

The Dragon Throne, occupied by the Son of Heaven, is surrounded by carved railings, and incense burners of various forms stand in front and to the side. The furnishings of the hall are of course most gorgeous, and an enormous mirror is placed in such a manner that the throne is reflected on its brilliant surface.

As the Three Great Halls form the nucleus of the Ceremonial portion of the Purple Forbidden City, so the Palace of the Cloudless Heaven and two other halls form the nucleus of the residential portion. The plan of arrangement is identical; that is, large halls are placed to the South and North of a small central building, which represents the very heart of the idea which is expressed by the whole. The Three Halls of Ceremony are, as I have said, an apotheosis of the harmony which should exist between the ruler, his officials and his people; the

three halls to the North are an apotheosis of a still more subtle harmony, that of the two essences the Yang and Yin.

As the Emperor is supposed to be the personification of Yang, the Positive Essence, which it must be remembered comprises light, strength and all the so-called masculine elements of Nature, so His Consort is looked upon as the personification of Yin, the Negative Essence, to which pertain all feminine qualities. The Record of Rites defines their functions very clearly in the Chapter called *Hun I*; the passage reads:

'For this reason it is said: "hearken to the Son of Heaven in regard to the tenets for men; hearken to Her-who-is-equal-to-the-Sovereign in regard to the compliance required of women. The Son of Heaven directs the inherent principle of the Yang essence; She who is His equal regulates the Yin qualities. The Son of Heaven rules all without; She who is His equal, directs all within." Thus opinions and tenets, together with unresisting compliance, are perfected among the uninstructed people; without and within, harmony and accord obtain, and in the state and the homes the elements of reason and order prevail. This condition is called "superabundance of that virtue which springs directly from the heart."

'For this reason if the tenets of men are not cultivated the functions of the Yang essence will not evolve; their opposition will be manifested in the sky and the sun will suffer eclipse as though consumed by a living creature. If the compliance of women be not cultivated the Yin qualities will not develop; their opposition will be manifested in the sky and the moon will suffer eclipse. Hence when the sun vanishes the Son of Heaven puts on his

plain robes of raw silk shining only with the natural lustre of crude threads, he rectifies the government of the six palace Halls, and purifies the Yang essence in All-Below-the-Sky. When the moon is consumed, She-who-is-equal-to-the-Sovereign, dresses in her plain robe of raw silk, regulates the administration of the six palace Halls and purifies the Yin qualities in All-Below-the-Sky. Because the Son of Heaven is to His Consort as the sun is to the moon and as the Yang essence is to the Yin, so they are essential to each other and she perfects the whole.

'The Son of Heaven in laying down the instructions for men fulfils the functions of a father, She-who-is-equal to-the-Sovereign in teaching the compliance of women, treads the mother's Way: therefore it is said that the Son of Heaven and His Consort are the father and mother of the people.

'Hence for him who is the Heaven-appointed king they wear the sackcloth with the jagged edges – as for a father; and for the queen they wear the sackcloth with the even edges – as for a mother.'

The Palace of the Cloudless Heaven is devoted to the Emperor's personal use, and the K'un Ning Kung (Palace of Earthly Peace), furthermost North of the three in the northern half of the Purple enclosure, is used by the Empress. Between the two, stands the small building called Chiao T'ai Tien – Hall of Fusion and Permeation. The name is very difficult to render in English. The complete phrase should read *t'ien ti chiao t'ai*, translated by Williams as, Heaven and Earth Vigorous and Productive. Juliet Bredon calls the Chiao T'ai, Hall of Imperial Marriage Rites; this is far too concrete and carries the wrong connotation; it suggests that actual

marriage rites take place in the Hall; this is not so. The name is entirely figurative, and refers to the moment when the descending Vital Force of Heaven meets and is fused with the ascending Vital Force of Earth – at which moment, on the fifteenth of the Fifth Month, all things are completely permeated with life.

Imperial Seals of past Dynasties are kept in the Hall of Fusion and Permeation. They are placed in caskets and are arranged behind and at the sides of the small and very simple throne, which is not raised on a dais. The horizontal board hung above it bears only two words: Wu Wei (Non-Action). I do not suppose that any two words in the Chinese language have caused such endless discussion. They mean 'in-action'; yet the Chinese say 'do nothing and there is nothing that cannot be done'; and again 'perfect virtue does nothing, yet accomplishes everything'; and in the 'Analects' of Confucius it is said that the Emperor Shun instituted the rule of Wu Wei, which is explained as, rule by virtuous example, and the Law of Nature which will ensure the evolution and development of the people, as a rule by force and punishment can never do. It is exactly the same principle as that adopted by parents in regard to their children. The Chinese do not believe in discipline as understood in the West; and although precepts are very generally used, example is the keystone in the Chinese arch of culture, and the Son of Heaven is supposed to display it to perfection.

In an alcove to the East of the Throne stands a magnificent gilt water-clock, which has dripped out the hours

for centuries, and, I suppose, still does so. Thus even time springs from the heart of the Imperial residence.

All the decoration in the Hall of Fusion and Permeation shows a combination of the dragon and love-pheasant motives; and these two creatures appear, carved in high relief on the panels of the doors, and painted in soft colours on the wide roof beams.

Behind the little central building stands the last ceremonial hall; Palace of Earthly Peace. As it is constructed for the use of the Imperial Consort, the doors are carved with her special emblem, the round full moon. Just beyond it, to the North, the end of the enclosed paved central strip of the Forbidden City is reached, and the door in the northern wall is called Gate of Earthly Peace.

Directly to the North stretches the flower garden of the Ruler, and in its centre stands the Hall of Imperial Peace, where the Son of Heaven may rest from the cares of office, among trees and blossoming shrubs. The white marble balustrade is carved with a design of 'moving dragons,' and is surmounted by vases and pæonies; by a play on words this decoration suggests the phrase 'Happiness, prosperity and peace.' Very fine examples of the dragon son, Hoarse Voice, are used as water spouts in the corners of the terrace, and below are lightly traced circles of 'longevity.'

The Imperial study, where the Ruler keeps his books, is placed directly West of the Palace of the Cloudless Heaven, and is called Yang Hsin Tien (Hall where the Heart is Nourished). The heart of course is looked upon by the Chinese as the seat of intellect. A poem by the Emperor Ch'ien Lung is carved on a screen directly behind the throne, and book-cases are ranged on either side; and in an inner apartment a beautifully painted

symbolic frieze runs round the wall. It shows a round red sun shining from between pine branches, which are symbols of longevity. The red sun stands for the Emperor whose light is supposed to illuminate the world, as the sun illuminates the universe; whose fortune should rise higher and higher even as the sun rises. Cranes of long life, and peaches of immortality are painted on the western wall. The panels are carved in a design of bamboo and epidendrum also symbolical. The bamboo can suggest many, many things, but here only two of these many meanings are intended – inalterability and receptivity. As the bamboo is evergreen and unaffected by the changing seasons, so the Ruler should never vacillate; he should be uninfluenced by trivialities; and as he is in the beginning, so should he be in the end. The bamboo has a hollow or empty centre, so should the Emperor keep an empty heart, or as we should say an open mind, one that is always ready to receive good suggestions, and treasure good advice.

The epidendrum has been used as the symbol of a perfect man, ever since Confucius enumerated its exquisite characteristics; and the Emperor is supposed to possess them all.

The Imperial bedroom is in the Hall where the Heart is Nourished, and the dragon bed is hung with yellow curtains woven in a design known as the endless knot of long life, or the ten thousand characters of the revolving dragon; the character *shou* (longevity) appears too in several of its one hundred possible forms.

To the North of this private residence of the Ruler is the I K'un Kung (Assist the Earth Palace) residence of the Empress. It possesses two marvellous wooden screens; one is carved in the design known as *hsi shang mei*

shao, and shows the magpie, bird of joy among plum blossoms. The allusion lies in a play on words; the idea being that when the eyebrows are lifted high and are not drawn together, one is happy and care-free. The other screen is composed of the pines of longevity. The frieze and panels of the room are decorated with a design of bamboo. Thus the Three Friends, the pine, bamboo and plum, 'who do not fear the winter's blast,' are all represented. Panels and window-frets are ornamented with characters for longevity, and elaborate lanterns, screened in different shades of yellow, hang from the ceiling, while at the end of the room stands a magnificent circular mirror, which conveys the meaning 'United in a complete circle for eternity!' A round mirror has several meanings: it is symbolic of conjugal happiness; the death of a wife, the absence of a husband are referred to as 'a broken mirror'; it also suggests complete comprehension; and is used as an allusion to the magic mirror in which the nature of hearts is reflected. These magic mirrors were used by the Great First Emperor of China to test the hearts of Palace Ladies.

The last gate of the Purple Forbidden City is called Shên Wu Men (Spirit of Bravery Gate). In addition to all his other attributes the Son of Heaven is supposed to be absolutely courageous; he is described as 'the princely Ruler majestic and awe inspiring.' Ironically enough, it was through the Spirit of Bravery Gate that the Emperor Kuang Hsü, his august aunt the Empress Dowager T'zŭ Hsi, and their court fled, when in 1900 the allied troops took Peking.

To East and West stand innumerable palaces, halls, pavilions, courtyards and flower gardens; and they all have beautiful symbolical names, such as Palace of Peaceful Longevity, Hall of Mercy and Tenderness, Pavilion of Southern Glory. And as the Emperor is supposed to be an example to his people in all ways, he is naturally expected to perform the most important of social duties, in the eyes of the Chinese; that is, he must provide descendants in order that his family does not perish. So we find the Doorway of a Hundred Sons, and the Gateway of a Thousand Girl Babies.

Mr. Cultivator-of-Bamboos closed the brown and gold brocade portfolio, patted the plates carefully into place, and ran the ivory fasteners into their silk sockets. Our work on the pictures of the Purple Forbidden City was over, and I think we both felt that we had stepped out from another world. He bowed his farewell gravely, and murmuring the idiomatic phrase, 'We meet on the bright morrow,' left my study.

For my part, until Yo Fei insisted that we go for our midday walk among the frosted cotton-fields, I sat quite still thinking of the pictures we had examined, and of the ideas they represent. Ideas which, although rooted in an antiquity difficult to realize, are yet blossoming in the hearts and minds of the people of the Hundred Surnames, in the Ten Thousand Regions.

PEKING,

BIRD OF HAPPINESS QUARTER.

During the Period of Great Snow

It is brilliant North China weather. The canals are

frozen and the air is very cold, but sunlight permeates every crack and cranny, warming high and low alike.

The After-After-Wanderers and I have been to the Purple Forbidden City and have traced the symbolic decorations in the Courts we were allowed to enter. The great entrance of Sun-at-the-Zenith was closed to us, but we entered the court in front of Supreme Harmony Gate, beyond the five bridges which span the Golden Waters River.

The two symbols which had puzzled me stand on either side of Supreme Harmony Gate. The one on the East is not unlike the good measures which are placed in front of the other halls; in fact, in the Japanese plates it is called a *chia liang* or Measure, but it does differ in several details. To begin with, it is not square but oblong, then two steps lead up to it, and thirdly it stands East of the gateway, not West as the other Measures do; furthermore it is not flanked by a sundial, so Mr. Cultivator-of-Bamboos and I had realized that the Japanese were mistaken in their description, and that it was no measure. Soldiers were standing guard at the gate, and I asked one of them what the symbol was. 'We do not know for a certainty,' he answered, 'but we call it the "Temple that has no Spirit"; and that square object over there, we call "the Box that has no Seal." ' The box that has no seal is a large square of marble which looks like a seal box, and on its top a writhing five-clawed dragon forms a handle. Exactly what the soldier meant we never knew, unless he was referring to the Imperial glories which had passed. But a scholar of the Capital did throw light on the symbol like a measure. It turned out to be a receptacle where memorials and petitions for the Son of Heaven were placed by provincial officials as they filed in to

attend an audience: at least that was what the scholar said.

We took a copy of Van Braam's *Embassy* with us and read the account of his reception, on the spot where it had taken place, which was quite amusing. He and the Dutch Ambassador attended the feast given by the Emperor Ch'ien Lung on the last of the twelfth month in Protect Harmony Hall, to tributary princes and envoys. As the book is out of print and very difficult to get, I will quote a few extracts; they give a vivid picture of the proceedings, and as far as I know, Van Braam and the Dutch Ambassador were the only Europeans ever received in the Chief Halls of Ceremony until after the Boxer Rising of 1900. It will be noticed that they performed the *K'o t'ou* or *kotow*, that is, they complied with the usage of the Chinese Court and, kneeling before the Emperor, knocked their foreheads on the ground nine times. This ceremony has been a stumbling-block with the other European Ambassadors who have refused to perform the obeisance. Van Braam kept a Journal in which every detail was faithfully entered. Under date of January 20, 1795, he writes:

'At ſix o'clock this morning His Excellency and I repaired to the palace. On our arrival there we were firſt taken to a ſhabby little apartment; but afterward to a more decent one, ten to twelve feet ſquare, and the beſt of thoſe of the ſame kind in which we had hitherto been received. At ſeven o'clock we were conducted towards the Imperial buildings by a gate like all thoſe I have already deſcribed, ſtanding between the two through which I paſſed yeſterday, and upon the ſame line. It differs from them in no reſpect whatever. Within this

gate we found a very ſpacious court, paved with hewn ſtones, and ſurrounded with buildings, the moſt conſiderable of which are ſituated on the ſouth, and upon riſing ground, up the middle of which we advanced by a flight of forty-five ſteps.

* * * *

'The two great buildings, ſtanding between the two ſtaircases have on the ground floor large open ſaloons, in the front of which are galleries, with three different flights of ſtone ſteps leading up to them. The extremities of the projections that cover the galleries are ſupported by ten large pillars. In other reſpects theſe buildings are conſtructed, ornamented, gilt, and varniſhed like all thoſe I have as yet had occaſion to deſcribe. The eaſtern hall, called Pau-au-tien, was prepared for the audience and breakfaſt of this morning.

'In the middle of the hall is the Imperial throne, upon a platform ſix feet high. The approach to it is by three flights of ſteps; one in the middle, and the other two on the ſides. The platform is covered with carpet, and ſurrounded with a baluſtrade, which is ornamented with carved work, as well as the Emperor's arm-chair, and the rails that accompany each flight of ſteps. Behind the throne hung a yellow tapeſtry, and on the ſides of the platform were ſeveral vaſes filled with natural flowers, to the ſweet emanations of which two other vaſes of metal added the perfume of burning ſandal wood and other Aſiatic ſubſtances.

'The two extremities of the gallery without the hall are paved entirely with ſtones of a finely poliſhed ſurface. There were ranged the bulky inſtruments of muſic, ſuch as that conſiſting of ſixteen little bells, that compoſed of ſixteen pieces of metal, the great drum, and ſeveral other

inſtruments of a familiar kind. They were all richly gilt, as well as the pedeſtals on which they ſtood.

'The outer court, in which moſt of the gueſts were obliged to breakfaſt in the open air, was covered with thick carpets, on which were laid the cuſhions that each gueſt had taken care to make his ſervant bring in order that he might ſit down more conveniently on the ground fronting the pavilion.

'Oppoſite the throne was pitched a great tent of yellow cloth, in which the ſide-board was arranged. Then in the court before the pavilion were placed four rows of little and low tables covered with coarſe linen, and ſo diſpoſed that there was one between every two perſons, except oppoſite his Excellency and me, where a ſeparate table was placed for each of us.

'This court was ſurrounded by perſons of all ranks and all claſſes, not excepting ſtage-players and ſervants. The latter had the impudence to come and ſtand before the great Mandarins, in order to get a better view of us.

'It was paſt eight o'clock when his Majeſty came with an eſcort of muſicians, and took his ſeat upon the throne. Everybody then roſe, and, falling directly upon their knees, performed the ſalute of honour. The muſic continued while a table was ſerved for the Emperor, who ate of ſeveral of the diſhes ſet upon it. This was a ſignal for the gueſts, all whoſe tables were then uncovered; they approached and fell to with great avidity.

'I obſerved that the arrangement of all the tables was the ſame, and that there were exactly fifty diſhes on each. This muſt appear very ſurpriſing, perhaps even incredible to my readers, after what I have ſaid of the ſmallneſs of theſe tables. But I have to add that the viands, ſerved up in very dirty copper baſons, conſiſted firſt

of three rows of four dishes each, and that over this first layer or stratum were three others, amounting also to twelve dishes each. Lastly, to make the four dozen fifty, there were at the top of all two great copper basons, in which boiled legs of mutton were contained, and of which the sight alone was enough to disgust a man with mutton for the rest of his days. The other dishes consisted of farinaceous aliments, dressed in different manners, or merely boiled in the way of hasty pudding. There were also cakes much resembling the unleavened bread eaten by the Jews at their festival of the Paschal Lamb. Lastly there were sweetmeats and fruits. I took a little of the latter, feeling no temptation to taste the rest, which I kept still comparing with what I had eaten yesterday. This is a sort of Imperial repast which I imagine will appear new.

'After a short time had elapsed, a cup of beverage was carried to the Monarch, and when he had drank, others were handed round to all the guests. Each of them on taking the cup performed the salute of honour fitting, by making a single inclination of the head.

* * * *

'Shortly after the Emperor ordered the three Corean, and the two Dutch Ambassadors to be called, in order that they might approach the throne. We were conducted in succession up the steps of one of the sides, and performed the ceremony of adoration near the arm-chair. His Majesty then addressed himself to each of us, and presented us a glass of wine with his own hand. This gave occasion to a repetition of the salute of honour; and after the third prostration each of us rose and retired.

'When my turn came to make the salute on account of the glass of wine, I prostrated myself with my head

covered as his Excellency had done, but my hat, not fitting me well, fell off. The ſecond Miniſter who was cloſe to me picked it up, and put it on again. His Majeſty laughed at the accident, and aſked me if I did not underſtand Chineſe. *Poton*, answered I, which in Chineſe ſignifies I do not underſtand. At this his Majeſty laughed ſtill more heartily, and while I drank my cup of wine looked at me, and ſeemed to think it whimſical that I ſhould make uſe of his language ſo apropos to tell him that I did not underſtand it. I afterwards finiſhed my ſalute of honour; and when I roſe to retire, the Emperor, having his eyes ſtill turned towards me, kept looking at me with a countenance expreſſive of the greateſt kindneſs. Thus did I receive a mark of the higheſt predilection, and ſuch as it is even ſaid no Envoy ever obtained before. I confeſs that the remembrance of what I had ſuffered ſince the morning by remaining ſo long in the cold, was very much ſoftened by this gracious reception.'

We talked over, too, our own experiences with the Imperial Court. In 1905 I had attended a Garden Party at the summer palace; and after the Republic was established, one of my companion After-After-Wanderers had been received in the private apartments of the Purple Forbidden City itself, so we exchanged reminiscences as we sat on the steps of Protect Harmony Hall.

The audiences I had attended took place during the period of Cold Dews, which falls in early October. It is the moment when North China is most beautiful. As a

great concession to foreign custom the hour of invitation was eight in the morning, instead of dawn, but the distance from Peking to the summer palace being by no means inconsiderable, and there being then no motors in the Capital, we were obliged to rise and take our departure before daybreak.

One had heard a great deal about the Empress Dowager, who was then making an effort to placate the outer barbarians, whom she had tried in 1900 to 'sweep into the sea,' but I did not expect to be impressed. My idea was that she was probably much like other old ladies, and that the trappings of royalty contributed largely to the sensations experienced when in her presence. I was utterly wrong; the personality of the Old Buddah, as the Chinese called her, was very remarkable indeed. When we were ushered into the reception hall, the first impression was kaleidoscopic, with yellow as the predominating colour. The pivotal point was supplied by the figure of a woman seated with downcast eyes, high on a dais. Presently she raised her head, and from that moment I saw nothing but her mobile face and all-seeing eyes. She dominated the scene completely. At her left on the dais, but on a lower throne than the one she occupied, sat a figure the antithesis of hers in every particular. It was that of her nephew, the Emperor Kuang Hsü. While she was full of vitality, he was still, composed, controlled, and as though but half alive. Whereas her eyes flashed with an extraordinary fire, his, although quite as fine as his aunt's in size, colour and shape, seemed to gaze into another sphere. He appeared unaware of what took place before him. The guests advanced in turn, mounted a flight of narrow, shallow steps leading to the throne, shook hands with the Empress who said 'How

d'y do' most graciously, passed to the left and shook hands with the Son of Heaven; he also said 'How d'y do' politely, but with supreme indifference; the guests then backed away from the royal personages and negotiated the little stairway in this reverse attitude as best they might. The horrible possibility of coming down wrong side up cast a gloom over the whole proceedings; however, no one did so, and when it was all over, we were escorted to a charming pavilion where lunch was served. Chinese dishes alternated with dishes prepared in the European manner, and they were all delicious. The Empress Dowager did not appear at the table, but afterward she was borne in by sixteen bearers. She sat in her chair, which was placed on a sort of platform and this was raised to the height of the bearers' shoulders. Nothing could have been more charming and gracious than her manner, but it was not difficult to imagine that she was perfectly capable of exclaiming 'Off with her head' as the Queen of Hearts did to Alice, and I very much doubt whether anyone present would have had the courage to reply 'Nonsense.'

We did not see the Emperor again, and for this I was very sorry. His tragic figure interested me immensely. He looked like a creature whose bright spirit was crushed, whose life was devoid of hope, but his face was certainly not devoid of intelligence.

It was less than a decade later that my companion After-After-Wanderer knew the Court, but both the personalities, the dominating, and the dominated, whom I

had seen, had 'mounted dragons and ascended on high,' as the phrase runs. The Empress Dowager of this later day was the pale, sad widow of Kuang Hsü, and the Son of Heaven was the child Hsüan T'ung, who had been chosen by the indomitable Old Buddah to fill the office.

The After-After-Wanderer was present at several audiences, but the last was the most touching. The Manchu dynasty had retired, the Empress Dowager was ill and neglected by the world; she was glad to welcome in the inner precincts of the palace a woman of sympathy and feeling, for after all East and West, in their emotions at least, are one.

After a while we left the Purple Forbidden City and climbed the Coal Hill to the North. From there we could look down on the gleaming yellow roofs and the soft rose-red walls of that enclosure where the Son of Heaven dwelt; a ruler who governed his domain by a system that glorified, not the strong man, the man of force, but the enlightened man, the man of virtue. A Ruler whose people have made their National Hero not a general victorious in war, but a sage who preached the ethics of peace. I speak of Confucius. Dynasty after dynasty has gloried in heaping honour upon him, he is looked upon as the equal of Heaven and Earth, and his ideals of government have inspired the nation. In the book of Words and Discussions may be read:

'The Master said: People who are led in the paths they should go by means of laws and regulations, who are made uniform, and perfect as a field of ripe grain, by

means of the sword and torture, may avoid transgression, but their ears will never redden with the sense of shame.

'People who are led in the path they should go by means of good example springing straight from the heart, who are made uniform and perfect, by means of that worship and sacrifice which brings happiness, *will* feel shame; moreover, their excellence will rise and spread as the branches of a great tree.'

Chinese philosophers had a passion for the dialectic method, and as Confucius expresses the Chinese ideal of government in a conversation with his disciples, so his follower Mencius expresses the ideal of a great man in reply to the inquiry of a pupil:

'To live in the wide dwelling-place of the world, to stand in the correct rank of the world, to walk on the great highway of the world; when he obtains his desire for office, to practise his principles for the good of the people; and when that desire is disappointed, to practise them alone; not to be dissipated by riches and honours, not to be swerved from principle by poverty and mean circumstances; not to cringe to power and force – these are the characteristics of the great man.'

We spoke of these things and we also discussed the aversion to war and militarism so characteristic of the 'Black-haired People.' They have experienced fighting – plenty of it – but so far as I know, the note of glory and triumphant victory is never sounded. The miseries of war, and not only the physical miseries – these Orientals bear with stoic calm – but the spiritual ills that must attend the rousing of hate, form the theme of their songs.

I quoted a poem by Li T'ai-po which appears in *Fir-Flower Tablets*:

'In savage attack they die fighting without arms, in locked embrace;
The riderless horses scream with terror, throwing their heads up to the sky.
Vultures and kites tear the bowels of men with their beaks,
And fly to hang them on the branches of dead trees.
Soldiers lying in mud, in grass, in undergrowth;
Helpless the General – Yes, incapable before this!
We have learnt that soldiers are evil tools,
But wise men have not accomplished the ending of strife, and still employ them.'

Impractical, Utopian, as this system seems to us who have lived in a different atmosphere, it is as well to remember that, whereas our forms have been ephemeral in the extreme, this form, this conception of social relationships, has proved as enduring as is its most popular emblem of longevity – the bamboo. China, ruled on the principles of accord and harmony, has existed in the realm of authentic history since about the year 2000 B.C.

Empires ruled by force have been uniformly short-lived.

The system, it is true, springs from very early origins, but the man who did more than any one human being to consolidate it, lies beneath cypress trees near the village

where he was born. A simple headstone marks his resting-place, and the inscription upon it reads:

The Great and Perfect One; the Completely Enlightened One;
The Ruler whose Virtue Diffuses Transforming Doctrine.

No one has written of him with greater sympathy and

appreciation than Dr. Lionel Giles. My Companion Wanderers had not seen his little book *The Sayings of Confucius*, so this evening we looked at it together, and we felt that his summing up was true.

'Throughout the anarchy of this terrible period, the light kindled by Confucius burned steadily and prepared men's minds for better things. His ideal of government was not forgotten, his sayings were treasured like gold in the minds of the people. Above all, his own example shone like a glorious beacon, darting its rays through the night of misery and oppression and civil strife, which in his lifetime he had striven so earnestly to remove. And so, it came about that his belief in the political value of personal goodness was, in some sort, justified after all; for the great and inspiriting pattern which he sought in vain among the princes of his time was to be afforded, in the end, by no other than himself – the "throneless king," who is for ever enshrined in the hearts of his countrymen. It is absurd, then, to speak of his life as a failure. Measured by results – the most incalculably great and far-reaching consequences which followed tardily but irresistibly after he was gone – his life was one of the most successful ever lived by man. Three others, and only three, are comparable to it in world-wide influence: Gautama's self-sacrificing sojourn among men, the stormy career of the Arab Prophet, and the "sinless years" which found their close on Golgotha.'

BY THE BAY OF PLENTIFUL FISH,
NEW BRUNSWICK.
Nov. 7, 1924.

Our daily train puffed in at noon quite as usual; the trail of white smoke which curled through the spruce

trees by the shore looked perfectly normal; the mail arrived in its due course, and I tore off the familiar magenta cover which the *Boston Transcript* dons for its journey to the Maritime Provinces, and realized in a flash that, however natural all things might seem, there was a difference – that something had gone from the world.

'BOY EMPEROR SURRENDERS HIS DOMAIN'

HSÜAN T'UNG, EJECTED BY PEKING POLICE, SEEKS REFUGE IN FATHER'S HOUSE

(Special cable to the *Boston Transcript*, Copyright 1924 by Public Ledger Co.)

Peking, Nov. 6. The youthful Manchu Emperor, Hsüan T'ung, for years a virtual prisoner within the pink-washed walls of the Forbidden City in the Centre of Peking, was ejected by the Peking police and compelled to take refuge with his entire family in his father's house, within the so-called Imperial City which surrounds the Forbidden City.

The 'Boy Emperor' signed papers formally abdicating his title and surrendering all his extensive lands and properties to the Republic of China. He then signed another paper presented by General Lu Chung Lin and imposed by the *de facto* military government of Peking, headed by Fêng Yu Hsiang, the 'Christian General,' agreeing to accept an annuity of $500,000 Mexican ($250,000 United States), on the understanding that $2,000,000 Mexican would be spent in the establishment of factories for the employment of his retainers. The Emperor's annuity had been $4,000,000.

An inventory of the Emperor's possessions is being taken by the police, who refused to admit foreign teachers when they called to give daily instruction. The police promised to give out a statement later explaining what they found and why the search was being made. Ancient and valuable treasures stored in the Emperor's palace thus far have never been seen by the outside world.

It is believed that the police suspect a restoration plot. Their action otherwise is illegal and contrary to the promises made the 'Boy Emperor' when the republic came into being.

After four thousand years there is no longer a Son of Heaven.

T'ai Shan – The Great Mountain

PART ONE

AT THE GRASS HUT ON THE YELLOW REACH

During The Vernal Equinox

SOME YEARS AGO, AT JUST THIS SEASON, I VISITED THE Great Mountain in Shantung and I have now been dis-

cussing the journey with my companion After-After-Wanderers who stopped there on the way from Peking and made the ascent. It is much more easily accomplished nowadays than at the time I went, and I am very glad that they have seen it, as it is probably the most interesting shrine in China. Of course that is a daring statement to make, but I do not think it can be challenged.

So many different interests are focused on the Honourable Hill of Generations – to use a name hallowed by time – that it is difficult to know just how to begin a description. I think, on the whole, that the most important aspect of the mountain is in its sacred rôle, because T'ai Shan is looked upon as one of the most important and powerful of all lesser deities.

The question of early Chinese religion and its evolution is complicated, but Dr. Ross describes it very well in the *Original Religion of China*. As he says, Chinese scholars divide the history of ancient times into three separate periods:

First the Primal Ancient, which lasted until the rise of the Chou dynasty. During this period a monotheism existed – 'we are ushered at one step into the presence of a Religion in which there is one God supreme over all in heaven and on earth, all other spirits being subordinate to Him.' Of this Supreme Ruler, Shang Ti, there was no image nor is there to-day any idol to represent Him; He has always been worshipped in the open under the dome of Heaven, the worship being conducted by the Head of the State *alone* at an altar erected within the precincts of his capital.

Perhaps it was because this worship was so austere and so very remote that there grew up around it not only the

worship of ancestors, but also of Inferior Deities. Legge's description of this second period is the most vivid I know:

'The material heavens and earth are the great works of God. They speak to man with different voices, and utter concordant, yet various, testimony concerning their maker. When we consider the heavens, we are filled with awe; we are moved to honour and reverence Him whose throne they are. When we consider the earth, we are penetrated with a sense of His kindness. Softer feelings enter the soul, and we are disposed to love Him who crowneth the year with His goodness. The Heavens are to us the representatives of Divine majesty; the earth is the representative of the Divine care. The former teaches us God's more than paternal authority, the latter His more than maternal love. By means of the one and the other we rise to Him, as maintaining a sovereign rule and an ever-watchful care; as the Being into our service of whom there should enter the elements of fear and love, reverence and gratitude. Such is the ideal of the highest worship rendered through the services at the summer and winter solstices.'

The third period, known as the Near Ancient, stretching to some epoch subsequent to our era, was materialistic, or more accurately agnostic, with echoes of the old monotheism, and its influence extends to our times. The Inferior Deities, Dr. Ross considers, were regarded as were our saints of mediæval days, as intermediaries between man and his Maker. He says:

'There is one Supreme Being over all in heaven and on earth, the Ruler alike of gods and men. The inferior deities exist, not as rivals of God, but as faithful ministers of His. God has deputed to each of the inferior deities

his own particular sphere of influence and work. In his own sphere this deity exercises supreme jurisdiction over man but under God. The duties of his sphere he discharges, and the honours belonging to it he receives, exactly as does the Chinese official who is appointed by the Sovereign. Each deity stands in a special relationship to God and in a special relationship to man. The duties of his sphere he fulfils in accordance with the will of God, and in the fulfilment of these duties he attends to the best interests of man. Man has therefore not only the right to look to the deity for assistance in all those matters included within the sphere of the deity, but it is his duty to seek that assistance.

'They were located, some in heaven before God, others in the firmament and still others on the earth. The lowest ranks were the gods of the roads, of the streets, of the locality, of the village, of the province, of the mountains and the rivers – these classes rising in importance in the order named. Above these were the deities of the air, of clouds and thunder, of wind and rain. Highest of all to the individual man were the spirits of deceased ancestors, who were represented as living in the immediate presence of God.'

The T'ai Shan is one of these Inferior Deities, and from the dawn of history it has been regarded with the deepest respect. Great men and lesser men have made long journeys in order to worship at its foot, and the rugged slopes must be peopled with countless tenuous wraiths, shades of other days.

The first which rises before the inward eye is that of King Shun who ruled *circa* 2200 B.C. He was co-ruler with the great Yao whom he was eventually chosen to succeed. Shun was a remarkable person of really noble character, which was first shown in his behaviour towards his most unnatural father and stepmother. These individuals did all in their power to make away with Shun. They set fire to the house where he was sleeping; and when they failed to encompass his death by this means, tried to drown him in a well. He was always miraculously saved, and was undeviating in his dutiful conduct, not only towards his cruel parents, but also towards his most unamiable stepbrother. This filial piety brought ample reward. It is said that even birds and beasts hastened to aid Shun as he ploughed the slopes of the Li mountain, and later ages have elected him first among the twenty-four examples of filial piety. It was by virtue of his reputation as a devoted son, that Yao chose him from among all others in the kingdom as Chief Minister; and when Yao was old and weary of office, he asked Shun to take his place – which Shun did. The Classic of Writings states that after he had undertaken the duties of office, Shun first set the astronomical instruments in order and then:

'presented the special offerings to Heaven in honour of the Above-Ruler; worshipped with pure and reverent intention the six Honoured Ones; performed the Wang sacrifice from afar to hills and streams, and honoured everywhere the host of divine spirits. The Sovereign called together the feudal princes who held the jade insignia of the five ranks, and when the first month was ended, received daily their chief, Four Mountain Peaks,

and the company appointed to care for the people as herdsmen care for their herds. He then divided again the precious badges of rank among the assembled multitude.

'In the second month of the year Shun went upon a round of inspection towards the East, going from place to place in order to see what was being done. Arrived at the Honoured Hill of Generations, he presented sacrifice to Heaven on a pyre of burning faggots, and a Wang offering to mountains and streams in the order of their rank. This completed, he gave audience to the nobles of the quarter and saw that their calendar was correct, and that weights and measures were in agreement. He brought into accord seasons and months and adjusted the days; made uniform the standard tubes, the steel-yards, and measures of length and capacity, and then regulated the five rites of worship connected with official and social life.

'When all was done, he received the five jade badges of rank and accepted the gifts offered in homage to a superior – that is, the three kinds of silk fabrics, the two classes of living, and one of dead, animals; and then divided anew the five insignia.'

This is the first of innumerable recorded sacrifices to the Great Mountain – and must have taken place at just this season of the year.

According to the historian Ssŭ-ma Ch'ien, the honours paid to the sacred mountain were originally

identical with the homage offered to the 'three Dukes,' highest functionaries of the Court; then Jui Tsung of T'ang raised by a degree the rank of the T'ai Shan spirit, conferring the title of King equal to Heaven; in 1008 Chên Tsung of Sung added to this again, raising the title to that of King, Good and Sainted, Equal to Heaven; a few years later, A.D. 1011, the title of Emperor or God was substituted for that of King, and under the Mongols it was lengthened by yet another epithet Great Protector of Life. Finally in 1370 the founder of the Ming dynasty, Hung Wu, put an end to this competition in honours as it were, declaring that human titles were inadequate to express the greatness of the Infinite, that in future the mountain should be known as Peak of the East, T'ai Shan.

The general attributes of a sacred mountain are of two sorts. On the one hand, as its mass towers above and commands all the surrounding country, it is supposed to be the ruler who prevents the soil from becoming agitated, and the streams from breaking their banks, it should therefore ward off earthquakes and floods. On the other hand, as clouds, from which are derived the life-giving showers which make the earth fruitful, gather around its summit and seem to be of its very manufacture, it is supposed to hold them in control – so one of the titles of a sacred mountain is He who Assembles Clouds and Governs Rain. There are five of these hallowed hills connected with the earliest religion of China: one stands at each of the four points of the compass and one fills the centre. They are T'ai Shan – Great Mountain in Shantung, which corresponds to the East; Hêng Shan – Crosswise Mountain in Hunan, apposite to the South; Hua Shan – the Glorious or Flowery Mountain in Shensi,

Peak of the West; Hêng Shan – Long-enduring Mountain in Chihli, concording with the North; and highest of all, Sung Shan – the Lofty Mountain in Honan, which is Peak of the Centre. In addition to the Five Peaks there are four mountains hallowed by their connection with Buddhist saints, but these do not concern us now.

In addition to the attributes common to its compeers, T'ai Shan possesses certain others peculiar to itself. Being the Peak of the East, it presides over the Yang quarter of the universe, and in this quarter the sun rises, and thence spring also light, heat and all life-giving principles.

The French scholar, Chavannes, has written a wonderful book on the Great Mountain; it is called *T'ai Chan, Monographie d'un Culte Chinois*. The prayers addressed to a divinity best reveal the attributes such a divinity is supposed to possess, and Chavannes gives the texts and translations of a great number which have been addressed to T'ai Shan. As he says, they are of inestimable value, disclosing as they do the religious conception, not of one man, but of a people; not of an epoch, but of many centuries. The idea expressed by Chên Tsung of Sung in the prayer announcing to the divinity his accession to the throne of his line is common to them all:

'O god, you bring to birth all things which shall reach maturity, and you keep concentrated within yourself all supernatural energy, you are the perpetual symbol of the

eastern territory; you assure to all peoples and things peace and calm; a thousand generations have verily found in you their support. Now I, by right of heredity, have been invested with the supreme power. With respect I accomplish the sacrifice and recite the prayers. O god, will you enjoy the one and lend ear to the other; aid my dynasty.'

It is therefore perfectly logical to find in 1532 that the Emperor Chia Ching begs T'ai Shan to grant him an heir, and in 1538 gives thanks that his prayers have been granted.

There are prayers for rain, for protection against floods, earthquakes and calamities of every kind, but unique among them is the one addressed by a Ming Emperor to the spirit of the Mountain at a time when the State was suffering various trials. There is a note of indignation to be detected – the divinity must assuredly be nodding that such things could come to pass.

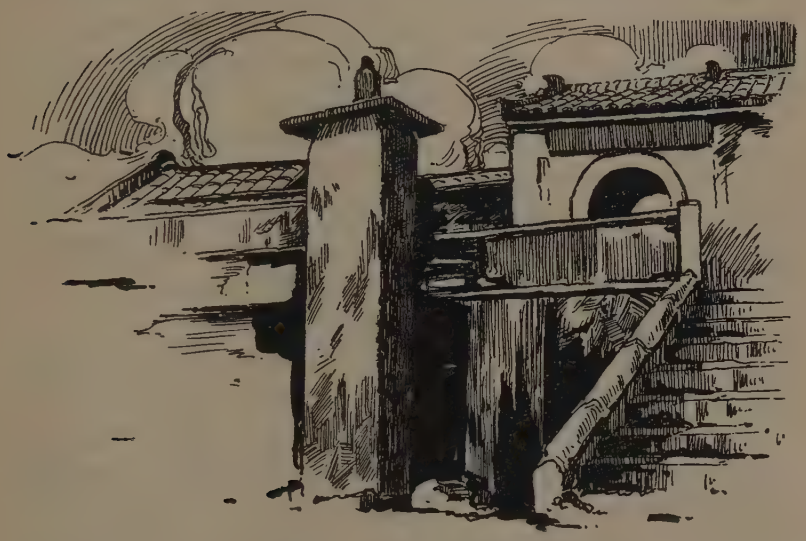
IN THE SIXTH YEAR OF INTENSE LIGHT AND GRANDEUR CAME CALAMITY AND DISORDER – AN ANNOUNCEMENT TO THE T'AI SHAN, A.D. 1455

'With both hands raised in reverence We have received Heaven's Decree to rule. The heavy charge has been entrusted to Our insignificant person upon whom the people and the spirits of the land depend; to whom calamity from inundation or flames, and prosperity granted by powers above, are bound as with a silken cord. With earnest thoughts We constantly examine Our inner consciousness, yet Our government without, is ill-omened. Either cold, and latent heat from the sun, overpass their appointed time, or rain and clear weather are beyond

their just measure. The cultivated fields fail of profit; cereals and wheat do not sprout; anxiety drags its slow length along, cuts Our people to the heart, and hinders the fulfilment of plans made for the welfare of the State. We examine into judicially, and attempt to avoid the responsibility for this situation, yet it is certainly by reason of Ourselves. But then, if owing to Our shortcomings disasters are brought on, assuredly Our person will in no way seek to escape; on the other hand, that misfortunes from above should be transformed into blessings, is verily within the control of thee, Divine Spirit, who should attend to this one object. If Heaven is in error and thou dost not perform actions of merit, thy transgressions and Ours will be identical; but if misfortunes are turned to blessings by thy laudable work, who will attain to thy level? This alone causes Us to beg earnestly and invoke thy aid by sacrifice. Waiting for thy assistance, Our heart suspended in anxious hope, We respectfully present this declaration.'

Two special sacrifices are intimately connected with the Great Mountain and are very famous indeed. That of Fêng – to seal, offered to Heaven at the summit, and that of Shan – to level an area for an altar, offered to Earth at the base of the mountain. Tradition relates that the Legendary Emperors themselves performed these rites, but the cold light of history reveals that in all probability they were inaugurated 110 B.C. by the Emperor Wu of Han. He was a remarkable character, and his reign is one of the high lights in Chinese annals.

Music and literature made great progress under Imperial encouragement; and the degree of Scholar of the Five Classics was instituted as a reward to learned men, whom he assembled at his marvellous hunting park the Shang Lin Yüan, where he listened to their recitations and disquisitions with untold pleasure. Wu Ti was, moreover, a slave to Taoist superstition, and upon the



advice of the magician, Li Shao-chün, who claimed to have discovered the elixir of immortality, he dispatched an expedition to search for the Isles of the Blessed.

Were we to depend for our knowledge of the ritual observed on the first occasion of the performances of the sacrifices Fêng and Shan, upon the accounts published at this time, we should be in evil case indeed. The ceremony took place in the greatest secrecy, the Emperor being accompanied by but one official who died suddenly a few days later. The progress of the Great Ruler and his

faithful attendant as they climbed the side of the mighty mountain by stealth, must have been eerie in the extreme.

The extraordinary monument which stands at the foot of the short flight of steps leading to the very summit of the Peak, the famous Wu Tzŭ Pei or monument with no inscription, is probably a memorial of this visit, though a local tradition firmly established, ascribes it to Shih Huang Ti, the intrepid founder of the united Chinese Empire, who burnt all existing books that history might commence with him.

As the essential object of these rites was to announce to Heaven the success, the apotheosis of a dynasty, it often happened that, when his ministers first suggested to a ruler that he should perform the sacrifices of Fêng and Shan, the ruler, out of modesty, refused to do so, and only yielded to great persuasion.

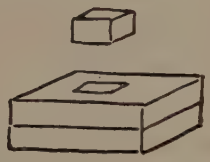
The ceremony became very elaborate indeed. In the first place, four separate altars were required, each for a very definite purpose. The first one to be used was erected South of the mountain, four *li* from its base; this was connected with the Fêng sacrifice to Heaven, but was not nearly as important or as imposing as the large altar, fifty feet in diameter and nine feet in height, connected with the same rite and placed on the very summit of the mountain. The altar at the foot was probably only used to apprise the spirit of T'ai Shan of the Imperial intention to worship, while the actual 'sealing' took place at the Peak. The altar for the Shan sacrifice to Earth, octagonal in form, was erected near the foot of the mountain, at the hillock Shê Shou, and was used after the descent. The fourth erection was simply an altar of audience where the Emperor received the congratula-

tions of his officials at the conclusion of the whole celebration.

The sacrifices of Fêng and Shan differ from all other acts of Chinese worship, and suggest a whole category of questions to the inquiring mind.

What are these altars? What exactly constitutes the ceremonies? Ordinary sacrifices to Heaven and Earth demand a pyre upon which the offerings to the former are burnt, and a pit in which those to the latter are buried. Though at T'ai Shan pyre and pit exist, they are but secondary in importance. The Emperor recites the merits of his ancestors, thanks Heaven for the support given to his line, and begs continuance of its favours. This announcement at the Fêng altar at the Peak, and the Shan altar at the foot, was made by means of an inscription cut on tablets of jade or jadeite, one foot two inches in length, five inches in width and one inch in thickness; when the five were placed together they therefore formed a mass as thick as it was wide. These were protected on either side by slabs of jade two inches thick, and in these slabs a groove was cut in order that the gold cord, which was passed around them five times and then sealed, should not slip. This collection of slabs was then placed in a jade box which it fitted most precisely, and the jade box was placed in one of stone, fashioned of three square slabs five feet by one foot in size; in the centre stone an aperture was cut in which the precious box of jade containing the Imperial message was placed. Ten further slabs of stone three feet high, one foot broad and seven inches

thick, were then let into grooves cut in the square stones (three each on the North and South sides, two each on the East and West) and these were secured by three gold cords each passing five times around the whole. The stone coffer, making thus one indissoluble mass, was further safeguarded by buttresses placed at the four angles. These were twelve stones ten feet long, two feet



wide, one foot thick, with wedge-shaped apertures cut in their ends in which the corners of the box were inserted.

Under the Han eighteen stones, three feet in height, placed on stone bases sunk four feet in the earth, surrounded this construction. Under the T'ang these were abolished and a tumulus of earth covered the whole.

What was the significance of this ceremony, when, instead of burning or burying the communication to the Supreme Being, the Son of Heaven contented himself

by enveloping the message with infinite care? Chavannes suggests the following hypothesis:

'In the ceremonies of Fêng and Shan, the T'ai Shan and the hillock Shê Shou are not chosen merely because of their physical configuration which approximates them the one to Heaven, the other to Earth; they intervene as divinities; they play the part of intermediaries between the sovereign of men and Heaven or Earth as the case may be; the prayer addressed to Heaven is confided to the care of the spirit of T'ai Shan, that to Earth to the spirit of Shê Shou in order that these deities may deliver them at their respective destinations. Thus the ceremony becomes intelligible, the Imperial tablets are neither burnt nor buried, because they are not sent directly to either Heaven or Earth, but are placed in charge of the divinities of the two sites to whom is delegated the duty of transmitting them.'

Upon the rare occasions that the ceremony took place, it was, according to all accounts, performed with singular pomp, but the occasions were very rare indeed. The Records mention only four celebrations at the Great Mountain, and one at the Peak of the Centre, during the whole long course of Chinese history.

This worship which, according to some authors, took place at the very summit of the mountain where the temple of the Jade Emperor now stands, is so intimately bound up with the memory of that mild, affectionate, but capable ruler of the Sung dynasty, Chên Tsung, who was however a slave to the magicians about him, that one

cannot consider it apart from him. Not one of the shades which haunt T'ai Shan seems to be part of the very mountain itself, more than he. Several times, during his reign, the famous Letters from Heaven, supposed to be direct communications from the Supreme Being, were found, and various sites on the sacred mountain are pointed out as being the identical spot where such revelations were made. Chên Tsung ordained that these letters, inscribed on jade tablets, be reverently buried upon the mountain-side and that a temple be erected in memory of the great event. The fact of these communications had doubtless an immense effect on his imagination; thus it came about that, when in A.D. 1008 twelve hundred and eighty-seven old men from the province of Shantung repaired to the Imperial palace at Pien Liang to present a petition that the Emperor should perform the sacrifice of Fêng and Shan; and when a similar petition was received from various functionaries of the Empire, he consented to comply, and issued an Edict decreeing that in the tenth month of the year such sacrifice should be performed at T'ai Shan. He then dispatched officials of varying ranks to announce the fact to Heaven, to Earth, to the gods of the soil and harvests, to the mountains and rivers. Messengers were also sent to the temple of the ancestors and the memorial temples in the capital.

The preparations were made with infinite care and attention to detail. Choirs of singers, bands of dancers were appointed; sets of bells and of sonorous stones were prepared; the characters on the jade tablets which bore the Imperial message were filled with gold; indeed, so fabulous was the expenditure that any repetition of the worship has been prohibited.

It was decided that, besides the overseers of the sacrifice, to the number of ninety-three, and the Imperial bodyguard, only twenty-four chosen officials should ascend the mountain with their Master. The point as to whether the burnt sacrifices should take place before or after the sealing of the jade box caused much discussion; it was eventually decided that after the last offering of jade, silk, and so on, had been made, the Emperor, clad in the robe known as *yüan* and wearing the cap called *mien* from which dangled twelve strings of pearls, should ascend the Altar, seal the box of jade and place it within the stone coffer; that he then should drink the sacrificial wine and attend the gods upon their departure; and that all music should cease and the pyre be set alight. It was moreover decided that, at the moment when the Emperor had accomplished the sacrifice of Fêng, torches placed at intervals from the altar at the summit to that at the base, should be set alight, thus making a continuous line of flame from top to bottom of the Great Mountain; furthermore that a tablet inscribed with red should be passed from one to other of the guards who were to line the great Pilgrims' Road, and that upon its arrival at the mountain-foot all Dukes of the Palace and high dignitaries there waiting, should assemble at the places allotted to them, whence from afar they could see the blazing sacrifice. From the mountain-top cheers should arise which also should be passed from one to other down the mountain-side, when at once the pyre below should also be set alight. Thus the rites should terminate.

It is impossible to describe in detail all the picturesque ceremonies which actually took place. From the time the Son of Heaven left his palace at Pien Liang until he was safely reinstated there, forty-seven days passed. During this time, although it was in the depth of winter, neither rain nor snow fell and the temperature was mild and agreeable. Many signs of good augury were manifested. The evening before the sacrifice a strong wind blew hither and thither heavy sombre mists, and torches could not be kept alight; during the ceremonies, however, the wind ceased, the firmament became limpid, the flame from the myriads of torches rose straight to heaven; when the sealing of the stone box had been accomplished a violet cloud hovered about the altar, while an unearthly yellow light enveloped the stone coffer where the Imperial message, destined for heaven, reposed; rare birds and strange beasts, sent as offerings from the four quarters of the Empire, were set at liberty. When day dawned the disc of the sun appeared doubled, and a cloud of five colours floated above.[1] Tambours and wind instruments were sounded, spectators in thousands lined the road and cries of joy rose from earth to heaven.

Since then nine hundred years and more have elapsed. Although the ceremonies of Fêng and Shan have been abolished, the memory of the magnificence with which

[1]In this connection it is interesting to note that on the morning of February 19, 1917, a similar phenomena to that described was observed in Mukden, when, after a long period of fine dry weather, the sun appeared with a *triple disc*, while clouds in rainbow colourings surrounded it. See *North China Daily News*, March 1, 1917.

they were conducted remains vividly in the minds of men; more than one monument erected as a memorial upon the slopes of T'ai Shan, evoke before the eye of the traveller the ghostly apparition of fairy-like processions trooping up and down the precipitous mountain slopes, recalling the moment when the Son of Heaven desired to transmit a communication to the Being by whose Decree he ruled.

PART TWO

Such is the cult of T'ai Shan in its original conception. The translations of documents and inscriptions given by Chavannes are extraordinarily interesting, and very illuminating indeed in regard to the Chinese idea of sovereignty and rulership, but of course these are all connected with the world of rank and power; what meanwhile of the patient *yü jên*, Uninstructed People – the name used by officials to designate the masses? I may remark parenthetically that this term provides a curious commentary on the fundamental difference in the Chinese point of view to that held in European countries as regards these same masses. To the Chinese there are no 'common people.' The word *yü* means 'simple, uninstructed, unenlightened or stupid,' and it has, generally speaking, been rendered as 'stupid' by European translators. There is, however, a lack of comprehension in that interpretation. In the Confucian Analects we read:

'Those above, who have knowledge – that is the science which renders it possible to pronounce on a subject with the precision of an arrow striking its target, in comparison with those below, the uninstructed – who have the untutored minds of simians, are not numerous.'

When officials speak of the *yü jên*, as they frequently do, they use the words in their Confucian sense – the uneducated people.

As I say, the original cult of the T'ai Shan has no connection with the unenlightened, yet countless pilgrims toil wearily up the endless steps which lead to the Southern Gate of Heaven, and worship at the Honourable Hill of Generations is one of the most universal in China. To the uninstructed the deity cannot appear in the light of a messenger, nor is any communication with the Supreme Being a possibility for the masses. I think that in this fact the weakness of the ancient Chinese monotheism is revealed. Pasteur pointed out, when taking his Chair at the Académie Française in 1882, the universal necessity of worship; he said:

'I see everywhere the inevitable expression of the Infinite in the world, through it the supernatural is at the bottom of every heart. The idea of God is a form of the idea of the Infinite. As long as the mystery of the Infinite weighs on human thought, temples will be erected for the worship of the Infinite, whether God is called Brahma, Allah, Jehovah, or Jesus; and on the pavement of those temples, men will be seen kneeling, annihilated in the thought of the Infinite.'

And because they were not permitted to do this, the people of ancient China built up a system by which they might attempt communication with that Beyond through spirits many and various.

T'ai Shan, as we have seen, is the font of life. In logical sequence therefore, as according to the Chinese theory one of the three *hun* or souls is destined to be born again, it also controls death. A poet who died A.D. 252 announced his approaching end in the words: 'my days are on the wane, the Peak of the East has given me an appointment.' As T'ai Shan thus gives life and demands it again, one may conclude that it presides over the greater part of human existence and those who desire length of days repair to the mountain in supplication.

Tradition localizes very definitely the exact spot where the spirits of the dead re-enter the slopes of the sacred mountain on their journey to the World of Shades, which lies below. This is at a hillock to the South of the main mass, called Hao Li Shan, where countless tablets, erected by families or village communities, mark the spot where the spirits of their dead ancestors assemble.

T'ai Shan possesses also judicial attributes, in fact, in popular imagination the office of Judge of the Lower World is that which pertains essentially to the mountain spirit. Many tablets found in the temples to the Eastern Peak, which are established in all cities of importance, attest to this fact. 'He judges without partiality'; 'Here it is difficult to deceive'; thus they run in endless variety, and over the main entrance gate of such temples, an immense abacus is generally hung upon which the spirit of T'ai Shan can compute the sum of good deeds and evil committed by the souls he is supposed to judge.

The idea is the same as that which inspires the cult of the Spiritual Magistrates of City Walls and City Moats.

In the temples erected to the Honourable Hill of Generations there are, however, courts not devoted to the god of T'ai Shan himself, nor does he receive all the homage paid. Chavannes describes how he saw women in Peking approaching the temple of the Eastern Peak. After each three paces they prostrated themselves in the dust and filth and, arrived at the temple, they repaired not to the court of the T'ai Shan deity but to those occupied by various feminine divinities, the chief of whom is the Pi Hia Yün Chün, or the 'goddess of the coloured clouds.' Her worship is not old. When Chên Tsung performed the sacrifices of Fêng and Shan, he found in a pool upon the summit of T'ai Shan a rough stone statue. Of this he caused a jade replica to be made, which was placed in the adjacency of the said pool. The statue of the lady soon attracted crowds of worshippers, and her temple is now the most magnificent on the mountain. The goddess, who is reputed to be the daughter of the mountain spirit, is generally attended by acolytes, such as the goddess who grants children and the goddess who guards eyesight, and the worship of these divinities is the central and most important part of the cult localized on T'ai Shan to-day.

Although hosts of pilgrims throng to the Great Mountain during the first four months of the year, it is not *necessary* to worship there or in any of the temples erected in its honour to obtain the benefits which the spirit dispenses, as amulets of many sorts are impregnated with its vital energy. These are of infinite variety.

Curious, conventional maps of the five peaks, reproductions of the T'ai Shan seal, rubbings from the many pious inscriptions which abound, are all considered most efficacious. Moreover, those who desire protection for their houses have but to place in one of their outer walls a stone inscribed with the characters T'ai Shan Shih *kan tang* – Stone of T'ai Shan, ventures to bear the responsibility.

I think that the physical aspect of the Great Mountain is a trifle disappointing. It is a heavy mass surrounded by hills which crowd upon it, making for confusion. It is not distinguished, as is the wonderful purple mountain near Nanking, with a glorious upward sweep, its shape in fact minimizes its height. From where the mountain folds to earth, the path rises straight, one may say without deviation, to the summit; no ameliorating curves mitigate the gradient; evidently the first pilgrim who sought to approach the spirit of T'ai Shan, looking neither to the right nor to the left, chose this route, and in his footsteps for countless centuries myriads of his brethren have trodden. This path has now grown into the great stone-paved Pilgrim's Road, one of the most remarkable sights of the mountain, lined on either hand with scores of temples and planted thick with cypress. 'He who climbs must pass from low to high, but to see the sights, he should descend from high to low,' so runs a well-known proverb. Upon the pilgrimage I made to the mountain in 1914, I followed this advice. Hiring a strange T'ai Shan chair, carried by Mahommedan bearers who mono-

polize the trade, I fixed my mind upon the summit, and advanced sideways like a crab, between two men who walked abreast. The ascent is so perpendicular that it would be impossible to carry a chair in the usual way, so this method, which provides the acme of insecurity as regards the sensations of the passenger, is adopted. Going up was bad enough; coming down was – horrible. Each chair is provided with four men; two carry, and the other two proceed in front and behind. They wear a curious soft shoe, a sort of foot mitten, if one can use such a phrase, with no differentiated sole, so the feet can cling to the edges of the steps in a remarkable way. The ascent, of course, is slow, but the descent is performed at an appalling rate. The bearers glide their feet from step to step in a sort of glorified *chassé*. The man in front shouts loudly, that the road may be cleared; the man behind, who ties a rag to a bar of the chair, acts as a sort of brake, and the helpless passenger prays fervently to his patron saint for protection – at least I did.

Humanity upon the mountain-side is absorbing. Hordes of beggars, such well-fed, healthy beggars, divide the mountain into spheres of influence and never interfere with one another. They pursue the traveller with their irritating wail only so far as their own border line, when a confrère takes up the chant. Rich pilgrims, scattering cash to right and left, are carried down the steep steps at a terrifying rate, poor pilgrims toil painfully up or down – it is not easy to decide which journey is the more difficult to accomplish. Presently the road at

the base gives way to broad steps, the broad to narrow, and finally the foot of the gorge, which terminates at the Southern Gate of Heaven, is reached. From the gorge the famous flight of steps, *shin pa p'an* or eighteen coils,

rises perfectly sheer. Iron chains stretched on either side help travellers to pull themselves up, and most people are exceedingly glad of this assistance. The view from the Southern Gate of Heaven is very awe-inspiring, and I think that a wind must always draw through the opening. When I was there an icy blast cut to the very marrow of my bones. The day of which I speak was grey and still, the tones of the landscape were in greys and browns relieved by the sombre green of cypress and pine; choughs

wheeled above us uttering strange cries; from a cave high in the cliff came the sound of a woman's voice crying

'*o-mi-to-fo, o-mi-to-fo*' accompanied by the tapping sound of wood meeting wood as she beat her wooden fish.

The ascent from the Southern Gate to the Peak is quite easy, and on the summit stands the iron tiled temple of the Jade Emperor. Every inch of ground is hallowed

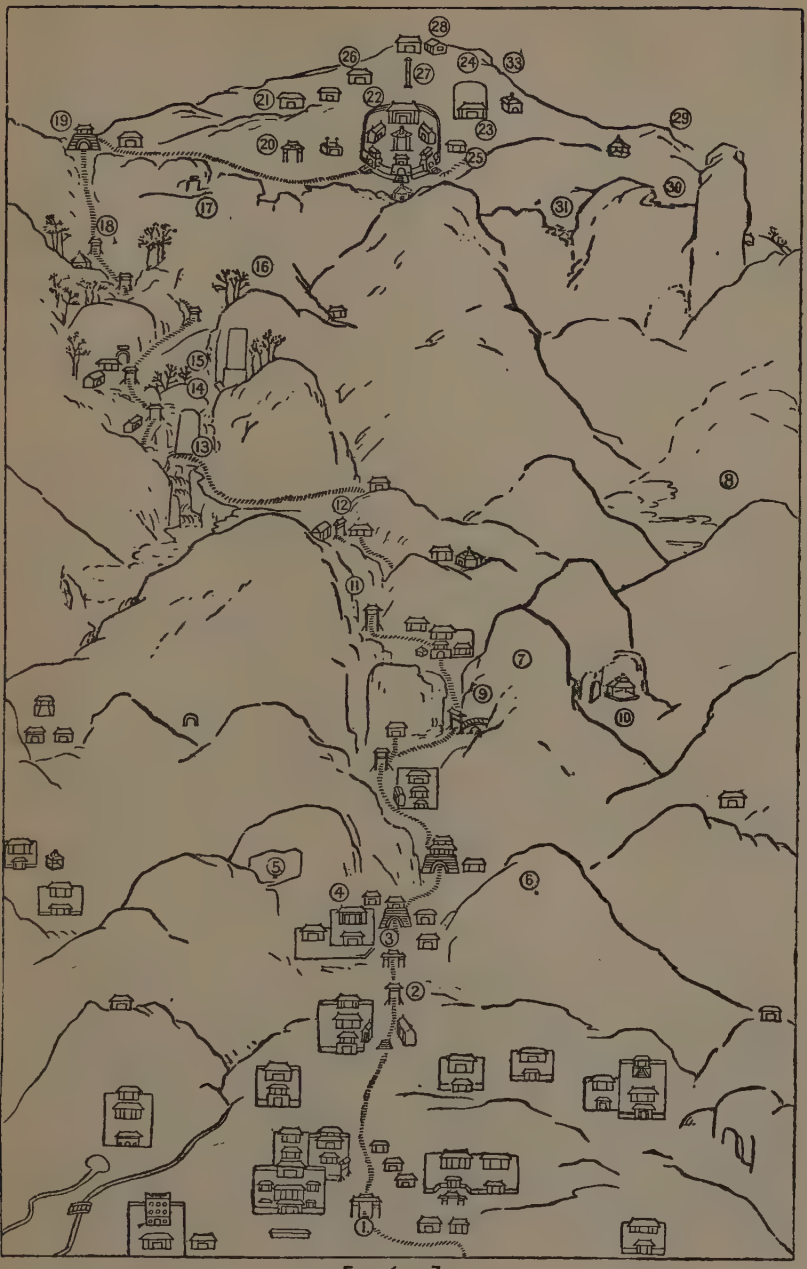
by the memory of events connected with the great men of China, whose shades must make a mighty host at those times when spirits return from the World of Shade to revisit their favourite haunts.

Chavannes mentions over two hundred noted sites and tells some of the fascinating legends in connection with them, and in Part Three I have made a short list of ancient footsteps and a sketch-map of the mountain which I hope may be useful to latter-day pilgrims.

But the sites and historical legends are something apart from the actual cult of the T'ai Shan. What light does that throw on the psychology of the Chinese mind? No European, so far as I know, has studied the subject as deeply as has Chavannes, so I will quote a translation of his masterly summing up of the matter:

'If it be true that man has fashioned his gods in his own image, we must add that the feat has not been accomplished in a moment of time; this is especially noticeable in China where new ideas are simply superimposed on the old, forming a new strata, leaving these latter untouched.

'Thus T'ai Shan was at first a sacred mountain with an extremely vague personality, differing not greatly from its compeers. Towards the dawn of the Christian era it received, as we have seen, attributes; because it presided over the East, therefore it came to be regarded as "the Ruler of Life." In order to execute its functions it was obliged to keep, in the great book of Existence, a minute account of births and deaths, of exits from and entries to, the World of Shades; it appears therefore as the head of a complicated organization, as a high official. Later under Buddhist influence, besides keeping an account of



births and deaths, it must mete out rewards and punishments – it becomes the great Judge of Purgatory. Later still the participation of women in the Cult developed; besides the god of T'ai Shan, the personality of his pretended daughter, the Princess of the Coloured Clouds to whom all mothers and would-be mothers address their prayers, was developed. It would seem therefore, that in the Cult we have, epitomized, the intellectual development of humanity, which, by slow elaboration, incessantly modifies its gods to make them more and more to resemble themselves.'

* * *

In early April when the decorative garment of snow has been cast off, the impression borne in upon the traveller is one of age, great, grey, limitless, infinite age. Colossal boulders, which have surely been there since the Creation, must as surely remain, to the End of Time.

How beautiful the mountain must be when Spring casts her mantle of tender green over this rugged foundation, when flowers, emblems of resurrection, spring from every crevice. The Chinese are right: the Great Mountain does provide the most perfect symbol possible of Eternity itself.

PART THREE

T'ai An Ch'êng (Walled City of Great Peace) lies South of T'ai Shan and contains many temples and monuments of great interest. The most important building is, of course, the temple to the Honourable Hill of Generations, and Chavannes describes it at great length. Personally I find that the very ancient trees are even more thrilling than the various works of men's hands. A

group of gnarled old *thuyas* is supposed to date from the later Han dynasty which ruled from A.D. 25–220, and an enormous acacia is attributed to the T'ang epoch, A.D. 618–905. Whether or not these dates are correct, it is certain that many autumns have passed since the seeds of the trees sprang from the earth prison.

The paved pilgrim road runs across the plain from the North gate of T'ai An Ch'êng, passes under the Arch to the Hill of Generations (1) and reaches the First Gate of Heaven (2) where the actual ascent begins.

Innumerable sites on the slopes of T'ai Shan are connected with the sage Confucius, whose birthplace and whose tomb lie less than a hundred miles South of the mountain-foot. Just beyond the First Gate of Heaven (3), it is said that he turned and, sweeping the plain with a glance, remarked that the state of Lu – the ancient name of Shantung – looked exceedingly small.

All sorts of temples stand to right and left, among others the central shrine to the Princess of the Coloured Clouds (4). Her principal seat is at the mountain summit and a third temple in her honour stands South-west of the city. This central shrine is called Palace of the Vermilion Door, in reference to a red rock on the hill above it (5).

On a hillock East of the road is a curious memorial – the tomb of a white mule (6) – a noble beast said to have been presented by the local prefect to a T'ang Emperor who came in A.D. 726 to offer sacrifice on the mountain. The story goes that the animal performed all the functions required of him without a trace of fatigue; carried the Son of Heaven up the mountain and down again; and then having completed his life's work as it were, quietly lay down and died. The demise was reported to the

Emperor, who at once bestowed the title of General upon the white mule and ordered that he should be coffined and interred.

On the East side of the road the Bridge which Rests by the Flowing Stream (7) leads under the Precipice where Horses Rest (8), past the Grotto Screened by Water (9) to the Valley of the Classic on the Rock (10) – a most remarkable ancient footstep. On a high wall of rock stands, carved in large characters, a Buddhist Sutra dating from *circa* A.D. 570. The characters have suffered a good deal in the centuries which have passed over them, but are still legible. Slightly above the Bridge which Rests by the Flowing Stream, the main road turns sharply to the left and runs at a fair level to the Arch where Horses Turn (11), and then mounts at a steep angle to the Second Gate of Heaven (12), which marks the middle of the ascent from the mountain-foot to the Southern Heaven Gate near the summit. As if to encourage the traveller, the road then winds along the mountain-side for a distance of three *li*, about an English mile, at a most agreeable gradient. Pilgrims may take their breath, and enjoy the beautiful views which open out on every side, especially if they do not quite realize what is before them. Arrived at the little Plateau of the Imperial Tent (13), where the Emperor Chên Tsung is supposed to have rested when he made the ascent in 1008, all is well, but a sudden turn to the right reveals an endless staircase which seems to lead to the very clouds themselves. It is the path to the mountain-top – and must be overcome, cost what it may in fatigue and aching limbs.

Dozens and dozens of historical sites are noted by the Chinese; here is the Rock which Flew Hither (14); there once stood the pine under whose spreading branches the

First Emperor is supposed to have taken refuge from a sudden storm, some two hundred years before our era. In gratitude to the tree he bestowed upon it a patent of Nobility of the Fifth Degree. To-day a memorial arch tells the story (15). A little higher five peaks resemble, to the seeing eye, an Opening Lotus Blossom (16) and above this group is the White Clouds Grotto (17), where the mists which water the Flowery Kingdom are supposed to be manufactured. The pilgrims toil on and on and finally reach the Arch Whence-one-advances-by-one's-own-power to Immortality (18). The weary steps of advancement are called the Ten and Eight Coils. They end at the Southern Heaven Gate (19), and at the moment of arrival, immortality itself seems but a poor reward for the physical effort expended.

The mountain-top is literally covered with temples, monuments and sites of interest. Half-way between the Gate and the Temple of the Eastern Peak is a spot where tradition holds that Confucius stood and gazed towards Wu (20). As I have said, many anecdotes connect the sage with T'ai Shan. One of the most delightful describes an incident which occurred one day as Confucius and his disciple Tzŭ Lu were strolling along a path. It is said that they heard a woman weeping bitterly and found, upon inquiry, that not only had her son just been eaten by a tiger, but that her husband had some time earlier shared the same fate, as his father had also done before him. Much shocked, the sage asked her why in the world she did not leave such a dangerous country, but between her sobs the woman explained that although the country might be very dangerous from the point of view of wild animals, at least the government was good, and people were not oppressed. Which incident provided the

great teacher with an excellent theme for one of his celebrated parables on the importance of benevolent government. A temple to Confucius (21) stands above the spot where he is supposed to have stood.

The palace of the Princess of the Coloured Clouds (22) is the largest and most magnificent temple on the sacred mountain; but of course her cult is not nearly as ancient as that of the T'ai Shan itself, as it only dates from the time of Chên Tsung who, it will be remembered, is supposed to have found her statue in a pool in 1008.

Throngs of pilgrims visit her shrine every year, and until the Son of Heaven retired into private life, it was the custom for him to send an envoy on the eighteenth day of the Fourth Moon, with Imperial offerings to the Princess.

The less important edifice beyond the palace is the Temple of the Eastern Peak (23). An interesting relic is connected with the enclosure. Framed in the southern wall of the court is the curious emblematical map of the Five Sacred Peaks, from which rubbings are constantly made. It was erected at the end of the Ming dynasty in 1614. Behind the temple is the Inscription of the Polished Rock (24) where in large characters a writing from the brush of the Bright Emperor, which he wrote when he visited the mountain in 726 to perform the sacrifices Fêng and Shan, is carved.

To the South of the Temple of the Eastern Peak is the site of the pavilion where the Emperor changed his robes (25) before performing the sacrificial ceremonies.

The actual summit of T'ai Shan is above these buildings and is crowned by the shrine of the Jade Sovereign, but before it can be reached, pilgrims must pass the Palace of the Green or Azure Emperor who presides over

the Eastern Quadrant (26). His compeers, the red, white, yellow and black Emperors rule the other quarters.

Just by the side of the final flight of steps in a rather constricted position stands the famous Tablet with No Inscription (27). Its origin is still an archæological mystery, but in spite of the local tradition, which ascribes an earlier date, various authorities consider that it is the monument erected by the Emperor Wu of Han in 110 B.C.

One short flight more and the pilgrim has reached the very peak of the ancient Hill of Generations. The rocks which mark this spot are enclosed by a stone railing and temple buildings completely blot out the view. In a little sanctuary to the North of the rocks sits the Jade Sovereign (28). His shrine is covered with iron tiles, firmly fixed in order that they may withstand the winds which howl about the mountain-top, and his person is richly gilded. Two inscriptions in the little court remind visitors that the altar for the Fêng sacrifice was erected slightly West of the summit, and that the jade Tablets were buried to the East of the rocks.

When I made the ascent of T'ai Shan I was unable to pass the night on the mountain, so had no time to tread in the ancient footsteps to East and West of the road. I could not go to the gate of Eastern Heaven (29), nor look down the terrifying precipice where suicides were wont to throw themselves to their death. Its old name was Cliff where the Body is Abandoned (30), but during the Ming dynasty a benevolent governor, who hoped to prevent the contagion of destruction which led one suicide in the footsteps of his predecessor, built a protecting wall and changed the name of the place to Cliff where the Body is Loved and Treasured. Neither did I visit

the curious rocks called Bridge of the Immortals (31); nor the Pavilion where Clouds are formed (32), but I did stand on the spot a little East of the peak (33) where a modern stone tablet erected in 1837 marks a site connected with the son of K'ung whom we call Confucius, and referred to by Mencius. The passage I speak of

forms the twenty-fourth chapter in the first part of the seventh book. Mencius said:

'The son of the K'ung Clan climbed the Eastern Hillock and thought the State of Lu was small; he climbed the Great Mountain and found All-below-the-sky inconsiderable.

'And so it is that he who has gazed upon the ocean scorns other waters, and he who has entered in at the gate of enlightened men is critical of words.'

Cult of the Spiritual Magistrates of City Walls and City Moats

WILD GOOSE HAPPINESS HOUSE

During the Period when Winter is Established

HARVEST IS ENDED, COLD COMMENCES, AND THE 'BLACK-haired people' are preparing for their winter hibernation. It is not as complete a withdrawal as in many lands; the marvellous sunshine which blesses the Country of Hang-

ing Blossoms often draws the inhabitants out from their humble dwellings to glory in its warmth and brilliance. Nevertheless labour in the fields must become less active, and the seasonal duties must be performed.

It is a recognized epoch in the year, and is one of the times when the Spiritual Magistrates of each district and city are taken out on their periodical tours of inspection. It is a curious cult, this of the Ch'êng Huang, and as the local shrine in Shanghai city is one of my favourite haunts I have been at some pains to study its origins. This has not been an easy task as the Honourable Magistrate has received but scant attention from European writers. Père Doré gives a certain amount of data in his voluminous work *Récherches sur les Superstitions en Chine*, and E. T. C. Werner mentions His Honour in *Myths and Legends of China*, but otherwise the authorities I had to consult were all Chinese. Mr. Cultivator-of-Bamboos was, as always, very patient, but he found it difficult to understand why I was so much interested. His was the traditional view of the scholar towards things supernatural – nevertheless he told me, with a smile, all that he knew about the Cult, and searched diligently in many tomes for the details I, so unreasonably, desired.

The whole question of religion and religious practices in China is beset with difficulties. To begin with, a sharp cleavage of opinion exists in regard to the nature of religion in the ancient days which saw the dawn of history. Werner, de Groot, du Bose, and their school maintain that it was a fetishism, an animism pure and simple; not only a polytheism but a polydemonism of the most exaggerated type. Werner goes so far as to make the astounding statement (for which he gives no authority) – 'Idols are spoken of in the earliest times' – they are cer-

tainly not spoken of in the Classics. Legge, Ross, Suzuki and others, believe on the contrary that, fundamentally, it was monotheistic, and, to use the words of Legge himself, 'not merely animistic with a fetishist tendency.'

The 'original religion,' as far as we can know, is that described in the records and taught by Confucius; that which is to-day the firm basis of Chinese belief.

This belief, as it appears in the ancient books which have influenced the life of China so profoundly, is strangely uncomplicated; only a few vague tenets are held. Transcending everything, a Supreme Being called either Shang Ti – Above Lord, or T'ien – Heaven, is supposed to exist. This great being rules the Universe, and directs lesser beings such as the spirits of mountains, rivers and harvests, elements which we would call Forces of Nature, to carry out his commands. Furthermore, there is a firm belief in the *kuei-shên*. The term is very difficult to translate. According to the *Li Chi* or *Book of Rites*, *kuei* is the body or animal soul of man, and *shên* his intelligent spirit. *Kuei* is generally rendered by 'devil,' but the connotation is wrong. There is nothing in Chinese religious conception which approximates in any way to Satan and his hosts. The word 'demon' may perhaps be used strictly, as in Greek mythology, meaning a 'spirit or genius including the soul or ghost of a deceased person,' but to-day the word generally suggests a malignant apparition. Perhaps the Roman '*manes*' is the most suitable term that can be found to interpret the word *kuei*. *Shên* is what we Occidentals mean when we speak of man's spiritual nature; in other words, the divinity in man. In popular Chinese belief the *shên* resides at the base of the brain, and at death proceeds into the empty air. The *kuei* meanwhile journeys to the World of Shade. A pas-

sage in the *Li Chi* refers to this dual nature in the following words:

[1]'Man is the product of the attributes of Heaven and Earth by the interaction of the dual forms of nature, the union of the animal and the intelligent souls and the finest subtile matter of the five elements.'

Shên, when used alone, does not necessarily refer to the spirit of human beings; broadly speaking, it is any spiritual essence, but the term *kuei-shên* always means 'spirits of the deceased,' and from the days of highest antiquity the Chinese have been convinced of their survival.

Study of the Classics shows that in the earliest days of recorded history the following tenets were held in China: first, a belief in the Supreme Being; second, a recognition of the lesser beings who served him; third, a conviction that the soul survived death; and fourth, a firm belief in the efficacy of sacrifice – that is, in communication between men and the various spiritual essences of other worlds.

These four points still cover the fundamental faith of the Chinese people. The teachings of Buddhism, and the superstitious practices of debased Taoism, are more or less superficial, and have been superimposed upon the

[1] Translation by Dr. Legge in *The Sacred Books of the East*, edited by Max Müller. Vol. XXVII.

original structure, which has itself been greatly elaborated.

The elaboration has taken place at long intervals of time. The oldest books, the *Shu Ching* (Classic of Writings), and *Shih Ching* (Classic of Poetry), discuss only the elemental beliefs, as does the *I Ching* (Classic of Changes), which comes next in chronological order. It was compiled 1143 B.C. by King Wên and his son, Duke of Chou, from the *pa kua* or Trigrams attributed to Fu Hsi, a semi-legendary being. Six or seven centuries later the appendices appeared, and in the third of these the doctrine of the Yin and Yang, which has so profoundly influenced Chinese thought, was first promulgated. Nor did it become all-pervading, even then. The *Li Chi* (Book of Rites), which in its present form was collected as late as the Han dynasty, makes no mention of the Yin and Yang. In fact, the system of philosophy known today as 'Confucian,' although rooted in the highest antiquity, was not evolved in detail, until the Sung period by Chu Hsi and the scholars of his time, who devoted their lives to its exposition. The scheme of cosmogonic genealogy which they expounded was as follows: from the T'ai Chi, or Great Ultimate, sprang the Yin and Yang; from the Yin and Yang came the Wu Hsing, Five Elements; and from the Five Elements were produced the Manifold. The passage from the Third Appendix to the *I Ching*, whence this elaborate system sprang, reads:

[1] 'The sun goes and the moon comes; the moon goes and the sun comes; the sun and the moon thus take the

[1] Translation by Dr. Legge in *The Sacred Books of the East*, edited by Max Müller. Vol. XVI, p. 389.

place of each other, and their shining is the result. The cold goes and the heat comes; the heat goes and the cold comes; it is by this mutual succession of heat and cold that the year is completed. That which goes becomes less and less, that which comes waxes more and more. It is by the influence on each other of this contraction and expansion that the advantages (of the different conditions) are produced.'

The sun is Yang, the moon is Yin, and this idea of quality, of counter-balance, has been carried to the extreme. *The Encyclopædia Sinica* states:

'In this way Yang came to mean Heaven, Light, Vigour, Male, Penetration, The Monad. It is symbolized by the Dragon and is associated with azure colour and oddness in numbers. In *fêng shui* (that is the geomantic science of wind and water) raised forms (mountains) are Yang.

'Similarly Yin stands for Earth (the antithesis of Heaven), Darkness, Quiescence, Female, Absorption, The Duad. It is symbolized by the Tiger and is associated with orange colour and even numbers.'

The most important of all beliefs which have arisen from this idea is that of the Dual Worlds. Where the sun shines and birds sing, where nature is green and man is gay, that is the Yang Shih (World of Light). Below it stretches another, its counterpart in every particular of division, government, and requirement called the Yin Shih (World of Shade). There is however one important

difference; in the Yin Shih no sun shines; all is grey, dim and sad; there the *kuei* – manes of the dead, those wraiths so tenuous that they can endure no ray of light – sojourn until the hour of rebirth. Its ruler is King Yen Lo, who ages ago was an ordinary monarch of Northern India. Once when fighting a neighbouring state he was in danger of defeat, so he swore an oath that if the powers of the underworld would come to his help and give him victory, he and his followers would agree to be reborn in the Yin Shih. Immediately eighteen generals and a million warriors appeared and fought with tremendous rage and ferocity, quickly ensuring Yen Lo's triumph. He did not forget his oath and in his next incarnation became principal ruler of the World of Shade. This post he has already held for countless ages and it is believed that he will hold it for a long time to come, but neither he nor any other inhabitant of that dismal region is expected to remain there for ever. Although innumerable hells of darkness and pain are thronged by spirits of men and women languishing in misery, there is not one among these tortured souls that will not be purged of sin and win its way to light. In Chinese belief there is no idea of Satan or any power that attempts to keep a soul in hell. King Yen Lo himself, and his followers, are willing to aid in the defeat of evil by volunteering to shield all virtuous men and women from moral or physical injury. Such a one can pass unharmed through the ranks of demons who are assembled in readiness to mete out punishment.

The entrances to the Yin Shih are definitely indicated. One lies far up the Great River at Fêng Tu in Szechuen. From a temple placed high on a hill a passage is supposed to lead directly to the Court of King Yen Lo himself.

Another entrance is situated in the hillock Hao Li at the foot of T'ai Shan, the sacred mountain of Shantung.

Among early ceremonies described in the Classics, are the Pa Cha, instituted by King Yao, who ascended the throne 2357 B.C. These were thanksgivings made at the end of the year for harvested crops. Marcel Granet in his fine study, *Fêtes et Chansons Anciennes de la Chine*, devotes an interesting chapter to them, and says that they were usually held by a stream at the foot of a mountain. They were eight in number and are thus described in the *Li Chi*:

[1] 'They presented their offerings in skin caps and white robes – in white robes to escort the closing year to its grave. They wore sashes of dolychos cloth and carried staffs of hazel, as being reduced forms of mourning.'

'The great Cha sacrifice of the Son of Heaven consisted of eight sacrifices. This sacrifice was first instituted by Yin Chi (an unknown person). The word Cha expresses the idea of searching out. In the twelfth month of the year, they brought together some of all the productions of the harvest, and sought out the authors of them to present them to them as offerings.

'In the Cha sacrifice the principal object contemplated was the Father of Husbandry. They also presented offerings to ancient superintendents of Husbandry and to

[1] Translations by Dr. Legge in *The Sacred Books of the East*, edited by Max Müller. Vol. XXVII, p. 431.

the discoverer of the various grains, to express thanks for the crops which had been reaped.

'They presented offerings also to the representatives of the ancient inventors of the overseers of the husbandmen, and of the buildings marking out the boundaries of the fields and of the birds and beasts. The service showed the highest sentiment of benevolence and righteousness.

'The ancient wise men appointed all these agencies, and it was felt necessary to make this return to them. They met the representatives of the cats, because they devoured the rats and mice which injured the fruits of the fields, and those of the tigers, because they devoured the wild boars which destroyed them. They met and made offering to them. They offered also to the ancient Inventors of the dykes and water channels; all these were provision for the husbandry.

'They said:

> ' "May the ground no sliding show,
> Water in its channels flow,
> Insects to keep quiet know,
> Only in the fens weeds grow." '

As to what actually took place we are rather in the dark, but from one of the recorded conversations of Confucius one would judge that after the sacrifice the people indulged in a sort of saturnalia.

It is with the seventh of the Cha sacrifices, that to 'streams and mud walls,' that our interest lies, because

from this far-off beginning the cult of Ch'êng Huang Lao Yeh, Spiritual Magistrate of the City Walls and City Moats, is supposed to have slowly developed. The *T'zŭ Yüan*, a most useful Chinese Encyclopædia of literary references, says: 'Ch'êng Huang: the name of a Spirit, (from) the rites of the Pa Cha, (from) Shui Yung, the seventh of these, Shui Yung, otherwise Ch'êng Huang, is the beginning of the sacrifice to the Ch'êng Huang.'

Apart from the Imperial sacrifices to Heaven and the Border Altars, it is the only one connected with those early days which has survived. This cult, with those of Tu Ti, the local tutelary divinity, and Ts'ao Chün, Lord of the Kitchen-Stove, which it ante-dates by at least a millennium, are probably the most universally popular in China to-day, the reason being that all three are intimately concerned with the affairs of the Dark World, and with the well-being of the *kuei-shên* – Spirits of the Dead.

The ancient sacrifice, seventh of the eight Cha, was as we have seen called Shui Yung. Just when the transition to the Ch'êng Huang was made, is, so far as I know, unrecorded. The words have approximately the same meaning. *Shui*, water; *yung*, a mud wall or rampart; *ch'êng*, a city wall, generally a high embankment of mud faced with brick inside and out; *huang*, the moat left when the earth for the embankment is dug out.

According to the *Ch'in Ting Ku Chin T'u Shu Chi Ch'êng*, the oldest Ch'êng Huang temple extant is the one at Wu Hu, which was founded during the reign of Sun Ch'üan, first ruler of the Wu dynasty *circa* A.D. 240. In the *Wu Hsing Chih* it is stated that Prince Chi, of the Liang dynasty which reigned A.D. 502–556, performed a ceremony to the Ch'êng Huang, and that when the

sacrificial ox was about to be roasted, a red snake issued from its mouth; and the *T'zŭ Yüan* records the fact that during the North Ch'i dynasty A.D. 550–577, the Spiritual Magistrate had already become famous as one who could save life. Under the T'ang more attention was paid to the cult. Chang Chiu-ling and Chang Yüeh, both noted scholars and statesmen, wrote essays on the Spiritual Magistrate, and Li Yang-ping, when Magistrate of Chin-yün in Chêkiang in A.D. 763 is said to have obtained rain by threatening the Ch'êng Huang with destruction of the temple unless his prayers were answered within three days. It is on Li's authority that the poet and scholar, Ou Yang-hsiu, states that the directions as to the time the Ch'êng Huang should be worshipped were not then in the dynastic order of rites, that his name was not indeed mentioned, but that his worship already existed under the Wu Yüeh Kingdom. This was one of the ten minor states at the time of the Five Dynasties A.D. 907–960, and was situated in Chêkiang.

Under the later T'ang dynasty A.D. 934, the Ch'êng Huang of the Capital, then at K'ai Fêng-fu, was raised to the rank of Wang or Prince, and during the Sung his popularity grew enormously. Although his worship spread throughout the Empire, the seasons of its observance were still not indicated in the Book of Religious Rites, nor had he, as a rule, a temple of his own. *T'an* or altars of earth were raised in his honour, and his figure was given a seat in a temple erected to some other saint.

Meanwhile with the advent of Buddhism, early in our era, the idea of metempsychosis, already extant in China, had become more detailed and circumstantial, and during the passing centuries the construction of the Yin Shih,

where the *kuei* await rebirth, was conceived and described in great detail. Popular belief on the subject is now a tangled mass of Buddhist and Taoist superstitions impossible to differentiate one from the other, but the World of Shade, ruled by King Yen Lo, is supposed to be divided into ten Courts of punishment, each under the jurisdiction of a judge, and the penalties exacted from erring souls are very terrible indeed. The cosmogony of the Yin Shih is fully described in the *Yü Li Chao Chuan Ching Shih*, a modern publication very popular with the ignorant. As the whole subject is intimately connected with the present cult of the Ch'êng Huang, a few extracts from the Appendix to *Strange Stories from a Chinese Studio*, by Prof. H. A. Giles, LL.D., where a translation appears, may prove interesting.

'INTRODUCTION. The Taoist believes that his Purgatory consists of Ten Courts of Justice situated in different positions at the bottom of a great ocean which lies down in the depths of the earth. These are subdivided into special wards, different forms of torture being inflicted in each. The Title is "The Divine Panorama published by the mercy of Yü Ti (the Divine Ruler immediately below God Himself) that men and women may repent them of their faults and make atonement for their crimes." On the birthday of the Saviour P'usa as the Spirits of Purgatory were thronging round to offer congratulations, the Ruler of the Infernal Regions spake as follows: My wish is to release all souls, and every moon as this day comes round I would wholly or partially remit the punishment of erring shades, and give them life once more in one of the Six Paths. (Angels, men, demons, hungry devils, brute beasts, and tortured sinners, these are the six gati

or conditions of existence.) But, alas, the wicked are many, the virtuous few. Nevertheless the punishments in the Dark Regions are too severe and need some modification. Any wicked soul that repents and induces one or two others to do likewise, shall be allowed to set this off against the punishments that should be inflicted.

'(The Introduction continues at length retailing the arguments of the Judges and then concludes.) This account of man's wickedness on earth and the punishments in store for him was written in language intelligible to every man and woman, and was submitted for the approval for the Saviour P'usa, the intention being to await the return of some virtuous soul among the sons of men, and by these means publish it all over the earth. (Good people go to purgatory in the flesh, and are at once passed up to Heaven without suffering any torture, or are sent back to earth again. Note by Prof. Giles.) When P'usa saw what had been done, he said it was good; and on the third of the eighth month proceeded with the ten Judges of Purgatory to lay this book before the Supreme Ruler.

'Then the Supreme Ruler said "Good indeed. Good indeed. Henceforth let all spirits take note of any mortal who vows to lead a virtuous life, and repenting promises to sin no more. Two punishments shall be remitted to him. And if, in addition he succeeds in doing five virtuous acts then he shall escape all punishments, and be born again in some happy state – if a woman, she shall be born as a man.

' "Let these regulations be published in the Divine Panorama and circulated on earth by the spirits of the City Guardians. In fear and trembling obey this decree and carry it reverently into effect." '

The book then proceeds to describe the Courts in detail. Of the Tenth it says:

'His Majesty who "Turns the Wheel" reigns in the Dark Land due East away below the Wu Chiao rock. There he has six bridges of gold, silver, jade, stone, wood and planks over which all souls must pass. He examines the shades that are sent from the other court, and according to their deserts, sends them back to earth as men, women, old, young, rich, poor, high or low, forwarding a monthly list of their names to the Judge of the First Court, for transmission to Fêng Tu.'

The principal duty of the Spiritual Guardian of the City Walls and City Moats, or Guardian of the City as Professor Giles calls him, is to keep a strict account of the actions of all those within his jurisdiction so that when the *kuei* reach the terrifying court of King Yen Lo a complete record of its acts in the World of Light may be available. Moreover, the populace believes that the actual power of life and death lies in the hands of the Ch'êng Huang. Is it strange that every effort is made to propitiate 'His Honour' and that the official residence of Ch'êng Huang Lao Yeh is crowded, year in, year out?

It was not until the dawn of Ming, Dynasty of Brilliance – when Chu Yüan-chang, the Beggar King, set his newly won Empire in order both materially and spiritually, that the worship of Ch'êng Huang was fully regulated. In the second year of Hung Wu, to be exact, temples were generally established to him, and the plan

on which they should be built definitely laid down. It was decreed that the buildings should be in the form of official residences, that the Spiritual Magistrates should be represented as Officials judging wrong-doers, and that they should hold ranks varying in degree with the importance of the post they held. Thus the Ch'êng Huang of the Imperial Capital ranked as a Wang, King or Prince; those in the Provincial Capitals were Kung or Dukes; while Hou, Marquises, ruled the Prefectural Cities, and Po or Earls governed the Districts or Hsien. During the Ch'ing dynasty this method was followed, and Republicanism does not seem, as yet, to have invaded the World of Shade.

The *shên* of famous men are frequently appointed to the post of Spiritual Magistrate. In Hangchow it is filled by the virtuous Judge and Censor, Chou Hsin, who lived during the Ming dynasty. His justice and perspicacity were renowned, and many stories are told to illustrate these characteristics. It is said that once when sitting in his tribunal he was startled by a sudden gust of wind, which whirled fallen leaves on to the table before him. Long search proved that these had come from a tree in a far-off monastery, and Chou Hsin at once declared that the priests who lived there must be guilty of some crime. His words proved true. When, at his order, the tree was felled, the corpse of a young woman who had been murdered was found concealed in the trunk. Unfortunately as time went on calumny was busy with his name, and he was finally unjustly sentenced to death and executed by

Imperial decree. A few moments before the sentence was carried out, he solemnly declared that, as during life he had been an honest official, so after death he would become a loyal spirit. The breath had hardly left his body when proof of his innocence was forthcoming. Shortly afterwards the figure of a man dressed in the scarlet robes of a condemned criminal was noticed on the disc of the moon. This proved to be the spirit of Chou Hsin which declared that its office was to repress thieves and dishonest officials, it was therefore speedily appointed to the post of Ch'êng Huang.

In Nanning-fu a certain Su Chien, whose spirit appeared after his death at the head of celestial troops and assisted in the repulse of the barbarous Man Tzŭ, has been promoted to the post, as a mark of gratitude.

In Shanghai the position is filled by the spirit of Ch'in Yü-po. The District Record gives his history as follows: Born in Chihli at the end of the Yüan dynasty he held an official post for many years. His learning was great, he was a fine lecturer, and very able in argument. When the disorders, ending in the downfall of the dynasty, came about he gave up office and retired to Yangchow and later moved to Shanghai. There was at that time a certain salt owl, as the salt smugglers were called, named Chang Shih-ch'êng, native of T'aichow. At the fall of the dynasty he seized T'aichow in Kiangsu; and established the Ta Chou kingdom, calling himself King Ch'êng. He also took Soochow, Hangchow, and called himself King of Wu. Finally he held more than two thousand *li* of territory, and commanded several tens of thousand fighting men, constituting a veritable menace to the newly formed organization of Chu Yüan-chang. He realized, however, that whatever his fighting powers,

he was no statesman, and did his utmost to obtain the assistance of Ch'in Yü-po. Ch'in, however, persistently refused to countenance the kingdom established by the salt owl, who feeling that Fate was not with him, eventually committed suicide at Nanking.

Meanwhile Chu Yüan-chang had founded the Ming dynasty and in his turn sought Ch'in's help. His secretaries wrote inviting Ch'in to hold office in the new Empire, but Ch'in refused. Finally after fighting was ended, and a certain measure of peace had come to the country, envoys were sent to interview Ch'in and again offer him a post. He found it impossible to avoid office, so accompanied the Imperial messengers to Nanking where he was created an Expositor of the Han Lin College. Each time he conversed with the Emperor, Chu Yüan-chang, who was usually of a most contrary nature, fell in with his arguments and ideas, 'not altering them at all'; moreover, the Emperor continually praised his learning and admired him intensely. Later on he held office in what is the present Lung Hsien. A commentator naïvely but truly writes: 'How is it that we know nothing of a former P'usa? Did the seat of Spiritual Magistrate wait for Ch'in Yü-po?' and adds 'This cannot be known.' Another commentator is also disturbed by the fact that Ch'in must have superseded some existing spirit, and comes to the conclusion that officials in the Yin World must be changed as those in the Yang World are. Ch'in Yü-po's descendants held office in the temple of the Shanghai District City as Taoist priests until the fall of the monarchy, but it is now attended by civilians.

I have already mentioned that educated Chinese regard popular beliefs rather scornfully, but I was rather interested by a letter from a friend in Peking who wrote in reply to various questions I had asked regarding the Cult in North China, where it appears to be less universally observed than farther South. After giving me various details, he says:

'Up to 1900 the image of the tutelary saint in the District of Wan P'ing, within the jurisdiction of the capital, was carried in an eight-bearer chair, on the first of the Fifth Moon, to the Metropolitan Spiritual Magistrate, to report proceedings during the past year to his superior official at the latter establishment.

'My investigator, a scholar of considerable reputation and the son of an Imperial Family Tutor, who has been vastly entertained at the idea of a foreign lady occupying herself with such researches, tells me that some time ago he had a séance with his deceased father's spirit, and his father told him in sandwriting, that he was now Spiritual Magistrate of a district in Szechuen.

'He had just remarked that of course all these Ch'êng Huang superstitions were very absurd, and unworthy of the attention of foreign ladies; but when I asked him if he attached any importance to his father's communication of the news that he had a job in the Spiritual Civil Service, it seemed to me that he was rather proud of it!'

The Shanghai temple of City Walls and City Moats has an interesting history, and its foundation, though not in

its present capacity, is connected with the Wu Kingdom. The District Record states:

'Once when King Mo of Wu (A.D. 264–277) was stricken with a severe illness, he was astounded to see the eunuch in attendance suddenly transformed. His face and person seemed to alter, and he spoke with a voice that was not his own, saying: "In the district governed by the Kingdom's Prince, to the South-east of Hua Ting (prefecture of Sungkiang) there is an embankment to protect the place where salt is made. When great winds and tides come, men are helpless – their power is not sufficient to hold these back. I, the Official, am the spirit of Ho Kuang, who lived in the Han dynasty. The soldiers I led were very powerful. If you will build a temple to me on the embankment I will protect your district." The spirit faded away, the king recovered, and in due course built a temple. This was *circa* A.D. 270.'

Ho Kuang was illegitimate brother of the still more famous Ho Ch'ü-ping, favourite general of Han Wu Ti. At his death the Emperor erected a tomb in his memory, in front of which tomb stands what some suppose to be the earliest statue in full relief, yet found in China. Biographies of both brothers appear in Giles' *Biographical Dictionary.*

Ho Kuang's protection proved so efficacious that as time went on, the people of what is to-day Kiangsu and the neighbouring province of Chêkiang, raised other temples or 'travelling palaces' in his honour. These were placed on the sea coast, which at that date was farther West than it is now, and one stood on the present site of the Ch'êng Huang temple of Shanghai. The Record

states that during the reign of Yung Lê A.D. 1403–1425 a district official named Chang Shou-yo took the travelling palace of Ho Kuang and transformed it into a temple to the Spiritual Magistrate, who prior to that date had occupied a dais in the small temple of the Freshwater Well. The travelling palace itself may have stood a trifle to the South-east of the present Great Hall of the City Temple. According to the Records, this was completed in the Jên Yin year of Wan Li A.D. 1602. It has undergone many repairs and restorations during the past three hundred years and the dates upon which these have taken place are inscribed on a stone tablet standing in the principal courtyard. In December 1922 a serious fire destroyed the roof of the central building, and threatened the whole edifice, which fortunately was saved. When I left Shanghai, early in 1923, the necessary repairs were being paid for by public subscription and the receipts given in acknowledgment of donations were stamped with the Spiritual Magistrate's official seal.[1]

Out of respect to Ho Kuang, who was created the Golden Hill Spirit, his figure is placed in the main hall of the temple, and a tablet to the Ch'êng Huang stands in front of it. The figure of the Magistrate himself sits on a dais in the second hall which is reached by a long passage

This Official Residence is most interesting, partly because the daily life of the city folk goes on actually

[1] I hear that another fire took place in the autumn of 1924, so do not know what the present state of the temple may be – F. A.

within its precincts. There is none of that neglect and indifference so characteristic of many shrines since the Son of Heaven stepped from off the Dragon Throne. Here all is alive. People come and go incessantly, making a visit to the shrine of the Spiritual Magistrate part of their lives. Immense official flagstaffs flank the South entrance which leads under a fine arch bearing the inscription Protect and Guard the Edge of the Sea. Booths crowd up to it, and though the passage left is narrow, it is filled with a surging mass of people who pass back and forth under the Gate of the Abacus. A large model of this instrument is hung over the gateway, and upon it His Honour is supposed to compute daily the sum of deeds, good and evil, committed by his people. The principal courtyard, reached by an opening under the theatre, was originally lined with the Ten Courts of the Yin Shih, shown in horrible detail, and an assemblage of minor officials, in effigy, sat ready to carry out the orders of the Ch'êng Huang. These have all been abolished and lines of shops take their place. Seal cutters occupy one side, they cut minute and exquisite designs on tiny blocks of wood, to the ruination of their eyesight; fortune-tellers fill the centre; temporary restaurants are erected each morning, and after doing a thriving business all day, are removed when night falls; the people come and go incessantly. Beggars crowd the deep portico of the Great Hall, but do not venture to step over its high threshold, where in front of the immense pewter incense burner, worshippers can escape the sight of their leprous limbs, and the sound of their importunate wails. A high railing guards the curtained figure of the Golden Hill Spirit, and on it lean caretakers who light offertory candles, and dole out incense sticks.

In front of the big figure is the Ch'êng Huang's tablet, and to right and left stand huge and fearsome P'an Kuan, officials who are supposed to keep the records in the Book of Life and Death, and inscribe all a man's actions in the World of Light, in order that he may receive correct measure of justice in the World of Shade.

As in earthly courts, two are employed, the record of one to be checked with that of the other, thus obviating all mistakes. Beside each P'an Kuan stands a Chai I, an official servant or lictor. Armed with a great stick he is fully prepared to carry out any sentence, no matter how severe it may be. In Ningpo if a person feels a rheumatic pain shoot through his shoulders, he exclaims, 'Ai-ya, I

am struck by the Chai I of Yen Wang.' In the dim light, yellow boards hanging on the wall can be distinguished, these bear mottoes written in large black characters. 'The heart perfectly sincere, then the P'usa will hear and reward,' or, 'Reward good – punish evil'; yet again 'Divide clearly good from evil.' Candles flicker,

clouds of incense rise, crowds come and go, the noise is incessant. Nevertheless worshippers kneel and bow repeatedly, knocking their heads on the ground before them in perfect oblivion of their surroundings. Holding the bamboo jar of tally sticks firmly in both hands they shake it earnestly up and down until one stick seems to disengage itself from the bundle and slip out from among its fellows; the shaking then becomes more violent, the stick emerges farther and farther – it falls

and the man or woman who has come to ask advice from the Ch'êng Huang, on some vital matter, eagerly searches out its number that he may procure the corresponding slip of yellow paper on which a response is printed.

The main hall is open daily; but only on the first and fifteenth of the month, and on certain festivals, is there free access to the second court where the Spiritual Magistrate sits in person. A small fee will, however, always serve to induce the caretaker to open the little wicket-gate behind the figure of Ho Kuang. This leads into a narrow passage lined on both sides with wooden effigies of virtuous citizens who have offered themselves as attendants to the Magistrate. They furnish a curious spectacle. Their wooden robes are dulled and dimmed by time, their bushy beards – made of hair – are full of dust, and flakes from countless incense sticks burnt on wrought-iron racks before them, have settled everywhere in a perfect cloud. Little boats hang from the ceiling. They are offerings from Guilds and from seafarers. Near the entrance stands a Reflect the Heart Mirror or See Faults Mirror, as it is sometimes called. Upon this the trembling *kuei* who pass through the Ch'êng Huang's official residence on their journey to the World of Shade, are supposed to see all the faults they have committed during life, brightly reflected. The mirror is also supposed to show whether what seems to be a person looking into it, is in reality of flesh and blood, or whether by chance it is a fearful *yao kuai*, the sort of demon who loves to eat

human beings. A *yao kuai* can easily assume man's form, but its identity is betrayed by its wrists, which are per-

fectly round. The mirror in Shanghai is dull now and useless, the reason being, according to a popular tale, that a very filial son once came to the temple by night,

and gazing into the mirror saw reflected the form of his dearly loved dead mother. He came night after night, and finally reason left him; beating his head against the brazen surface he too died. Thereupon the Ch'êng Huang decreed that the mirror should no longer be kept bright.

Tall lamps stand before the black door leading from this passage to the audience hall, and painted on this door in bright colourings, now soft with age, are Door Spirits. When inhabitants of the World of Light, they were officials of T'ai Tsung, second Emperor of the T'ang dynasty. At a time when he was obsessed by demons who made sleep impossible, these officials undertook to guard his door, and while they were present no demons came – the great Emperor rested peacefully. Time went on and T'ai Tsung was troubled to think that his ministers were obliged to pass wakeful nights, so he suggested that their portraits be painted life-size, and pasted on to his door. The experiment proved a success; the portraits of the faithful officials were as efficacious as their very selves had been. The fame of this exploit spread far and wide, and from that day the use of painted Door Spirits has been universally popular.

Beyond the door is the furnace, a most important feature, as it is by means of fire that communication with the Yin Shih is held. Therefore many offerings to souls of the dead are made at the furnace before the Ch'êng Huang's hall. Each year thousands and thousands of silver paper ingots flash into flame and smoulder into

dust. Day after day figures of mourners in white penetrate to the audience hall of Ch'êng Huang Lao Yeh, hoping to secure peace, and a respite from possible suffering, for those they love who are already in the World of Shade.

The Magistrate himself, wearing his scholar's cap, sits on a curtained dais with an air of calm authority. The many-coloured waves on the border of his official robe, and the thick white soles of his black satin boots, gleam softly in the dim light. He is represented in the traditional heroic form; his face is very red, and his long beard is very black. In front of him stands a table such as is used by those in office, and on it are placed his insignia. Among others a large bunch of Arrows of Command. These numbered arrows are carried by messengers as proof of their right to carry out an order. Around the hall are placed various emblems, carried in procession when the Magistrate makes his periodical progress. Most conspicuous are the scarlet boards bearing gold inscriptions, Received the Decree to go Forth and Inspect; and the beautiful archaic weapons made of pewter and attached to long handles. To the right and left of the Magistrate stand the Instead of Boy and the Instead of Girl. If a child is ill possibly its parents will consult a geomancer saying: 'Ah, what shall we do? Our child is ill, ai-ya, ai-ya, it must be that Ch'êng Huang Lao Yeh desires it as a servant in the other world. What shall we do? What shall we do?' The geomancer replies comfortingly, 'Go to the temple of the Ch'êng Huang and make offerings to the Instead of Boy and the Instead of Girl and it will be arranged that they act as substitutes for your child in the Yin Shih.' The parents hasten to follow his advice and vow that if the child recovers it

shall march in the next procession of the Magistrate dressed all in scarlet.

In the audience hall pearl shell windows let through a soft light, and the blending of colours is very lovely especially when, in preparation for the crowds who come

as New Year dawns, it is filled with bunches of spirit money. The beautiful paper ingots are beaten from great squares of lead, by sheer force of men's muscles. The centre of their manufacture is Shaohsing in Chê-kiang, and there day and night hammers ring. The perspiring bodies of men swing rhythmically back and forth until the square block has become a silvery grey wafer. Then women come, and, lifting the wafer with their dainty fingers, paste it on to a paper back and

deftly fold it into the shape of a silver 'shoe.' This custom of serving the spirits with paper money had its rise when Ming Huang, the 'Brilliant Emperor,' ruled the house of T'ang. It is customary to visit the Ch'êng Huang temple and make offerings to the *kuei* on New Year's Day at sunrise. This early hour is considered advisable as at that time the Magistrate will not have

become weary and confused with the multiplicity of requests laid before him, which might be the case later in the day. Little children, beautifully dressed in gay colours, accompany their parents, as it is important for them to learn, early in life, to respect the official who reports their actions to the dreaded Yen Lo. They have probably already heard such popular proverbs as:

'When life has still not been settled upon, death is already arranged for,' or, 'If King Yen decides you die at the third watch, who is able to detain you until Heaven is bright?'

After visiting the main hall, worshippers take gifts to the father and mother of the Magistrate in their little

room to the West where, dressed in gorgeous robes, they sit facing a tiny courtyard. The visitors then proceed to

the northern hall – the women's or inner apartments – and bow before the Ch'êng Huang's wife. The lady sits in a small hall on the ground floor, and her four daughters occupy a room at the side. Passing through this room a staircase is reached which leads to the lady's bedroom. It is a charming room, facing South and is furnished with everything she can possibly need. On her bed gay silk-covered quilts are piled high ready for use; in trunks and wardrobes ranged along the wall, are a variety of dresses; and on the dressing-stand her toilet requisites are prepared. A certain face powder she is supposed to affect is made in quantities, and is sold to visitors as being highly beneficial for the complexion. This curious room is only opened to the public once a year, and is then crowded with guests who at other times must content themselves by paying their respects to her ladyship in the hall below. This they do by lighting a few candles and incense coils which they burn on the wrought-iron rack standing in front of her. In the little courtyard are figures of the Tree Spirit and God of the Furnace. Incense Guests, to use a Chinese idiom for temple visitors, seldom forget to make an offering of sweet-scented incense sticks as they pass by.

The Magistrate's private apartments and the halls devoted to his cult, end here. Although other shrines may be found within the precincts of the City Temple, they are more or less independent of the Ch'êng Huang Lao Yeh. His authority to rule is derived not only from King Yen Lo, but also by virtue of an earthly command

issued by his superior in rank, the Son of Heaven. Chu Yüan-chang, founder of the Ming dynasty, entrusted the Shanghai District to the care of Ch'in Yü-po by means of a mandate. A transcript of this remarkable document which demonstrates clearly the Chinese conception of Kingship, and of the relations between the ruling powers of Earth and Heaven, is cut on stone and placed in a little pavilion South of the Great Hall. It reads:

Credentials received from Heaven –
Received Respectfully
From Heaven, the honour of the succession.

The August Sovereign who rules speaks. 'The Imperial Lord received from God, Heaven's Bright Decree to do, to govern, to instruct. Below Heaven, under perfectly blended auspicious influences an Enlightened Man must be born. He receives the Decree. By these influences Heaven testifies, and without words, gives people to understand. It is most mysterious. Men see, hear and comprehend. The Intelligent Spirits preside over those whose virtue shines clearly, and those who are wicked, though it may be in secret. By means of Heaven's Will they mete out degradation and prosperity. They must also receive the Decree of Heaven in order that in the World of Light there may be Rites and Harmony; and in order that, spirits of the dead may remain hidden in obscurity.

'The Way of Heaven and a man's heart must be in complete accord. We, Lord of the Four Quarters, although Our intelligence and Our knowledge are insufficient to enable Us to act as substitute for Heaven; yet the right method of all things – their Way – is in reality fixed firmly in Our heart. We think with, We are

in accord with the Decree of Heaven. Thus the Spirits select Us as an example.

'In the Emperor's heart is the great Way of the Princely Man. He only can decide upon the rites for the Spirits and for Heaven. The Spiritual Magistrate is to be appointed in succession; in deciding this affair the greatest vigilance must be exercised.

'Spiritual Magistrate of City Walls and City Moats, for the District of Shanghai; his intelligence, his direct uprightness, his holiness, cannot be fully known. Originally it was higher than City Walls, deeper than City Moats – thus he was a pattern. The people of the world regarded his loftiness as if he were a Spirit – thus he was a pattern. That he was a Spirit created by Heaven, that could not be known.

'Now that We are at the beginning of performing the Imperial duties and are arranging all below Heaven from new origins, We will renew the Decrees of the Spiritual Magistrates of the City Walls and City Moats.

'The Spirit which cares for the city in this District, We will create and call Earl of City Walls and City Moats Who Will Look Upon, Judicially Examine, and Preside Over the People, Who is Spiritual Majesty Made Manifest; Who Will Bestow Mercy and Happiness. This was originally the Virtue of the Spirit, and the Decree of Heaven. He shall watch over Our People and examine clearly the affairs of the City, present in sacrifice the rites and ceremonies, eternally, without end, he shall be Lord and thus act.'

First Month, Second Year of Hung Wu (A.D. 1369).

As he is commanded to examine clearly the affairs of the city it is customary for the Ch'êng Huang to make several progresses during the year, and on these occasions he is carried in the midst of an extraordinary procession. His wife follows not far behind. These processions vary according to the rank of the Magistrate and the district where they are held, but have certain features in common. Groups of men, women, and children who have vowed to serve the Ch'êng Huang because they have at some time been saved from death, march in lines dressed in the robes of prisoners on their way to execution. The robes are made of scarlet cotton, are trimmed with mourning cloth, and have white wristbands caught by handcuffs. Other groups represent night spirits which have the power of injuring men; or drunkards, who carry wine jars; or possibly the *manes* of the drowned who can be identified by the willow branches they hold. Willows are considered a suitable emblem for those who have lost their lives in the water, as willows grow by river banks. There are also squads of the large-headed, the small-headed, and of suicides. In addition to these, bands of young people and children-in-arms are a striking feature of the procession. They fulfil vows made to the Magistrate on their behalf in times of sickness, and are supposed to be dedicated to his service. Their coats are embroidered with an official character, and they carry little Arrows of Command in proof of their authority to act as the Ch'êng Huang's messengers. Groups of penitents provide a gruesome spectacle. Spirals of incense are attached to their skin by hooks, and heavy weights hang from sharp prongs imbedded in their arms; but worst of all are the maniacs, hollow-eyed and with streaming hair. Their heads bound with paper, and with knives buried

in their flesh, they walk along striking the ground with tridents or brandishing sharp blades in the air. By the end of the day these various elements are apt to mingle in a general orgy, but this is after the Magistrate himself has returned to his residence. His own cortége is gorgeous and impressive. Heralds lead the way carrying the scarlet and gold boards of authority; soldiers wave banners, drums are beaten, ancient weapons gleam in the sunlight; red official canopies flutter in the breeze; glittering mirrors transform evil influences into blessings; incense rises in clouds and the air is sweet with its scent as the Spiritual Magistrate, sitting calmly in his green official chair, is carried through the streets of the city on the shoulders of eight bearers. As he passes all voices are silenced. Men, women and children bow reverently. There is only the sound of drums, and of clanging gongs.

The processions take place at the three periods of the year most intimately connected with the care of spirits. The first is during the second month, on Ch'ing Ming (day of Pure Brilliance), when it is imperative that offerings of food and drink be made, and that ancestral tombs be put in perfect order. The Chinese say, 'sweep tombs, ornament with willow'; and when grass takes on the colour of jewel jade, and peach blossoms paint the whole world pink, little bands of mourners visit the family graves, place lighted candles and bowls of food before them, repeat a ceremonial prayer begging protection, burn great packets of spirit money, wail a little, and finally

place paper streamers on the grave mounds. The streamers serve not only as guides to the spirits, but are also evidence that the descendants have not neglected to perform the proper ceremonies. It is expressly laid down in the Book of Rites – foundation of all correct behaviour to the Chinese mind – that after a decent interval the offerings of food which have been presented to the spirits, shall be eaten by those who make the offering. During the interval the spirits are supposed to have approached, and partaken of, its essence. In ancient times a 'Representative of the Dead' was appointed. He was supposed to be taken possession of for the moment by the departed soul; he therefore occupied the seat of honour, received the offerings, and ate some of the food. This custom, disused after the Chou dynasty, is fully described in the following Ode from the *Shih Ching* (Classic of Poetry.)

Dense, dense, the prickly shrub,
But they pulled out its thorny growth.
In past years why was this done?
That I might set out on furrows of earth, my millet for the wine of sacrifice, my panicled millet for the offerings of sacrifice.
My millet for the wine of sacrifice is vigorous, vigorous;
My millet for the offerings of sacrifice is flourishing, flourishing,
My granaries are already full and overflowing,
My stacks of grain in the fields are bound together, they stand in myriads.
We will make the wine, we will prepare the offerings,
To present in sacrifice, in sacrifice to the departed.

We will seat in readiness, we will assist the Representative of the Dead.
Thus the high sun of our happiness will shine more brightly.

Dignified and reverent the assembled officers,
Pure and unblemished the oxen and sheep.
We proceed to the winter sacrifice in the ancestral temple, to the autumnal offerings of first fruits.
Some flay the victims, others cook the flesh;
Some set forth the offerings, others arrange the slices.
The Officer of Prayers presents the slaughtered victims at the space within the temple gate.
He who officiates performs his duties excellently and with understanding.
Our early ancestors are grand in their majesty,
Their spirits, in peace receive the offerings;
Their filial descendant rejoices in happiness and prosperity;
His reward the felicity which attends divine protection,
Ten thousand years of longevity, life unending.

Those who tend the furnaces move reverently, with measured paces.
The stands for meat are large and fine,
Some are for the roasted flesh, some for that which is broiled.
The wives presiding, are quiet and devout
As they prepare the many beautiful dishes of sauces, condiments and cakes,
As, to guests and visitors,
They present the sacrificial wine, which passes back and forth from side to side.

Rites and ceremonies are in accordance with exact rule,
Each smile and word as it should be.
The Spirits, in peace, arrive at the sacrifice;
They reward with the felicity which attends divine protection,
Ten thousand years of longevity – a fitting recompense.

In our extreme exhaustion we are as if scorched by fire.
The ceremonies have been reverently performed without error.
The learned Officer of Prayer gives out the Spirits' Announcement,
Advances to the filial descendant and conveys the promised reward for services received.
'Savoury has been the odour of the filial sacrifice,
The Spirits have relished the food and drink,
They confer upon you an infinite number of blessings.
Each as it is desired, each sure as law,
You have been scrupulously exact, you have been prompt;
You have been punctilious, and careful in the extreme.
They will eternally bestow gifts upon you,
To ten thousand, yea even unto ten times ten thousand.'

The rites and ceremonies have been completed,
Bells and drums have sounded for the ending.
The filial descendant advances to his position,
The learned Officer of Prayer gives out the Spirits' Announcement:
'The Spirits have drunk to the full.'
The honourable Representative of the Dead thereupon rises,
Bells and drums escort his departure.
The Spirits, in peace, return whence they came,

The stewards and presiding wives,
Remove the stands and dishes without delay,
The uncles and cousins of the descendant,
All repair to the private feast.

The musicians enter to perform the airs and tunes,
To bring tranquillity to the later feast of worship.
Your meats are already set forth,
No heart treasures resentment, all rejoice in the blessings.
The guests drink their fill and eat until hunger is satisfied.
Old and young bow their heads to the ground, saying,
'The Spirits have relished your food and drink,
They will cause our Lord to attain longevity and length of years.
The sacrifices, each in its season,
Are completely discharged by you.
May your sons and their sons, your grandsons and their grandsons,
Never fail to perpetuate these sacrifices.'

Since the Chou dynasty, Representatives of the Dead have no longer been appointed, but the ancestral rites are still faithfully performed, not only on the day of Pure Brightness, but at intervals throughout the year.

During the Seventh Month, in addition to the ancestral sacrifices, offerings are made to all lonely and wandering spirits such as the souls of those who have no descendants, of those who have died a violent death, of suicides, and of the drowned, who are supposed to be unable to find the road to reincarnation. Throughout the month the

people band together and provide paper garments and various necessaries for these lonely wraiths, each district making itself responsible for a certain number of days. The *ku kuei*, Orphan Demons, as the Chinese call them, are supposed to be embittered, dangerous and revengeful, therefore the motives of the donors may possibly be mixed, charity may be mingled with the idea of self-protection; nevertheless the custom is beautiful and is universally followed. On the Fifteenth Day, popularly called the Spirits' Festival, Ch'êng Huang Lao Yeh is again carried in procession in order that he may inspect the preparations made for the care of wandering souls, who are his special responsibility. His last progress of the year is made on the first of the Tenth Month, when 'winter begins' and when men burn winter clothing for the use of their ancestors.

At other times he is constantly referred to and his advice is often asked. He is prayed to for rain and for peace; he is turned to in calamities, public or private, and also in times of epidemics, of misfortune, of sickness and especially when death hovers near. It used to be the custom for the District Magistrate to visit the Ch'êng Huang temple on the first and fifteenth of each month and exhort the people as to how they should behave, and in time of drought it was in the Spiritual Magistrate's official residence that prayers for rain were offered. Formerly it was not unusual for an official who was puzzled in regard to some judgment he had to give, to order the Ch'êng Huang temple cleared of all human beings; then, at nightfall, after a complete lustration he would enter the Spiritual Magistrate's Hall and there pass the hours between sunset and sunrise – hours when spirits travel in safety from the Dark World –

praying for advice and assistance. Sometimes, if very important decisions were to be made the inquiry itself was held by night in the Ch'êng Huang temple. An old story is told of how an official, K'ou Chun, wishing to discover the guilt of a certain rascally P'an Hung, plied him with wine until P'an was very drunk indeed. In this condition he was brought, by night, to the Ch'êng Huang temple, where by a dim and flickering light an inquiry was held before K'ou Chun who had disguised himself as King Yen Lo. To complete the illusion lesser officials played the parts of Yen Lo's attendants. The wretched P'an, convinced that he had arrived bodily in the World of Shade, lost no time in writing a full confession of his crime.

It is quite usual for those who are falsely accused of some misdemeanour to appear before the Ch'êng Huang and ask that a sign be given in proof of their innocence. It is said that once an orphan boy who lived with his uncle and aunt in Yen Ch'êng, was suspected of having stolen the lady's gold hairpin. He asked that he might be taken to the City Temple and given an opportunity to clear himself. Addressing the Spiritual Magistrate, he said, 'If I have stolen my aunt's hairpin cause me to fall as I leave your temple.' Alas, as he turned to go out, his foot caught on the high threshold – and he fell. He was obliged to leave the city in disgrace. Years later, however, he returned rich and successful; went again to the Ch'êng Huang temple and begged that some revelation be vouchsafed him as to the whereabouts of the gold hairpin, which had never been found. That night he dreamt that it lay in a corner under the floor boards, and this proved to be the case. Delighted to have his character cleared, he offered the Spiritual Magistrate a sacri-

fice of thanksgiving. When it was over he could not resist saying: 'Long ago you caused me to fall so that every one thought me guilty of theft – now you accept my sacrifice. You have no face!' As he spoke all the plaster fell from the face of Ch'êng Huang Lao Yeh's image with a dreadful crash, and from that day to this the good people of Yen Ch'êng have been unable to make new plaster stick to their Spiritual Magistrate's honourable countenance.[1]

Such are the tales related of the Spiritual Magistrate, and such is the procedure associated with his worship, which in its present-day form can have but a shadowy relationship with the ancient sacrifices of the Pa Cha. Yet the cult differs from purely Taoist or Buddhist cults, and is probably connected by a fine thread with the institutions of King Yao.

It is very difficult to induce highly educated Chinese to discuss the details of popular superstitious practices. These they consider fit for women and the ignorant, but they themselves do not doubt the survival of the soul, nor do they minimize the importance of ceremonies for the dead. I am inclined to think that their belief, as differentiated from that of the multitude, with whom the central facts are confused by a cloud of extraneous matter, could be well expressed by a sentence from Sir

[1] This story is given in great detail by Helena von Poseck in the *East of Asia* Magazine for 1904, Vol. III, pp. 169–71. E. T. C. Werner repeats it practically verbatim in *Myths and Legends of China*, 1922, p. 402, but makes no acknowledgment whatever to Madam von Poseck.

Arthur Conan Doyle's *Adventures in the Spirit World.* In speaking of Psychic research he says:

'The philosophy of the subject began slowly to unfold, and it was gradually made more feasible, not only that life carried on, enclosed in some more tenuous envelope, but that the conditions which it encountered in the beyond, were not unlike those which it had known here.'

The masses who are accustomed to regard Earthly Magistrates as fathers and mothers of the people, like to feel that the *shên* or vital spirit of some one they have known and trusted in the World of Light, fills the position of Spiritual Magistrate in the Dark World to which their soul must travel. The cult of Ch'êng Huang Lao Yeh is therefore firmly rooted in the hearts of the multitude. Stripped, however, of the innumerable complications heaped upon it through the ages, the fundamental belief from which it has sprung, was expressed in its simplicity by Confucius. In the *Li Chi* we read that the Master described how a certain Chi Tzŭ, whom he considered versed in the Rites, prepared a grave. The passage in Volume XVII of *The Sacred Books of the East* reads:

'When the mound was completed, he bared his left arm, and moving to the right, he went round it thrice, crying: "That the bones and flesh should return again to the earth is what is appointed. But the soul in its energy can go everywhere – it can go everywhere." '

Synopsis of Chinese History from the Legendary Times to the Founding of the Republic

The figures in parenthesis are in reference to the numbers in *The Biographical Dictionary*, by H. A. Giles, under which the life of each individual in question may be found.

LEGENDARY PERIOD. 2852–2205 B.C.

FU HSI (585) taught the people to rear animals for food, instituted marriage, in fact laid the foundations of civilization.

SHÊN NUNG (1695), the God of Agriculture, taught the people to till their fields, discovered the medicinal properties of plants.

HUANG TI (871), ruled for 100 years, period of great prosperity, progress and enlightenment; invented wheeled vehicles, armour, ships, etc., etc.

YAO (2426), glorious reign, corrected calendar, appointed YÜ (subsequently ruler) to regulate the waters of the Empire which had overflowed in a flood.

SHUN (1741), one of the twenty-four examples of filial piety, was chosen by YAO, to whose notice he came, to be first co-ruler, then successor to the throne.

In the *Shu Ching* (Classic of Writings) we have evidence that when Shun became ruler he 'sacrificed specially, but with the ordinary forms, to Shang Ti; sacrificed purely to the six objects of Honour; offered their appropriate sacrifices to the hills and rivers, and extended his worship to the host of spirits,' from which we gather that state worship had long been organized, and that an inferior worship of multitudinous spirits had already grown around the primitive monotheism.

HSIA. Sovs. 17, *Cap. in Shansi and Honan.* 2205–1766 B.C
Duration 439 *years*

YÜ (1846). After the great work of draining the Empire was accomplished, Shun chose Yü as co-ruler, and upon the death of Shun, Yü founded the Hsia dynasty. From his time the throne became hereditary. He is reputed to have cast in metal nine tripods upon which he engraved descriptions of the nine provinces into which he had then divided the Empire.

CHIEH KUEI (354), last ruler of dynasty, for years he indulged in cruel brutality almost unparalleled in history, and spent vast sums to please his infamous concubine Mo Hsi (1536), finally the people revolted and he was obliged to flee from his capital.

T'ANG (282), a virtuous noble, chief of the state of Shang, was leader of this first successful rebellion in Chinese history. In the speech made after the campaign T'ang said that Heaven, who favoured the lesser people, had chastized the wicked Government of the late Sovereign and had made use of him, T'ang, as His instrument. It was with fear and trembling he had undertaken the great task, feeling as though he were standing on the brink of a great abyss. But the DECREE OF HEAVEN was infallibly correct, he had, therefore, appealed to his people to assist him in carrying out the 'punishment determined by Heaven.' This doctrine, that the wickedness of man draws down calamity from Heaven, is illustrated throughout the Classics of Writings and Poetry, and is indeed still a firm belief among the Chinese (*vide* the Manchu abdication).

A noted character of this dynasty was the minister I Yin (913) who banished T'ang's grandson, the heir to the throne, for misconduct, and kept him in exile until he promised to reform.

WU TING, the 20th ruler, was famous because he raised a worthy mason Fu Yüeh (604) to the rank of prime minister, but subsequently the dynasty began to decline and saw its close with the 28th ruler.

CHOU HSIN (414), whose career was one of extreme lust and cruelty. His notorious concubine Ta Chi (1844), who is popularly described as being the cause of the fall of the dynasty, was so entrancingly beautiful that when eventually taken prisoner no one could be found to slay her, until the ancient (1862) T'ai Kung, who had previously broken his sword and gone into volun-

tary exile to escape the tyrannous rule of Chou Hsin, stepped forward and, covering his face, laid the enchantress low.

The casting of metals into various utensils had by this time become a highly developed art, and examples of the founder's skill are still extant.

CHOU. Sovs. 34. *Cap. Sian-fu (Ch'ang An) Shênsi then Loyang Honan.* 1122–255 B.C. *Duration* 867 *years. Divided into* 3 *Periods– Rise of Dynasty, Feudalism, Age of Seven States*

PER. I. RISE OF DYNASTY

WU WANG (2353) who, by Decree of Heaven, raised the standard of revolt against Chou Hsin and founded the dynasty, was the son of the famous Wên Wang (2308) (compiler of the *I Ching*) and elder brother to the no less famous Chou Kung (418). After a prosperous reign of seven years he died, leaving the throne to his son, of thirteen, who ruled successfully, aided by his uncle Chou Kung. The Empire was divided into petty states, wise laws were made, government was developed, taxes were inaugurated and progress was made in all directions. Able rulers were, however, succeeded by some less competent and by the year 770 B.C. when the capital was moved to Loyang the dynasty existed in little more than name.

PER. II. AGE OF FEUDALISM

The various states made war upon one another under the shadowy suzerainty of 'Chou' and finally ushered in the

PER. III. AGE OF THE SEVEN STATES –
Ch'in, Ch'u, Yen, Chi, Han, Chao, Wei.

History is concerned with their alliances and

struggles for supremacy, from which Ch'in (situated in modern Shênsi) emerged triumphant.

This period of the Chou dynasty (from about 500 B.C. to its fall) is specially interesting as being the Age of the Philosophers;

LAO TZŬ (1288), alleged author of the *Tao Tê Ching*, and founder of Taoism;

CONFUCIUS (1043), China's greatest Sage, who compiled the ancient records: *Shu Ching*, *Shih Ching*, *I Ching*, *Li Chi*, and wrote the *Ch'un Ch'iu*; who taught self-respect, self-control and broad-minded tolerance;

MENCIUS (1522), his greatest disciple, who was nevertheless an independent and original thinker who held optimistic views as to the innate goodness of human nature;

HSÜN TZŬ (807), whose views were the reverse and who was execrated by the scholars;

MO TZŬ (1537), who taught a very beautiful doctrine of 'universal love.' These men and their followers flourished during these centuries, and bequeathed to China the marvellous heritage upon which her social system is raised.

Great advances were made in the Sciences and the Arts, silk was universally known, dyeing was practised, furs were worn, while the bronzes of the period testify to the existence of a high degree of civilization.

CH'IN. Sovs. 5. *Cap. Hsienyang, Shênsi.* 255–206 B.C.
Duration 49 *years*

SHIH HUANG TI (Prince Chêng of Ch'in) (1712), often spoken of as the Napoleon of China, having overcome all rival states, aspired to a World Empire. At the early

age of twenty-two he sentenced his mother to well-deserved exile, which unfilial conduct combined with his general contempt for the ways of the past drew down upon him the plain-spoken criticism of the *literati*. Feudalism vanished, the Empire was welded into a homogeneous whole; to guard against attacks from the North where the notorious Hsiung-nu were everlastingly causing trouble, he began that most marvellous work of man, the Great Wall, while palaces and monuments were erected throughout the Empire, and roadways were laid in every direction. Discarding the title of 'Wang' or 'King' with which his predecessors had been content, he adopted that of Shih Huang Ti or First Supreme Ruler, thus placing himself on an equality with heaven. Is it to be wondered at that the scholars demurred? Finally in the thirty-fourth year of his reign, wearying of their perpetual opposition the Emperor, acting on the advice of his minister Li Ssŭ (1203), decreed that *all books dealing with the past should be burnt*, that history should begin with him. The edict was executed with extreme severity, and many hundreds of the *literati* who attempted to rescue the precious volumes were buried alive. One cannot wonder that by a nation, whose love for literature amounts to veneration, his name is execrated; nevertheless had it not been for Shih Huang Ti the China which we have known could not have existed, he conceived the Imperial idea. When his commanding personality was removed by death, the dynasty founded by him quickly collapsed, and was succeeded by that of the Han.

Duration 231 *years*

KAO TSU (Liu Pang a beadle) (1334), Feudalism revived. Assisted by his consort Lu Hou (1442), a woman of iron will, he consolidated the Empire he had gained and ruled it wisely and well.

WÊN TI (Liu Hêng) (1298), one of the twenty-four examples of filial piety, was fifth sov. of Dynasty, which he ruled wisely and frugally for twenty-three years, placing the empire on a sound financial basis.

WU TI (Liu Ch'ê) (1276), reigned during one of the most important periods in Chinese history, an age of great generals, brilliant statesmen, and men of letters. Han reached the zenith of its power, and the empire was enlarged. An imperial proclamation was issued calling to court all men of genius; see Tung Fang So (2093), Ssŭ-ma Ch'ien (1750), Ssŭ-ma Hsiang-yü (1753), etc., etc., many famous commentaries on the Classics (which were then rescued from the various hiding places in which they had been placed during the 'burning of the books') were written; art and literature flourished. The Emperor built a great hunting park at Shang Lin which is often depicted. Pottery with a dark green glaze made its appearance, and bas-reliefs of the period are extant. Corea was conquered and the troublesome Hsiung-nu finally overcome.

With the opening of this dynasty we begin to find ourselves on historic ground as far as painting is concerned, and the names of several artists have come down to us, Mao Yen-shou (1506) being one.

WANG MANG 'the Usurper' (2203), a nephew of the con-

sort of the Emperor Yüan Ti, caused the downfall of the dynasty, reigned for a few troubled years and was finally beheaded.

HAN (Later or Eastern). Sovs. 12. *Cap. Loyang.* A.D. 25–221.

Duration 196 *years*

KUANG WU (Liu Hsiu) (1305), a descendant of Kao Tsu, took up arms and founded the eastern Han. He devoted himself to the arts of peace feeling that the Empire needed rest, but laid the seeds of the future downfall of his dynasty by giving great power to eunuchs.

MING TI (Liu Chuang) (1292). Most important event of his reign was the official introduction of Buddhism into China (it had been known since the time of Wu Ti), a mission was sent to India to inquire into the faith and returned in A.D. 65 bringing two Indian priests. During both Han periods the various struggles with the Hsiung-nu and other peoples of Central Asia, had opened routes through which a certain intercourse with Western peoples was held, Roman merchants came in 166 to Loyang via Cochin-China which they had reached by sea. In 165 the first Taoist Pope was appointed, Chang Tao-ling (112) by name, and Taoism became a state religion.

The power of the eunuchs having become outrageous Yüan Shao (2561) formed a plan for their extermination asking the assistance of the famous (and infamous) General Tung Cho (2091). The plan miscarried, but in the trouble which ensued the dynasty hastened to its doom. Hsien Ti, last reigning prince, retired into private life.

Duration 44 years

MINOR HAN in Szechuen, capital Chêngtu. Sovs. 2.
WEI, central and northern provinces, capital Loyang. Sovs. 5.
WU, Hunan, Hupeh, Kiangsu, Chêkiang, Capital Nanking. Sovs. 4.

This period is one of the most famous in Chinese history and has been immortalized in the historical novel called the *San Kuo Chih.* The actions recorded abound in marvellous adventures and thrilling incidents, and it may be compared to the age of chivalry in Europe. Chinese and Japanese story-tellers draw largely from these times, while the greater part of Chinese stage plays reproduce the characters of the period. Although governed by different rulers, these States spoke the same language, and had a like administration, so the influence of the Chinese race spread far to the South.

The events of the period are so confused that an epitome is utterly impossible. Many famous men and women played their various parts and it is by reading their lives that a general idea of the period, which so far has not been well described in any European tongue, can be gained. Famous names during the San Kuo:

TS'AO TS'AO, Duke of Wei (2013).
YÜAN SHAO (2561).
SUN CH'ÜAN, first Emperor of Wu (1803).
LIU PEI, first Emperor of Minor Han (1338).
CHU-KO LIANG (459), one of most famous characters in Chinese history, minister of Liu Pei.
KUAN YÜ (1009) now worshipped as the Patron Saint of Courage, faithful henchman of Liu Pei.

CHANG FEI (51), devoted friend of Kuan Yü, henchman of Liu Pei.

SSŬ-MA I (1754), Marquis of Wei.

The names of a few painters are noted, Ts'ao Fu-hsing (1997) being the most famous.

WESTERN CHIN. Sovs. 4. *Cap. Loyang.* A.D. 265–317

Duration 52 *years*

WU TI (Ssŭ-ma Yen) (1768). Internal discord and agitation combined with the dread of hostile neighbours, rendered the consolidation and unity of the Empire an imperious duty. This Wu Ti accomplished, his main object being to defeat Wu, an expedition was fitted out, and a battle in which Wu was overcome was held on the Tung T'ing lake. After his death a successful Tartar invasion took place and the enfeebled dynasty moved its capital to Nanking from which date it was known as

EASTERN CHIN. Sovs. 11. *Cap. Nanking.* A.D. 317–420

Duration 103 *years*

The Emperors were all weak and incompetent, the last being compelled by Liu Yü (1375), who had begun life as a seller of straw sandals, to abdicate, whereupon Liu founded the dynasty known as Liu-Sung (House of Liu).

The artistic horizon begins to widen and the names of many painters are noted, one of the greatest in the whole history of Chinese art being that of Ku K'ai-chih (989) who lived at this time; indeed, painting reached a very high standard.

Duration 169 *years*

SOUTH

SUNG (House of Liu, see 1375). *Sovs.* 9. *Duration*, 59 *years. Cap. Nanking.*

CH'I. Sovs. 7. *Duration* 23 *years. Cap. Nanking;* see Hsiao Tao-ch'êng (714) founder.

LIANG. Sovs. 6. *Duration* 55 *years. Cap. Nanking;* see Hsiao Yen (720) founder.

CH'ÊN. Sovs. 5. *Duration* 32 *years. Cap. Nanking;* see Ch'ên Pa-hsien (236) founder.

NORTH

NORTHERN OR FIRST WEI. Sovs. 15. *Duration* 149 *years. Cap. in Shansi then Honan;* see Yüan Hungyen (2552), son of the Toba Tartar Hung, founder.

WESTERN WEI. Sovs. 3. *Duration* 22 *years. Cap. Sianfu;* see Yüan Pao-chü (2559) founder.

EASTERN WEI. Sovs. 1. *Duration* 16 *years. Cap. in Honan;* see Yüan Shan-chien (2560).

NORTHERN CH'I. Sovs. 7. *Duration* 39 *years. Cap. in Honan;* see Kao Yang (964) founder.

NORTHERN CHOU. Sovs. 5. *Duration* 32 *years. Cap. Sianfu;* see Yü-wên Chio (2533) founder.

At this time, which may be called a period of darkness, there was a constant struggle between the Tartars of the North and the Chinese who had been driven to the South; neither side were homogeneous; as may be seen from the above synopsis, one short-lived dynasty succeeded another both North and South of the Yangtze. Buddhism flourished exceedingly especially under the Tobas who made it their state religion, and the magnifi-

cent sculptures still extant which may be seen at the famous Lung Mên in Honan, and Yün Kang in Shansi were inspired by followers of the new faith. The southern contemporary of the Wei, the Liang at Nanking, were also devout Buddhists and very beautiful remains of the sculptors' art may be seen at the Liang tombs, Chi Hsia Shan, near the Lone Tree-station, Shanghai-Nanking Railway.

SUI. Sovs. 4. *Cap. Sian-fu* (*Ch'ang-an*) *and Loyang.* A.D. 599–618

Duration 29 *years*

KAO TSU (Yang Chien) (2367), son of the famous Yang Chên (2362), who is known as the Confucius of the West. This wise and able prince rose under the Wei and Chou dynasties to be Duke of Sui and finally induced the last ruler of Chou to resign the throne, whereupon he founded the Sui dynasty with its capital at Ch'ang-an, while his generals overcame the kingdom of Ch'ên in the South, China being thus reunited. He set an example of simplicity and economy in food and dress, and during his reign of sixteen years the population is said to have doubled.

YANG TI (2393), his son, an extravagant monarch who, although his private character was in no way admirable, spent great sums on public works; he created a system of canals which made communication between Ch'ang-an and Hangchow possible; he also greatly encouraged literature and prided himself upon his literary attainments. His self-abandonment to a life of pleasure gave great dissatisfaction, rebellions broke out, usurpers arose, disorder prevailed, the dynasty crashed to its fall.

Under the Sui dynasty names of painters become more numerous and more prominent as 'though in preparation for the grand galaxy of artists so shortly to appear, in fact Chan Tzŭ-ch'ien has actually been called the Founder of T'ang painting.'

T'ANG. Sovs. 22. *Cap. Sian-fu (Ch'ang-an) and Loyang.* A.D. 618–907
Duration 289 *years*

KAO TSU (Li Yüan) (1239), founder of dynasty, a native of Shansi, at recommendation of his son Li Shih-min he raised the successful standard of revolt against the Sui; abdicated 626 in favour of

T'AI TSUNG (Li Shih-min) (1196) who reigned with unrivalled brilliance and glory for 24 years. He consolidated the Empire and gathered around him all the great statesmen of the time; see Wei Chêng (2264), Tu Ju-hui (2061), Fang Hsüan-ling (553). Embassies came from distant countries to pay him tribute. Succeeded by

KAO TSUNG (Li Chih) (1109). Conquest of Corea finally accomplished, and limits of Empire greatly extended. In 664 fell under the domination of (2331) Empress Wu Hou, one of China's Catherines, a most remarkable woman, upon his death she imprisoned his successors and ruled the Empire for twenty-two years. During the last fifteen years she changed the dynastic name to Chou. Except for a few unsuccessful attempts at rebellion her rule was willingly submitted to. The people prospered and much glory was added to the arms of T'ang. When age had finally weakened her powers Chung Tsung, whom she had imprisoned, resumed the throne; being a weakling he was completely under the rule of his consort Wei Hou who

possessed all the vices, but none of the virtues of Wu Hou.

HSÜAN TSUNG (Li Lung-chi) (1172) often spoken of as Ming Huang, reigned forty-five years. At first his reign promised to be most glorious, he practised economy; administration improved; and he was a patron of literature surrounding himself with the brightest intellects of the day; latterly, however, he abandoned himself to a life of pleasure falling into the toils of the famous beauty Yang Kuei-fei (2394) to whom he was absolutely devoted. Their love story is a theme celebrated by poets and painters, the affairs of the kingdom became so involved that rebellion broke out, and the Imperial soldiers refused to fight until the heart-broken ruler had issued the order for Yang Kuei-fei's execution. The rebellion was crushed, but from this date the glory of the dynasty was dimmed.

The influences which contributed to its fall may be summarized as: the rise of various border tribes, the insubordination of the governors, who had been appointed to various border cities – the power of the eunuchs.

It is impossible to epitomize adequately the glories of the period, often called the Golden Age of Chinese learning. The literary examinations, introduced under the Han, were perfected, poets and painters were encouraged, strangers flocked to the court at Ch'ang-an. Nestorians came and by order of the Emperor the famous Nestorian tablet was erected, Mohammedanism was then introduced, while both Zoroastrians and Manicheans made their appearance.

Famous Poets and Painters: Li T'ai-po (1181), Tu Fu

(2058), Mêng Hao-jan (1518), Wang Wei (2241), Han Yü (632), Po Chü-i (1654), Wu Tao-tzŭ (2349), and Li Ssŭ-hsün (1204).

Throughout the waning years of the dynasty the shadow of the dreaded Tartars grew blacker and blacker, drew nearer and nearer, and finally overwhelmed the Empire.

THE FIVE DYNASTIES. *Sovs.* 13. A.D. 907–960

Duration 53 *years*

POSTERIOR LIANG. *Sovs.* 2. *Duration* 16 *years.* *Cap.* *Loyang;* Chu Wên (475), founder.

POSTERIOR T'ANG. *Sovs.* 4. *Duration* 13 *years.* *Cap.* *Loyang;* Li Ts'un-hsü (1220), founder.

POSTERIOR CHIN. *Sovs.* 2. *Duration* 11 *years.* *Cap.* *Pien-liang* (*Kaifêng-fu*); Shih Ching-t'ang (1706) of Turkic descent, founder.

POSTERIOR HAN. *Sovs.* 2. *Duration* 4 *years.* *Cap.* *Pien-liang;* Liu Chi-yüan (1285), founder.

POSTERIOR CHOU. *Sovs.* 3. *Duration* 9 *years.* *Pienliang;* Kuo Wei (1076), founder.

None of these ephemeral dynasties exercised control over the whole of China; and the so-called empires, varying in size under the different dynasties, were confined to the Yellow River basin, hemmed in by the Kitans in the North and surrounded by a number of semi-independent states in the South. China, not being in a position to present a united front to a foreign foe, the time was most favourable for the development of the Tartars, and this led ultimately to the dominion of China by the Mongols, most important of the tribes. The times were not conducive to the cultivation of the peaceful arts, but the names of various painters are recorded, one of whom

Huang Ch'üan (852) rose to considerable fame. The invention of block printing by Fêng Tao (573) during the Posterior T'ang is supposed to have taken place.

TARTAR DYNASTIES

LIAO. Sovs. 9. *Cap. Peking and four others.* A.D. 907–1125

Duration 218 *years*

T'AI TSU (Yeh-lü Cho-li-chih 2445) founder, succeeded in uniting the Nü-chên and other Tartar tribes.

CHIN. Sovs. 10. *Cap. Peking and Pienliang.* A.D. 1115–1260

Duration 145 *years*

T'AI TSU (Akuta) (6). A chieftain under the Liao, threw off his allegiance with a success that emboldened him to ask for recognition of his dynasty the Kin or Chin, he also entered into diplomatic relations with the house of Sung, then established with their capital at Pienliang, and greatly extended his power, setting up his capital at Peking whence he forced the Liao to flee.

These dynasties were contemporary with the Sung (northern) dynasty, the Chin becoming first their allies and then their conquerors. The Mongols finally swept in, overthrew the Chin, and eventually the Sungs (southern) themselves.

SUNG. Sovs. 9. *Cap. Pienliang.* A.D. 960–1127

Duration 167 *years*

T'AI TSU (Chao K'uang-yin) (168), Grand Marshall under the Chou; when sent on an expedition to repel the Liao Tartars, his army invested him with the yellow robe at the Ch'ên bridge, K'aifêng-fu. He thereupon founded the Sung dynasty, ruling wisely

and well, fostering education and agriculture, choosing his officials with care and consistently placing civil officials above the military, a state of affairs which continued to the opening of the twentieth century.

T'AI TSUNG (Chao Huang) (160) also ruled well, began wars with the Kitans of Liao.

Various wise rulers succeeded one another, the arts flourished, the great reformer Wang An-shih (2134) and his equally famous rival Ssŭ-ma Kuang (1756) influenced the times.

HUI TSUNG (Chao Chi) (145), a patron of the arts and an artist of no mean ability, reigned twenty-five years, and formed the fatal alliance with the Chin Tartars, enemies of the Kitan, that eventually led to the downfall of the dynasty. The Chin, as soon as they felt strong enough, turned upon their allies; finally they came to blows and the Chin forced the Sung South of the Yangtze.

SOUTHERN SUNG. Sovs. 9. *Cap. Linnan (Hangchow).* A.D. 1127–1280

Duration 153 years

KAO TSUNG (Chao Kou) (166). A weak ruler who did not prosecute the wars against the Chin with any ardour. His general Yo Fei (2501) was largely influential in preventing these redoubtable warriors from crossing the Yangtze. No ruler of ability rose, the struggle on the North, which shortly began between the Chin and the Mongols, resulted in the defeat of the Chin; the victorious Mongol hordes swept over China, crossed the great river, followed the unfortunate Sungs from Hangchow to Fuchow, thence to Kuangtung; eventually driving the last of the line, a mere boy, to

take refuge on the island of Yai-shan. Here, when all hope was lost, he was drowned by his faithful henchman Lu Hsiu-fu (1413), who, taking the child on his back, sprang into the sea.

Both periods of the Sung dynasty were literary and artistic rather than warlike, and under their rule the Chinese intellect seems to have become, as it were, crystallized, and Chinese art developed into the lines which it, for the most part, retains. It was a period of catalogues, encyclopædias, and voluminous classical commentaries, which has been summed up in a word as that of Neo-Confucianism. Buddhism was neglected, as it was attacked by the Confucian *literati*, as well as by the Taoists, under whose auspices new systems of natural philosophy were elaborated. One of the most famous names in Chinese history is that of the Confucian commentator Chu Hsi (446) who, according to Dr. Legge and Dr. Ross, logically perfected the materialistic view of the universe, introduced by the writers of the *I-ching*, which view, in their opinion, is contrary to the spirit of Confucian teaching; among the poets the best known is Su Tung-p'o (1785), and of the painters, Kuo Hsi, Li Lung-mien, Chao Ta-nien, Mi Fei, Ma Yüan, Hsia Kuei, Fu Ch'i, and others far too numerous to mention. The ceramic art made great progress and potteries of the Sung period now command fabulous sums.

YÜAN. Sous. 9. *Cap. Peking* (*Yen*). A.D. 1280–1368
Duration 88 *years*

T'AI TSU (Genghis Khan. A.D. 1162–1227) (605). His remarkable career belongs rather to the annals of Mongol than Chinese history. By the age of forty having served as a mercenary under the Chin Tartars

and subdued various tribes he felt himself powerful enough to assume the Imperial title of Khan, this he did on the banks of the Onon opposite Urga, the port where he was born, and forthwith began to make arrangements for the invasion of northern China, when this was to all intents complete he turned his attention to Central Asia where success again followed his arms.

SHIH TS'U (Kublai Khan. A.D. 1214–1294) (1012) reigned 1280–1294, was the first of the descendants of Genghis to establish his capital at Peking, this he did when the conquest of China was complete. An ardent Buddhist, he was tolerant to all religions, Taoism excepted, and was most progressive, encouraging the industries and arts. During his reign many foreigners travelled to the capital; among others the famous Marco Polo who has left us such glowing accounts of the Empire as it then existed. His successors were less great than he, the last of the dynasty, Shun Ti, giving himself up to a life of pleasure, which caused revolts throughout the country, the one that caused the downfall of the dynasty being led by Chu Yüan-chang.

Literature and the arts flourished; in the former realm, both the novel and the drama date from this period. Although there are not many very famous names to record, a few of note are as follow: Chao Mêng-fu (173), Ch'ien Hsüan and Yen Hui. Yüan potteries are justly prized and the art of enamelling was introduced.

MING. Sovs. 17. *Cap. Nanking, then Peking.* A.D. 1368–1644

Duration 276 *years*

T'AI TSU (Chu Yüan-chang) (483) reigned 1368–1399. A youth of poor family he became a Buddhist priest but joined the standard of revolt raised by Kuo Tzŭ-

hsing (1074), and rapidly rose to a position of power, in 1364 he proclaimed himself prince of Wu and then mounted the throne as founder of the Ming dynasty. In addition to his military genius he showed equal skill in the administration of the empire and also became a liberal patron of literature and education. He organized the present system of examinations, restored the dress of the T'ang dynasty, published a penal code, abolished the punishments of mutilation, regulated taxation, fixed the coinage, created Buddhism and Taoism both state religions, and prohibited eunuchs from holding official posts. In all these reforms he was ably assisted by Ma Hou (1472), his devoted wife.

Was succeeded by his grandson who, however, only held the throne for a few years, as Yung Lê, prince of Yen, fourth son of Chu Yüan-chang, overthrew him and seized the throne.

CH'ÊNG TSU (Chu Ti known as Yung Lê reigned 1403–1425) (471) moved the capital to Peking, ruled with a strong hand, drew up a penal code, patronized literature and issued a huge encyclopædia. He was an ardent Buddhist, surrounding himself with priests.

After rules by several incompetent emperors the throne fell to

SHÊN TSUNG (Chu I-chün) (452) reigned 1573–1620. Mounting the throne at the age of ten he ruled under the guidance of his famous minister Chang Chü-chêng (41) who instilled a spirit of economy, love for the people, and fair treatment of ministers; the frontiers were extended and the country was very rich. Upon the death of Chang, A.D. 1582, however, the Emperor abandoned himself to indulgence and extravagance, the state of the country became most distressful.

Meanwhile a great power had arisen to the North-east where the Manchu Tartar Nurhachu had established his capital at Mukden and was daily extending his frontiers, rebellion was also rife to the West.

CHUANG LIEH TI (Chu Yü-chien) (478) reigned 1627–1644, the last ruler of the dynasty, tried in vain to stem the tide. He put down the eunuchs who had become all powerful, and made an attempt to reorganize the army. The rebellion in the West under Li Tzŭ-ch'êng (1226) proved, however, fatal; on April 9, 1644, the rebels entered Peking, and the Emperor committed suicide on the Coal Hill in the Forbidden City. Meanwhile Wu San-kuei (2342), commander of forces engaged at Shan-hai-kuan against the Manchus, hearing of the tragedy, determined to tender allegiance to his enemy, the descendant of Nurhachu, and ask his aid in the destruction of Li Tzŭ-ch'êng.

He made four conditions: (1) No Chinese women were to be taken into the Imperial seraglio. (2) The *chuang yüan* or triennial Senior Wrangler was never to be a Manchu. (3) The Chinese were to adopt the Manchu dress, queue, etc. for life only, but were to be buried in Ming costume. (4) Chinese women were not to adopt the Manchu dress nor to cease to bind their feet. The result of this move was the triumphal march of the Manchu Tartars on Peking.

Art was much cultivated under this dynasty, cloisonné, lacquer and bronze work were all very fine, while ceramics made great strides, especially under Wan Li. Painters of great merit, too numerous to mention in detail, flourished; a few famous names being Lin Liang, T'ang Yin, Shên Chou, Ch'iu Ying, Tung Ch'i-ch'ang, etc. Among the poets fewer men of note appeared,

Hsieh Chin (727) is, however, well known, while many novels, plays and general works were produced. The buildings and monuments erected by the Emperor Yung Lê and his successors about Peking are present-day monuments to their imagination and love of beauty.

Though the Ming dynasty encouraged literature and codified the laws of the state the territorial granting of land to scions of the reigning house was a mistake, discontented the people, and revived the feudal system. The tyrannical power of the eunuchs, the unsuccessful wars waged with Japan, the extravagance and improvidence of the last Rulers and the growing discontent of the people, caused the downfall of the dynasty.

CH'ING. Sovs. 10. *Cap. Peking.* A.D. 1644–1912.
Duration 268 *years*

SHUN CHIH (Fu-lin) (1742) reigned 1644–1661. His reign was almost entirely occupied in consolidating the new Empire, his kindly character and magnanimity are extolled. Several famous so-called pirates, who remained faithful to the Mings, made raids on various parts of the Empire. See Koxinga (Chêng Ch'êng-kung 264).

K'ANG HSI (Hsüan-i) (941) reigned 1661–1723, ascended the throne at the age of eight, and six years later took up the reins of government. His early years were disturbed by the San Fan Rebellion, see Wu San-kuei (2342), but with his accession we enter upon the Golden Age of the Manchu dynasty. If fear and good fortune had given the throne to Shun Chih, love and reverence now secured it to K'ang Hsi. In literary attainments he proved an equal, if not the superior, to the Chinese scholars of the day. He was a general, a

statesman, a philosopher, and more than all an ideal ruler. Instead of remaining secluded in the palace he made several progresses through his domains, thus endearing himself to the population.

Certain difficulties with the Russians in Mongolia led to war which, however, was terminated in 1689 by the Treaty of Nerchinsk, and several missions were sent by Peter the Great to his court. By the famous Exemption Decree of 1712 he attempted to settle, for all time, the 'land tax.'

YUNG CHÊNG (Yün-chên) (2577) reigned 1723–1735. Ascended the throne at the age of forty-five, was just, public-spirited, and anxious for the welfare of his subjects, was averse to war and did not continue the vigorous policy of his father, nevertheless several successful border wars were conducted. He appointed the Grand Council and abolished slavery in its worst forms.

CH'IEN LUNG (Hung-li) (364) reigned 1735–1795. An able ruler with an insatiable thirst for knowledge, and an indefatigable administrator he rivals his grandfather in fame as sovereign and patron of letters. Desiring conquest, under his rule the Empire attained its largest extent; Burmah and Nepal were forced to pay tribute, Chinese supremacy was established in Tibet; Kuldja and Kashgaria were added to the empire, and rebellions in Kansu and Formosa were suppressed. With western nations relations were friendly, a Portuguese embassy arriving in 1750, Lord Macartney's in 1793, as well as missions from Holland and Spain. Foreign trade increased, the northern mart being Kiakhta, the southern Canton; here English trade was carried on by the East India Co. with a committee of Chinese known as the Co-Hongs, and the object of

Lord Macartney's embassy was that direct communication with the Central Government might be established. In the attainment of this object he completely failed as did his successor Lord Amherst in 1816.

At the age of eighty-six Ch'ien Lung, after sixty years of rule, abdicated in favour of his fifteenth son.

The Manchu dynasty had reached its zenith, at this point the era of decline begins. The Chinese had never accepted kindly the idea of an alien rule, and rebellions sprang up now here now there. The most serious at this period was that of the 'White Lily Sect,' which broke out in 1796 and raged on the borders of Honan, etc., for nine years. The Mohammedan rebellion in the North-west 1821–1847 attained most serious proportions, while in 1840 there broke out the first European war, known as the 'Opium War,' see Lin Tsê-hsü (1259), Ki-ying (976), this was terminated by the Treaty of Nanking by which the five ports of Canton, Amoy, Ningpo, Foochow, and Shanghai were opened to foreign trade; Hongkong was ceded to Great Britain and an indemnity was exacted.

In 1842 the first iron steamer to round the Cape of Good Hope, the *Nemesis*, arrived in Canton.

In 1849 the rebellion eventually known as the T'ai-p'ing broke and during the years 1853–1864 the leader known as T'ien Wang (see Hung Hsiu-ch'üan 890) held his court at Nanking. Eventually with the aid of the Ever Victorious Army under Col. Gordon, the revolt was suppressed. See Li Hung-chang (1148), Tsêng Kuo-fan (2021), Tso Ts'ung-fang (2027).

The years 1856–1860 saw the second war with Great Britain, known as the Arrow War, see Yeh Chên-ch'ing (2461); in this France joined, it was terminated by the Convention of Peking, by which Ministers were given

the right to reside in Peking; Tientsin was added to the list of Treaty Ports; Kowloon was ceded to Great Britain; and an indemnity was paid. The Treaty was negotiated by Prince Kung (1019) on the one side and Lord Elgin and Baron Gros on the other. In 1861 the Tsung-li Yamên, or Chinese Foreign Office, under the presidency of Prince Kung, was instituted. From this period the figure of the great Empress Dowager Tz'u Hsi (2116) begins to dominate the stage. The history of China since 1860 is so extremely complicated as to be impossible to epitomize, I, therefore, give from this point a short chronology mentioning a few important events. 1863 saw the founding of that wonderful service which has rendered China such signal benefits—the Customs. 1852–1865 was the period during which the T'ai-p'ing rebellion raged, while the Japanese-Chinese War occupied the years 1894–95. Then followed the period of Encroachment, the leasing of Port Arthur to the Russians took place in March 1897; of Kiachow to the Germans in November 1897; of Weihaiwei to the British, April 1898; when Sir Michael Hicks-Beach enunciated in the House of Commons the Policy of the Open Door in China. 1901 saw also an agreement with France as to certain rights in regard to Kwangchou; and with Japan in regard to Fokien. (China agreed to cede no territory in this province *except* to Japan) 1898, fateful year saw also the tragic Hundred Days when the Emperor Kuang Hsü was for the first time *de facto* ruler, and when he issued the famous Reform Edicts which brought down upon him the wrath of all Conservatives. The Reactionary Party triumphed; on September 21 the Emperor was made prisoner, and on the 22nd a Decree signed by him was issued saying 'the continuance of government by the

Emperor has been made subject to the advice of the Empress Dowager.' A reign of terror followed, the Reformers were many of them put to death, others fled, and China continued upon the road she had trodden for so many centuries. Anti-foreignism was rife in the land and finally burst forth in one last frenzied attempt, known as the Boxer Rising, to sweep the alien away. The legations in Peking were besieged June 20–August 14, 1900, and were relieved by an International force. The Manchu Court fled on the day the siege was raised to the ancient capital of Sian-fu where it remained until January 7, 1902. From this moment became evident a change of policy; the ancient examinations were abolished, Dr. Martin was called as adviser of Education, while Dr. Hayes and Dr. Richard were appointed respectively presidents of the Shantung and Shênsi Colleges.

1904–5 the Russo-Japanese War was waged. 1908, November 14, Emperor Kuang Hsü died; on the 15th, the Empress Dowager followed him to the grave, and P'u I aged two and a half years became Emperor with the title of Hsüan T'ung, his father Prince Chun acting as Regent.

1910. Japan annexed Korea. 1911, October 10, the Revolution which overthrew the Manchu dynasty broke out. Sun Yat-sen was appointed Provisional President with the Republican capital at Nanking. February 12, 1912, the Republic of China with Yüan Shih-k'ai as President was formally established.

A Biographical Index or a Page for the Uninitiated

A FRIEND RETURNED THE MANUSCRIPT OF A *Chinese Mirror* with a sigh, saying, 'You write as though the names Confucius, Mencius, Legge, Giles and so on were household words to you, but to my regret I am very ignorant in these matters. Couldn't you make a short biographical index of the authors you refer to and the books they have written? Just a little "page for the uninitiated"?'

It is difficult – this page! If I am not careful it will swell into a folio and rival the *Bibliotheca Sinica* by the great French scholar Henri Cordier who died in Paris last month. This is a remarkable compendium in many volumes, which should be at the elbow of every serious student of sinological matters. I may say, however, for the benefit of the interested uninitiated, that a few years ago I compiled a little bibliography in pamphlet form called *Friendly Books on Far Cathay*, which may be obtained, post free, for the sum of $1.00 (one dollar, Mexican currency, or about 2*s*.) from the North China Branch Royal Asiatic Society, 5 Museum Road, Shanghai; on this page, therefore, I shall mention *only* certain of those authors to whose works I have happened to refer in the present book. Necessarily a limited and somewhat fortuitous list!

The books on China in European languages are very numerous; and of course the literature in Chinese is overwhelming. I think that this page will be most helpful if I arrange it in chronological order; first a word in regard to Chinese writers:

Confucius – to use the latinized form of K'ung Fu Tzŭ

which words mean the 'scholarly sage of the K'ung Clan,' lived, in the present-day province of Shantung, from 551–479 B.C. Until the age of sixty-nine his life was passed in travelling from court to court, preaching to the rulers of the various feudal states the doctrine of the political value of personal goodness. It must be admitted that he met with little apparent success, and he returned to his native state of Lu a disappointed and discouraged man. His influence, however, on succeeding generations has been immense. The last years of his life were passed in teaching, in writing, and in editing the literary work of previous ages – The famous *Wu Ching* or Five Classics are substantially as he left them. The word *ching* means a classic or canonical work to be received as law. It is frequently translated as 'book,' but I prefer to use the word Classic. The Five Classics, which form the basis of Chinese learning, are:

I Ching, Classic of Changes – an exposition of the famous trigrams – the Pa Kua – attributed to the mythical ruler Fu Hsi.

Shu Ching, Classic of Writings – or 'Book of History,' a collection of historical memorials extending over a space of 1700 years.

Shih Ching, Classic of Poetry, – comprises three hundred odes, some of very early date.

Li Chi, Record of Rites – in its present form is a condensation of earlier works, and dates from the second century of our era.

Ch'un Ch'iu – an original work by Confucius.

Mencius – latinized form of Mêng Tzŭ – the 'sage Mêng.' He lived in modern Shantung from 372–

289 B.C., and taught the precepts of Confucius, whom he looked up to as his teacher.

Hsü Shen died about A.D. 120 prepared the *Shuo Wên*, the first Chinese dictionary of which we have any knowledge. It is an etymological dictionary, and although many of the derivations given are not accepted by modern scholars, it is of the greatest value for etymological research.

Ssŭ-ma Ch'ien 145 – to about 80 B.C. author of the *Shih Chi* or Historical Record – the first attempt made by the Chinese to give a complete view of the whole of Chinese history to the date of writing. It has been the norm of all succeeding dynastic histories, and in complete editions of such always occupies first place.

Chu Hsi, often spoken of as Chu Fu Tzŭ, 'scholarly Sage of the Chu Clan' A.D. 1130–1200, the most famous commentator and expounder of the Confucian Classics. He and his followers cast into its present form, the system of philosophy taught by Confucius and consolidated by Mencius. His life and work have been treated by the Rev. Percy Bruce, M.A. in *An Introduction to the Philosophy of Chu Hsi and the Sung School* and *The Philosophy of Human Nature*.

In addition to the Five Classics the *Ssŭ Shu* or Four Books of Chinese literature are often referred to. These, which constitute the preliminary part of a student's course before he passes to the five *ching*, are called:

Ta Hsüeh – Great Learning.

Chung Yung – Doctrine of the Mean.

Lun Yü – Discussion and Words, generally referred to as the 'Analects.' It consists of detailed conversations between Confucius and his disciples.

Mêng Tzŭ – The works of Mencius.

The poets Li T'ai-po, Tu Fu and Po chü-i, whom the Chinese regard as supremely great, all lived during the T'ang dynasty; an account of their lives and those of nearly all the Chinese whom I mentioned in the body of the book will be found in a *Chinese Biographical Dictionary* by Prof. H. A. Giles, M.A., LL.D.

The first European traveller to leave an account of China, was Marco Polo, the Venetian, 1254–1324. His book is one of the finest and most interesting of all books of travel. The great edition in English is by Colonel Yule, revised by Henri Cordier.

The earliest Occidental scholarship in regard to China was undertaken by the Jesuits, who first set foot in the Central Flowery State A.D. 1552 – and who from that day to this have not ceased their labours. One of their earliest works was a series of volumes called *Mémoires concernant l'histoire, les sciences . . . des Chinois.* This was edited in Paris 1776–1814 from material sent from China.

Amiot, Jean Joseph Marie, 1718–1793, a Jesuit missionary was one of the principal contributors to these *Mémoires.* He reached China in 1740 and died in Peking.

The pioneer of Protestant missionary work in China was a member of the London Missionary Society:

Morrison, Robert, 1782–1834, a native of Northumberland, and to him we owe, among other works, the first Chinese-English dictionary.

Legge, James, M.A., LL.D., 1814–1897, a native of Aberdeen, and one of the most famous of Sinologues. Member of the London Missionary Society, he proceeded to Malacca in 1839, removed to Hong Kong in 1843, and in 1873 to England where he was appointed Professor of the newly constituted Chair of Chinese at Oxford.

His life was devoted to the study of Chinese, and his chief work was a scholarly and critical translation in ten volumes of the *Chinese Classics*; that is of the Five *Ching* and of the Four Books which occupied him from 1861–1885. It was a remarkable undertaking, well described as 'a monument to Anglo-Chinese scholarship.'

Williams, Samuel Wells, 1812–1884, born in Utica, New York, proceeded to China in 1833 to take charge of the printing press connected with the Mission of the American Board. In 1874 published his well-known *Middle Kingdom*, which holds a unique position among books of reference on China; and later a most useful *Syllabic Dictionary*.

Meadows, Thomas Taylor, 1819–1868, of a Northumberland family. Entered H.B.M. Consular Service and became Interpreter to the British Consulate at Canton in 1843. His early death is to be greatly regretted as he was undoubtedly one of the leading Chinese scholars of his day. He was remarkable, too, for his philosophical trend of mind, and for his ability to envisage important matters from an alien point of view. His two books *Desultory Notes on the Chinese and their Government*, and *The Chinese and their Rebellions*, are most helpful and illuminating.

Mayers, William Frederick, 1839–1878, was born in

Tasmania, and entered H.B.M. Consular Service, arriving in China 1860. Some of his works have been of the greatest usefulness especially the *Chinese Reader's Manual*, written in 1874, and reprinted during the last decade.

Bushell, Stephen Wootton, C.M.G., 1844–1908, born in Kent, became Medical officer to H.B.M. Legation in Peking in 1868. His volume *Chinese Art* issued by the Kensington Museum as a Handbook is most comprehensive. He wrote various other books, pamphlets, articles.

Giles, Herbert Allen, M.A., LL.D., 1845 – became a student interpreter in H.B.M. Consular Service in 1867, retired in 1893, and was appointed Professor of Chinese at Cambridge University in 1897, which post he still holds. He has honorary degrees of M.A. (Cantab), LL.D. (Aberdeen), Litt.D. (Oxford) and in 1923 was given the Gold Medal of the Royal Asiatic Society. His greatest work is the *Chinese-English Dictionary*, which has practically superseded all others. He has also published a *Chinese Biographical Dictionary; History of Chinese Literature; Strange Stories from a Chinese Studio; Chuang Tzŭ – Mystic, Moralist and Social Reformer; Chinese Pictorial Art*, and many other works and translations. In fact the debt owed him by students of Sinology is too great to liquidate.

His son, Lionel Giles, M.A., D.Litt., is carrying on the family tradition for Chinese scholarship. In addition to the *Sayings of Confucius* from which I quote, he has published an Index to the monumental *Chinese Encyclopedia*, and a number of translations, articles and pamphlets.

Parker, Edward Harper, 1849 – entered H.B.M. Consular Service in China in 1869, and retired in 1895. Was appointed Professor of Chinese in Owens College, Manchester in 1901, which post he still holds. In addition to his book *Up the Yangtze* from which I quote, he has written *A Thousand Years of the Tartars*, *China and Religion*, *Ancient China Simplified* and many other books and articles.

Couling, Samuel, M.A., 1859–1922, was born in London, and in 1884 arrived in China as a member of the Baptist Missionary Society. In 1917 he published the *Encyclopædia Sinica*, a most useful work, which he modestly describes in the Preface as 'the framework on which a more complete encyclopædia may be elaborated.' It was awarded the Prix Stanislas Julien in 1919.

Chavannes, Edouard, 1865–1918, born at Lyons. In 1893 became a Professor in the Collège de France and in 1903 was created Membre de l'Institut. Was a Sinologue of the first rank, whose early death is a matter for profound regret. He has published many valuable books, pamphlets and articles, the two most important being a translation of Ssŭ-ma Ch'ien's *Historical Record* (the title in its French transliteration reads *Les Mémoires Historiques de Se-ma Tsien*); and *Mission archéologique dans la Chine Septentrional*, the record of an important journey.

Johnston, Reginald Fleming, C.B.E., 1874 – a native of Scotland, entered the British Colonial Civil Service, and served at Hong Kong and Weihaiwei. Has latterly been acting as tutor to the Young Emperor of China who in 1911 retired into private life, and has written extensively and most sympathetically

on Chinese subjects. His best-known works are: *Buddhist China; From Peking to Mandalay; Lion and Dragon in Northern China*, and *Letters to a Missionary*.

Père Doré and Père Wieger are both members of the Society of Jesus; their numerous works are extremely valuable.

Lowell, Amy, 1874–1925, Brookline, Massachusetts.

I had not included Amy Lowell's name in the above category as she was by no means a sinologue; but now she is dead, and I feel that the unique interpretive work which she did regarding the Far East should be recorded here.

Although she never visited either China or Japan, she came in close touch with Japanese art and legend through her brother Percival Lowell, the astronomer, who travelled in Japan and Corea during the eighties, and who found an eager, sympathetic listener in his little sister at home. Later she became interested in Japanese prosody and wrote a number of poems in the *hokku* pattern. These appear in *Pictures of the Floating World*, under the sub-title *Lacquer Prints*.

She had absorbed the Japanese atmosphere to a remarkable degree and when her poem 'Guns as Keys,' on the opening of Japan by Perry, first appeared, a Japanese wrote asking her how many years she had lived in Japan! It is now printed in *Can Grande's Castle*.

It was my privilege to introduce her to Chinese poetry in the original texts – if I may so put it: that is, we went over Chinese poems together ideo-

graph by ideograph, and line by line, discussing exhaustively meaning, context, and *manner of expression*. The last phrase is important. She appreciated keenly the poetic value of Chinese idiom. Again and again, I would say 'the line *means*' so and so, 'Yes,' she would reply, and, like a flash insist, 'but what does it *say*?' Her patience was endless, her fidelity absolute; and where we have failed I feel that the fault is due to lack of clarity on my part. The result of our collaboration appears in *Fir-Flower Tablets*, *poems translated from the Chinese*.

It was her grasp of imagery, the essential quality of Chinese and Japanese poetry, that made her interpretation so valuable. It is she, too, who has pointed out in her last work, *John Keats*, how nearly akin in spirit the English poet was to his Oriental predecessors, although 'Chinese and Japanese poetry was unknown, in their original form in his day.'

Listen to Tu Fu; in the eighth century of our era he writes:

> The dark ravine was full of the music of silence,
> The moon scattered bright shadows through the forest.

and then to Keats who eleven hundred years later says:

> . . . and then there crept
> A little noiseless noise among the leaves
> Born of the very sigh that silence heaves.

By virtue of her remarkable gift of intuition Amy Lowell annihilated time and space, and seemed to

comprehend the thoughts of men long dead and to visualize the movement of scenes long past.

It was a Chinese scholar who applied the phrase I have used in the Dedication of this book, to Amy Lowell's writing – I can conceive no better characterization.

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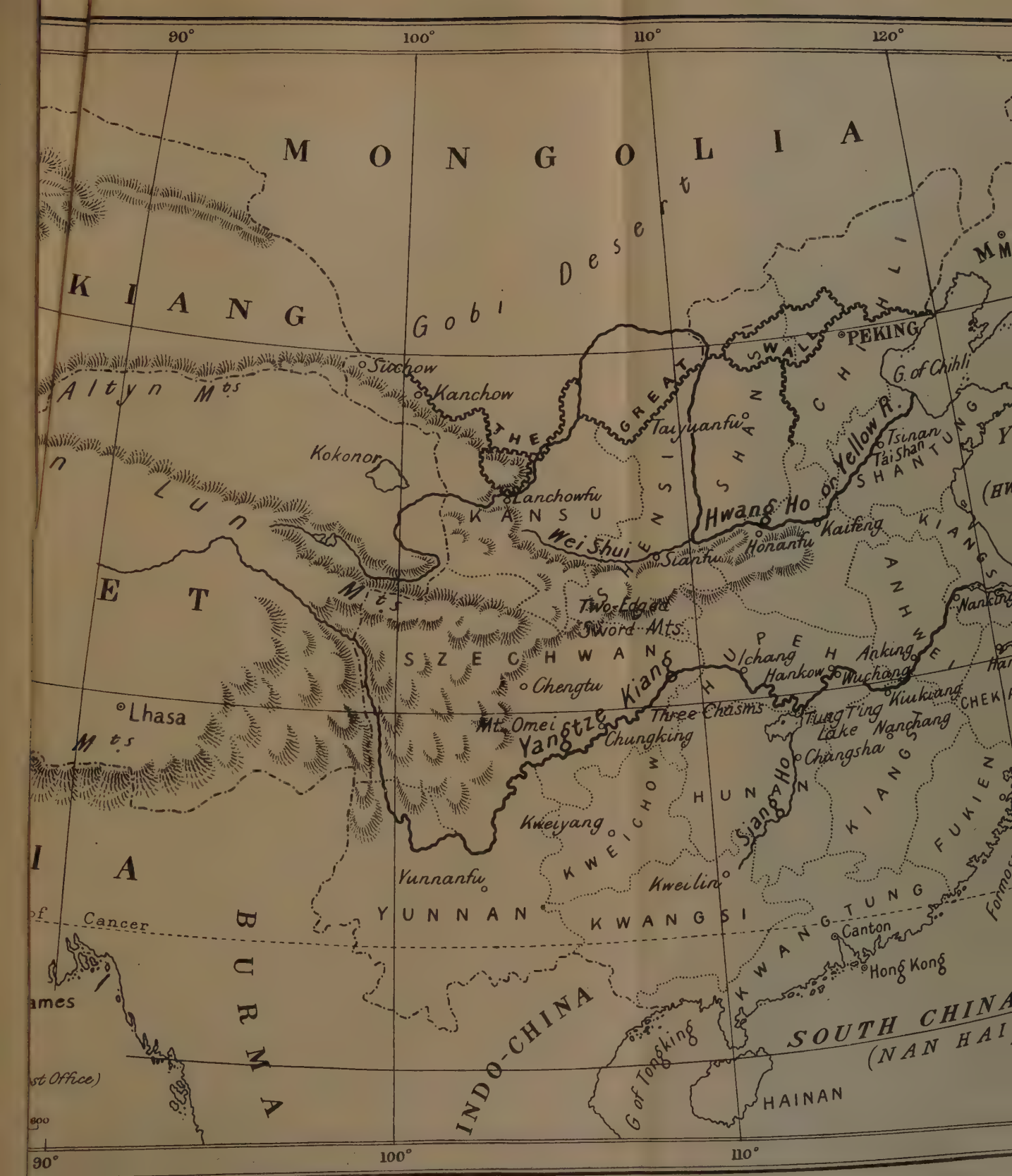
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Tai Shan
SHANTUNG
Lanchowfu
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SHENSI
Hwang Ho
Kaifeng
Wei Shui
Sianfu
Honanfu
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Nanking
Two-Edged Sword Mts.
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Kiukiang
Chengtu
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Three Chasms
Yangtze Kiang
Chungking
Lake Nanchang
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Siang Ho
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Kweiyang
Yunnanfu
Kweilin
YUNNAN
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Tropic of Cancer
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